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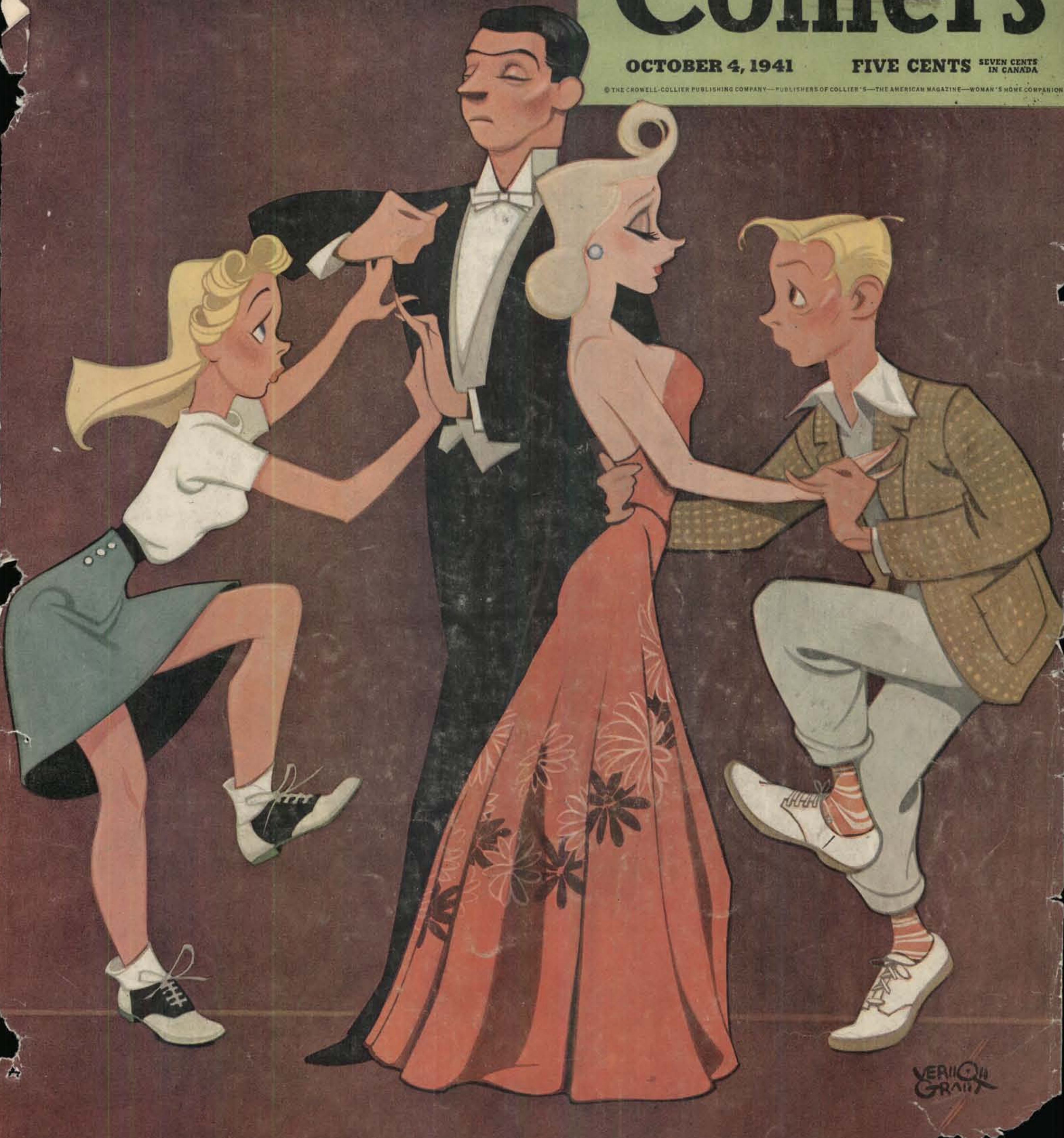

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KINGS ROW
by Henry Bellamann

EVERY adult in Kings Row knew that a human face sometimes becomes a "mask"—hiding its owner's secret love, hate, or ambition—but fourteen-year-old Parris Mitchell did not suspect it. He simply took people at their face values.

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Cassie Tower, the prettiest young girl in town, he admired but thought "strange," perhaps because she was always kept at home by her unpopular physician father, who lived mysteriously well without any patients to speak of. Parris liked Dr. Tower, even if few grown-ups did. But he feared and disliked the cold-faced surgeon, Dr. Gordon, whose patients' hearts were so often found "too weak for chloroform." Once Renee and Parris had heard frightful screams from a farmhouse, with Dr. Gordon's buggy there. Parris never forgot them.

Through this sensitive reaction to the people around him, Parris gradually developed the intuitive insight of a born physician; gradually he discovered that each and every one of them faced the world of Kings Row through some kind of protective mask, which hid a sickness of the mind or soul—perhaps a gnawing fear, a paralyzing inferiority complex, or a cherished vice. And later, as Dr. Parris Mitchell, equipped as a psychiatrist by five years study in Vienna, he helped some of them to take off their masks.

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THIS WEEK

OCTOBER 4, 1941

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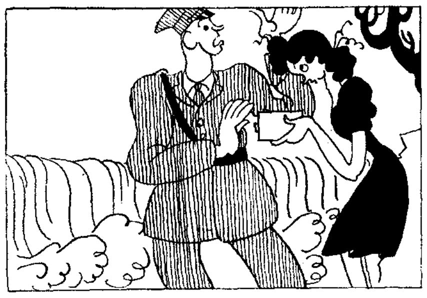
COVER VERNON GRANT

ANY WEEK

BY THE time we reached Buffalo we needed a bit of diversion. You can spend just so much time in Washington these days and keep the morale intact. After a few days you need a change—a sea voyage, for example, or a new hat or something. Anyway, when the plane got to Buffalo, things began to pick up. Little did we think, for example, that we'd live to see the day when one might not take photographs of Niagara Falls. Yet there at the airport was the notice—no taking pictures of Niagara Falls. Naturally this inspired a great deal of speculation and discussion. That we might have something to go on, an Army officer told us that certain defense measures were being taken to guard the falls from "possible and even probable enemies." We sided with two gentlemen who were contending that it was as it should be—that after all these years the falls were entitled to a little privacy. Our side contended, too, that while it was something like slapping down a priority on photos of the Mississippi River (which was being considered with some gravity in Washington at the moment) we couldn't very well complain. After all one could still shoot pictures of the falls from the Canadian side, that country being at war, not seeming to mind. However, we were comforted by the man who ran the newsstand. He said that there was no visible shortage of photographs of Niagara Falls, that he had on hand seventy-two different views and thought that anyone wanting more than that warranted being suspected of subversive motives. Anyway, it picked us up quite a lot after Washington where, somehow, we began to droop when we discovered that between the OPM and Mr. Leon Henderson, 100 per cent priorities were being placed on blueprint paper and glass eyes.



NEVERTHELESS, problems of this sort are puny compared to that which had an employee of the Honorable Harold Ickes on the somewhat uncertain side. This fellow works the Chicago district for the National Forests division of Mr. Ickes' Interior Department. It is his particular job to agitate the American public to more and longer motor tours of our beautiful national forests and parks. From what he had read in the papers, Mr. Ickes was urging motorists to conserve gasoline and nothing in his instructions told him how tourists were to conserve gasoline and at the same time redouble their touring of our national parks and forests. He had wired to his chief in Washington. Either his plea for instructions had gone astray or his chief was busy looking up a few instructions on his own hook. Anyway, the tour promoter was in quite a quandary when we met him. "Sometimes you begin to suspect that there's a lot of conflicting ideas down there these days," he sighed as we left.

BURNING as little gasoline as possible, Mr. Will Schribner of Madison, Wisconsin, was motoring through North Dakota. Stopping for refreshment at a place near Bismarck—a place Mr. Schribner describes as "a favorite with the better class of riffraff"—he became engaged in conversation with the barkeep and eight or ten customers. "The situation, national and international, was pretty well straightened out in a few minutes," writes Mr. Schribner. "The concensus was that we have too few tanks in the field and too many in official swivel chairs. There seems, too, to be a growing feeling that a few hundred per cent priorities should be laid on Congress. This sentiment developed when the bartender said that he'd had a customer, the day before, who had told him that there was some talk of Congress planning to pass a law postponing next year's elections for the duration."

AND here's one from a young man who is burning no gasoline at all. He is touring on a bicycle, having paused in Estes Park, Colorado, long enough to write to us. His name is Mr. Jack Bitterwack. When not touring he lives in Chillicothe, Ohio. Mr. Bitterwack was graduated from college in June and has had time since, says he, to "figure out what hundreds of commencement orators said to hundreds of graduating classes." He thinks that it all comes down to this: "Make the best of our mistakes so that you may hand down a brand-new set of mistakes to your own sons." And then Mr. Bitterwack concludes: "I have already thought of one. When I get to the state where I am asked to address a graduating class I'm going to suggest that I do nothing of the sort. I will insist that we ancients trade places with the graduating kids for the day and let them do the talking. The result will add nothing, as usual, to the wisdom of the world, but it will be a whole lot easier to understand."

THIS stirring incident was observed by Mr. Paul Gravely of Toledo, Ohio, while he was waiting on a New York street corner for the lights to change. Other occupants of the corner were two gentlemen conversing in German and a very indignant lady who was talking to herself. When the lights had changed she darted toward the traffic cop and, pointing to the still conversing gentlemen, told the cop that they were speaking German. "And what do you suggest I do about it, madam?" asked the cop. "Your duty, of course," said she. "They're Germans—probably spies." The cop looked at the lady for a moment and then said: "Madam, it's a humid day sure enough. Now let me take you across the street." So he guided her across, she becoming more indignant by the step. Once across, the cop touched his cap and said: "Now walk slowly, madam. It's a warm day, sure enough."

WE MENTIONED a lot of these things to a friend of ours who lives in Detroit—particularly that part above about the ever-increasing ban on pictures of old familiar scenes. He didn't scoff; he sneered. Anything could be photographed by the ingenious, he assured us. He told us that one of the motorcar manufacturers had invited news photographers to shoot a few pictures of an airplane engine—the first of its kind in America to be rolled off an assembly line. As the lads aimed at the arriving engine, an Army captain dashed in, leaped between the engine and the cameraman, lifted his arms and shouted: "No pictures! No pictures. In the name of the United States Army." (Ever since he is known as Ethan Allen, Junior.) Nor could the photographers persuade him to get out of the way. They were about to give up when a general appeared, escorted by his staff. The captain, victory in hand, departed, saying that he'd return in a few minutes. He did, but not before one of the cameramen called to the general: "General, would you mind posing beside the new engine?" Said the general: "Certainly, not, my boy." Before the captain got back they had shot the general and the motor from all possible angles.

AND that's about all for the moment except a bit of advice to Washington, to be used in the event it becomes completely baffled for methods of spending money faster. Just take a couple of billion and ride around in Detroit taxicabs. With economy the money should last several days. But not more. . . . W. D.

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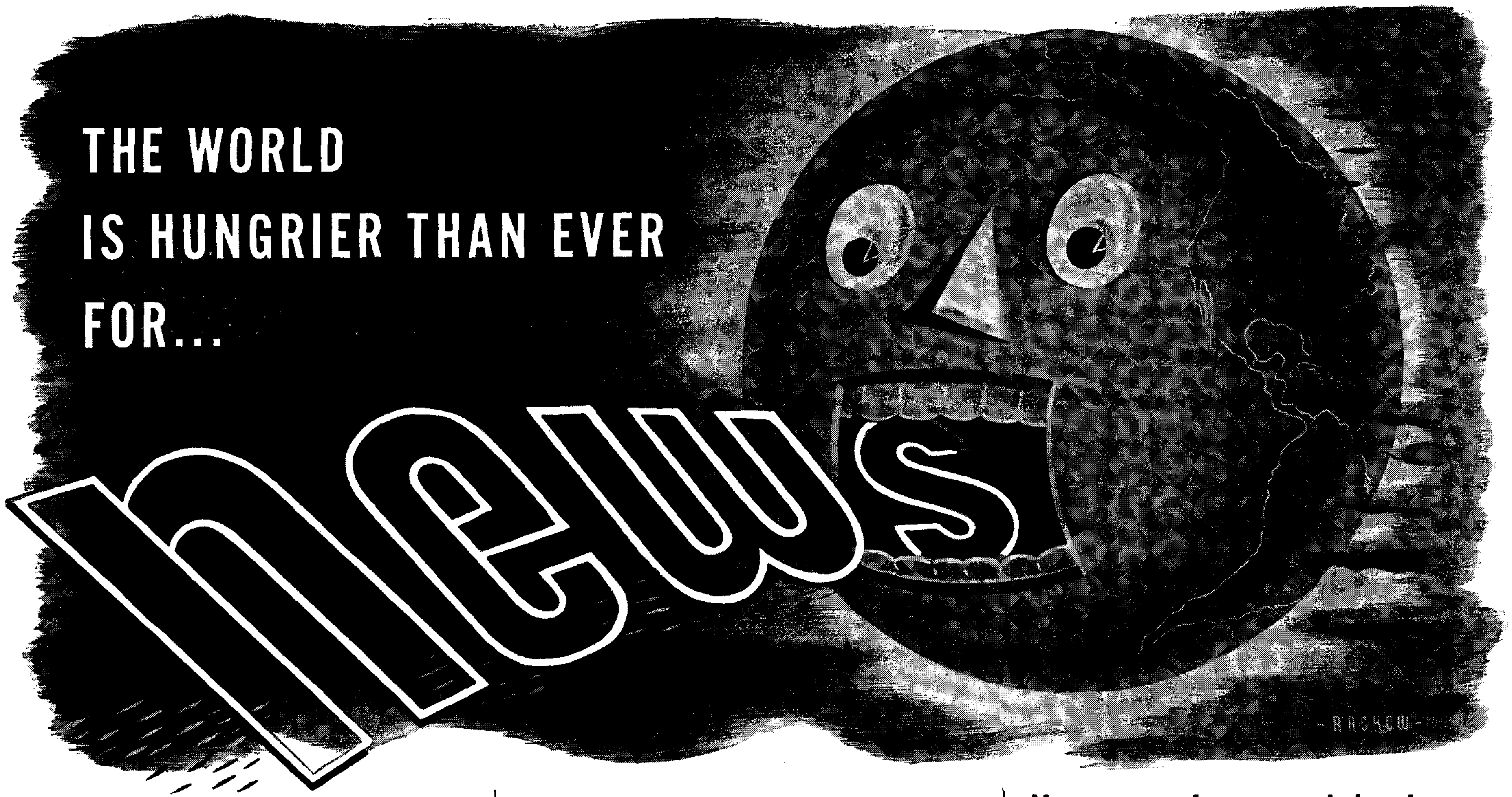
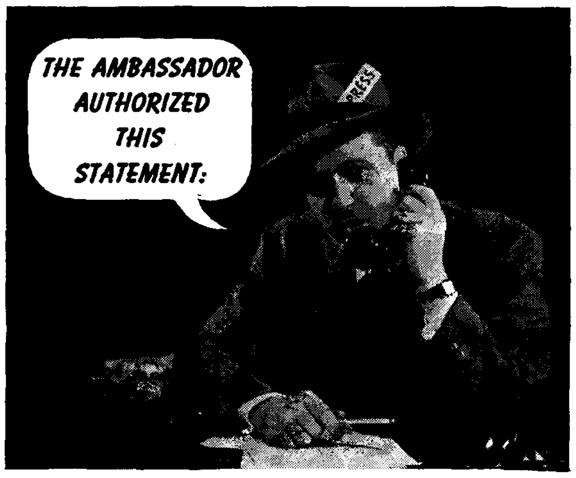


How this appetite for news is fed

What happened in Europe today? What did Congress do? Who won the golf title? And, nearer home, will it rain this week-end?

We want fast answers—and we get them through newspaper, newsreel and newscast. Do you know that these purveyors of news gather it largely on equipment produced by one organization?


THE AMBASSADOR AUTHORIZED THIS STATEMENT:
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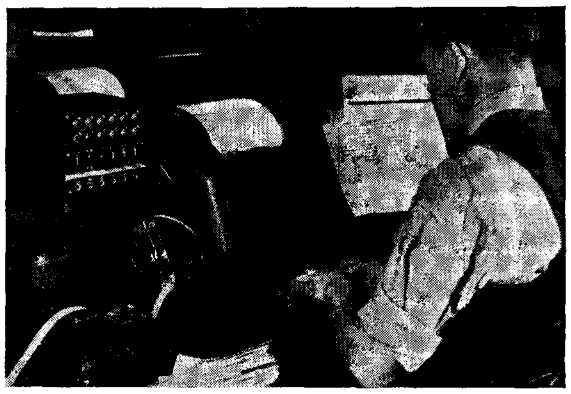
The newspaper reporter's right arm is the telephone—made by Western Electric

Using the long arm of the telephone, the reporter can reach out to thousands of inaccessible spots, scoop up the news and bring it to his own desk. When he is in the field, telephones everywhere put him in instant touch with his paper.



News while it's fresh is flashed over Western Electric Teletype machines

The great press associations send out thousands of words every day to papers all over the country. These stories go by Teletype machines which make for speed and accuracy. And they travel over telephone wires—another Western Electric product.

Western Electric made the first commercial telephoto equipment

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Most radio news travels over Western Electric telephone wires

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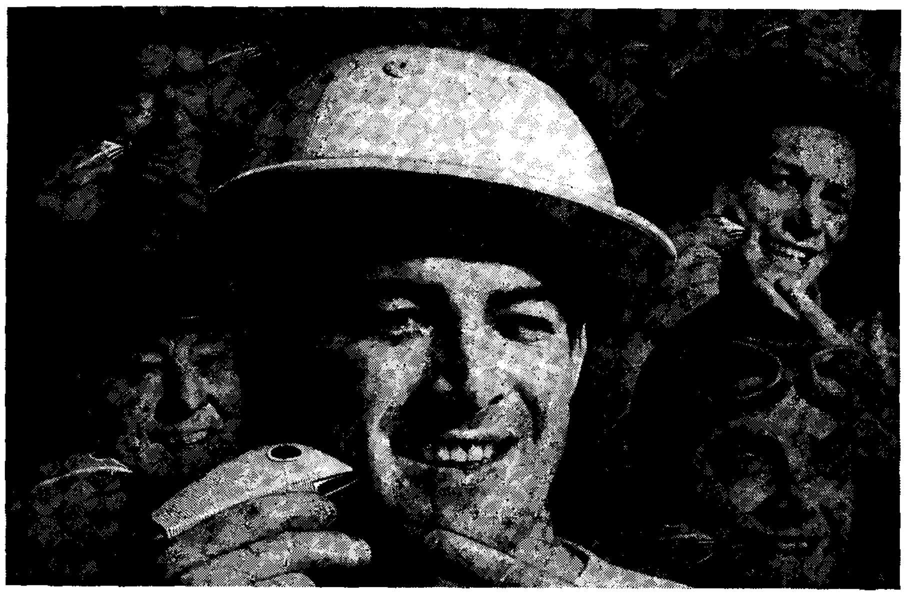
Though it plays these varied parts in your daily life, this Company is of greatest importance to you in its primary role—that of source of supply to the Bell System. As such, it is the telephone users' assurance of equipment high in quality, low in cost, dependable in operation.

Western Electric *...is back of your Bell Telephone service*

A SWITCH IN TIME SAVED
3 MILLION FACES



Why not save your face, and time, and temper with this 30% QUICKER slicker NEW Schick?

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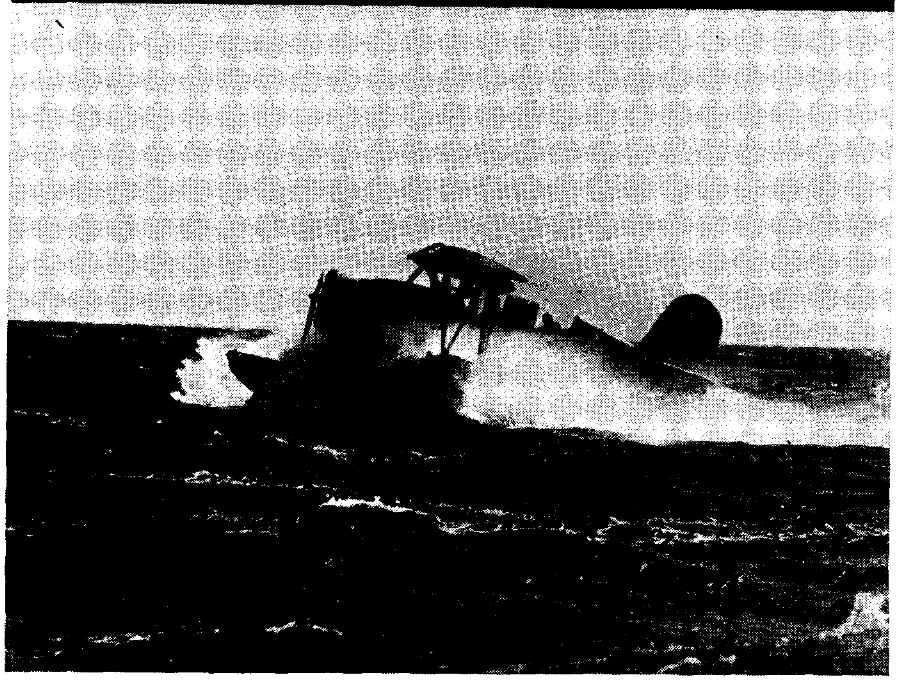


Navy test pilots must be accomplished airmen and engineers as well. One above is putting seaplane through rough-water tests

UNDER the pressure of war, when equipment must be produced superior to the enemy's, the most audacious projects are undertaken and often accomplished in a fraction of the time needed in peacetime. Word is trickling back here from the other side that new methods of aircraft propulsion are being worked on by the Germans and the British. R.A.F. pilots tell a story of trapping a German fighter. Suddenly a cloud of black smoke blasted out of his exhaust, and he went away from there with more speed than the R.A.F. boys ever saw. One guess is that some kind of gas or fluid is carried aboard and when fed into the engine, gives a tremendous increase in horsepower for a short enough interval to accomplish the objective.

On the British side, rocket propulsion as a means of assisting take-off is known to exist, particularly as an aid to heavily laden bombers forced to operate out of tight fields. The idea is not brand-new to this country.

USED to be that the Army and Navy would test-fly any new plane but now, and for several years, they have required the company test pilot first to demonstrate the plane's ability to fly, pull out of dives, spin and what not. When the Army and Navy do take it over there is no question about the airplane flying, so the test pilots of both services see what it will do as a military or naval plane. (An exception was made in the case of the mammoth B-19 when Vice-President Carl Cover of the Douglas Company, who has piloted the first flights of most new Douglas models, was prevented by illness from taking off the big bomber. He recommended that Major Stanley M. Umstead, the Army's Chief Test Pilot, be the first to fly it and he did.)

These Army and Navy test pilots receive no more pay than the regulation 50 per cent extra that all Army and Navy airmen get, and they volunteer for the job. The volunteer part does not signify that the duty is so hazardous they cannot be ordered to it. The qualifications have so many intangibles that not until the applicant has had a go at service test flying are his superiors able to conclude he is test-pilot material.

Army test work is done at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. The Navy test pilots, in addition to testing planes that operate from land, must also test types for operation from carriers, catapults aboard cruisers and battleships, and from rough seas.

They do the carrier work at Philadelphia, where a reproduction of a carrier deck with arresting gear is laid out on the ground. The rough-water tests for seaplanes and flying boats are carried out at sea off Norfolk and catapult tests are also made there. For general flight characteristics, the new planes are tested at the Naval Air Station, Anacostia, D. C., across the river from Washington.

Frequent departures from this general Army and Navy procedure are made to speed up the testing of new models, and when this is necessary the Army and Navy test pilot is sent to the factory to conduct the tests where any changes he recommends can usually be made immediately.

IT'S difficult to report on what airline pilots do for fun when they're off duty except at a remote place like Wake Island, out in the Pacific where the Pan American clippers lay over for the night. The coral reefs surrounding the islands abound with bizarre tropical fish, many of them good to eat. The clipper crews, equipped with rubber-mounted glass face masks, a four-foot barbed steel spear, a short length of bamboo with a piece of inner tube as a sling shot, go underwater and shoot fish. They have become quite expert at knocking off a toothsome fish dinner at fifteen feet. But there are other diversions, night tennis, sailboating, rowboating and ping-pong. The crews always hope for bad weather ahead so they can stay over and have more fun.

BEFORE they can get to Wake Island to shoot fish, the clipper crews have got to find the place. It is so insignificant that an ordinary cloud shadow on the water looks exactly like it from a distance.

On the island is a transmitter with a special antenna arrangement which can receive the flying boat's radio waves and measure accurately the direction

(Continued on page 47)

Gilbert Bundy

If you're FIT TO BE TIED

because your clothes don't fit you properly...

here's a fit to be tried—

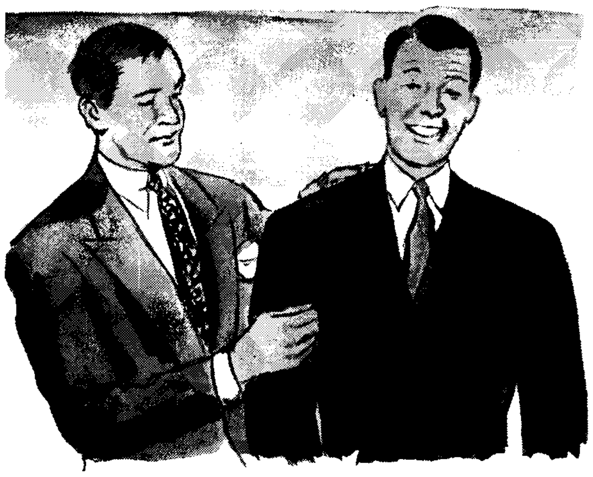
*DOUBLE CHECKED FIT**

by HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

1. FUNNY THING ABOUT SOME CLOTHES. They seem to fit pretty well when you try them on in the store. But after a few weeks, subtle and mysterious changes take place. For instance...

2. THE SLEEVES CREEP UP. The shoulders hunch. The neck gapes. The vest gets so uppity it isn't on speaking terms with the trousers. What can you do about it? Simple. Next time you buy a suit get yourself a Hart Schaffner & Marx *double-checked fit!*

3. WHAT IS DOUBLE-CHECKED FIT? It's your guarantee of perfection of fit! For every Hart Schaffner & Marx suit is checked *twice* for fit... first in the Hart Schaffner & Marx shops where it is tailored (it goes through twenty-seven different inspection operations for accuracy of size, fit, etc., in the process of its production)... then *again*, before you are ever allowed to wear it, by an expert tailor in the store that features Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes in your town! (The store where you ultimately should buy if you want to be assured of clothes that *do* fit you perfectly.)



4. YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO ASK for double-checked fit. You get it *automatically* at any store that sells Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes. And that goes, no matter what your build may be. For regardless of whether you're unusually tall, or short, or beginning to get convex where you used to be concave, Hart Schaffner & Marx have developed specialties and sizes to fit men of *all* types of stature. Stop in and invite your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer to show you what double-checked fit can mean to the fitting qualities of *your* clothes... this week!

P. S. **Ask to have Double-Checked Fit demonstrated to you in the famed value-suit...**

Triple Test Worsted

This Hart Schaffner & Marx ace value is ready for you now in a wide, new variety of colors and patterns for fall at a price that, dollar for dollar, unquestionably offers you one of the best clothing buys in the country. And remember... this Triple Test suit... like every Hart Schaffner & Marx suit... FITS.

*Registered

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

You may be good
but out you go . . .
when you have the double O

COMPETITION'S fierce these days, and ability alone often isn't enough. If an employer has to let a girl go, and has to pick from two girls of equal ability—which one gets the pink slip? The one with a clean, attractive smile and pleasant breath, or the one with "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth and Offensive breath)? You know the answer.

Yes, you may be the most fastidious girl in the world in other things, but if you're careless about the "Double O," young lady, you're in for some bad times!

What To Do About It

But why risk offending, when there's a delightful daily precaution that so many popular, sought-after girls use every day.

For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. Here's a dentifrice made specially to help bring out the natural sparkle, the clean, flashing brilliance of your smile.

New Tooth Paste . . . New Formula

The new Listerine Tooth Paste is an entirely new formula that attacks cloudy, loose deposits, goes to work on dull, dingy teeth. Many girls say they can actually see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time.

And for the breath—Listerine, of course. It halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis.

Delightful Daily Double

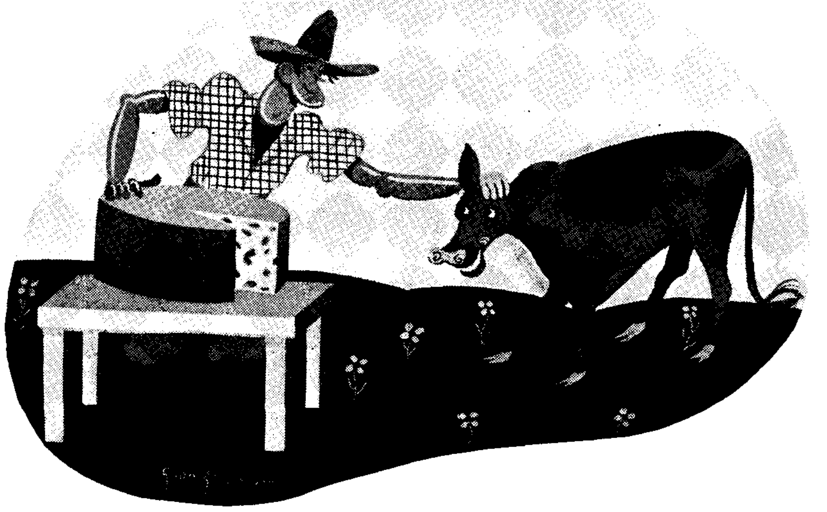
If you want to get ahead, don't neglect the "Double O." Start in today with the delightful Listerine Daily Double: the new Listerine Tooth Paste for a clean, attractive smile, and Listerine Antiseptic for a more appealing breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

the double precaution against double O *Offensive Breath* *Offensive looking Teeth*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The chief use of rennin, an enzyme obtained from the fourth stomach of a calf, is in the manufacturing of cheese because it can coagulate more than 25,000 times its weight of fresh milk.—*By Mrs. Charles Nixon, Ithaca, New York.*

Dallas, Texas, produced an astonishing loan-shark case in November, 1938. For nine years, the victim had paid $2.25 a week for a loan of $20, borrowed to settle a hospital bill. Never having been allowed to apply a cent to the principal, he still owed the $20, although he had paid a total of $1,053, or 5,265 per cent interest.

Any person or firm in the United States who has a Bell System telephone may be listed, for a small fee, in New York's Manhattan telephone directory. Many use this service, including an individual in Boston and a company in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.—*By Zenna Kaufman, New York, New York.*

California sardines, or pilchards, are so small that the only way one may be banded, in order to study its migratory habits, is to insert a little metal tag into its stomach through a harmless incision. When caught and transported to the factories to be made into oil or meal, the sardines are passed over an electromagnetic device that locates the one in about 100,000 containing a tag.

Old-age assistance paid monthly to individuals by the states varies from an average of $37.87 in California to an average of $7.49 in Arkansas and South Carolina.—*By Gaeta Wold Boyer, Washington, D. C.*

The only countries that have never yet recognized the government of Soviet Russia are Holland, Portugal and Switzerland.—*By Mabel Giraud, San Antonio, Texas.*

If a philatelist had purchased and kept 2,000 copies of each commemorative stamp issued in this country between 1912 and 1929, he would have invested only $1,900 in a collection that would now have a catalog value of more than $100,000.—*By R. C. Charles, Hollywood, California.*

The Mono Craters Tunnel, one of the aqueducts carrying water into Los Angeles, passes under an extinct volcano, a member of the Mono Valley group.—*By Elizabeth Ashby, Ardmore, Oklahoma.*

Latest inventions include an alarm wrist watch that does not ring, but thumps the wearer, awakening him without disturbing others; a coin-operated machine that indicates one's pulse rate and blood pressure; an apparatus for airplane wheels that sets them running at the same speed as the machine at the moment of landing, producing a smoother contact with the ground.

Between June 27, 1922, the day she was commissioned, and August 16, 1941, the United States Submarine S-24 made 2,000 dives, or an average of one every three and a half days for more than nineteen years.—*By E. J. Blain, New London, Connecticut.*

Wind Cave in South Dakota has a ten-inch hole that produces a unique whistle when air is sucked through it by a fall in the barometric pressure, while the Dionysius Cave in Sicily has an acoustical property that makes the vibrations of a contralto voice sound like those of an organ.

Fourteen Russian cities now have children's railroads for the purpose of teaching boys and girls of school age the fundamentals of railroading. The gauges, locomotives, cars, signaling devices and stations are about half the size of standard equipment. The latest one, recently completed in Gorki, is six miles long, has four stations and is run by 1,500 children, who have been taught to operate it by themselves.

A tree usually increases its lumber content thirteen times and its value twenty-four times while growing in diameter from thirteen to twenty-five inches.—*By Walter Sharp, Lindsay, California.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

BEST
IN RUBBER

Firestone
DeLUXE CHAMPION

PRICELESS PROTECTION

HANDS that grip the steering wheel also hold the destiny of precious human lives. Yet too few car owners realize the serious responsibilities that rest upon them to keep their cars in safe driving condition.

Each year thousands of men, women and innocent children are victims of unsafe tires. Why take chances with mankind's most priceless possession when it costs so little for the priceless protection of the world's *first* and *only* tires that are *Safti-Sured.*

They are *Safti-Sured* against blowouts by the patented Safety-Lock Gum-Dipped cord body — *Safti-Sured* against skidding by the remarkable Gear-Grip tread—and *Safti-Sured* for longer mileage by the exclusive new Vitamic rubber compound.

Protect your life and the lives of your family by having your nearby Firestone dealer or store equip your car today with a set of new *Safti-Sured* Firestone DeLuxe Champion Tires — the only tires made that are safety-proved on the speedway for your protection on the highway.

FOR THE BEST IN MUSIC

The Voice of Firestone with Richard Crooks, Margaret Speaks and the Firestone Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein, every Monday evening over N. B. C. Red Network.

Copr. 1938, The F. T. & R. Co.

"HE SURE TOOK ME DOWN A PEG! . . . He showed me all auto insurance is NOT alike!"

"Remember the arguments I used to have with your father! I told him auto insurance wasn't necessary for careful drivers. Well, you finally sold me off that—even though you had to smack another car to do it! But it took a perfect stranger to blast my notion that all kinds of auto insurance are alike!"

"It was a lucky day for us when the State Farm representative came our way. It didn't take him long to prove to me why the State Farm Membership Plan can give you more insurance for your money. Their practice of not writing a new policy each year but to renew the old one as long as the risk remains the same sure is an economy. It operates just like my Life Insurance—and we car owners ought to be grateful!"

How State Farm's MEMBERSHIP PLAN Gives You

MORE AUTO INSURANCE FOR YOUR MONEY

by G. J. MECHERLE

Founder and Chairman of the Board
State Farm Mutual Automobile
Insurance Company

"When we founded State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company back in 1922 we designed our policies so they don't have to be *rewritten* each year. Instead, the same policy is *renewed* each year the risk is the same.

"Under this Membership Plan you pay the acquisition cost of a policy only *once*—not once a year but once a lifetime.

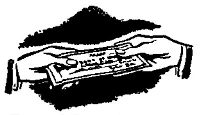
"Many other modern economies have also been introduced—like concentrating all policy handling routine in two centralized headquarters buildings—like exercising extreme care in selecting preferred-risk drivers.

"State Farm policyholders benefit by getting more auto insurance for their money—by getting broader protection and better service.

"The net result has been that in the last 19 years State Farm has saved policyholders in excess of $40,000,000 in the cost of their auto insurance.

"I invite you to request an easy-reading little booklet that tells the full story about State Farm's Membership Plan. Just mail the coupon below for your copy."

This is NEWS to many car drivers!



State Farm Mutual is the largest exclusive writer of automobile insurance in the world. More than a million car owners have been insured the State Farm way. Last year State Farm settled agreeably over 200,000 claims—a claim was paid every 2.6 minutes!

More than 7,000 State Farm representatives are ready to serve you in case of an accident. These men are located all over the country so they can come to your assistance whether you are thousands of miles from home or in your own driveway.

State Farm does business today in 40 states, in the District of Columbia, and the province of Ontario, Canada.

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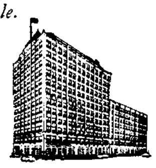

This is the home office building of State Farm Mutual in Bloomington, Illinois. This enormous 12-story building is owned and occupied exclusively by State Farm Insurance Companies.

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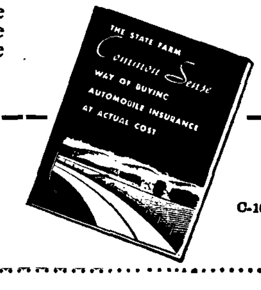

Mr. G. E. Mecherle
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Bloomington, Illinois

Dear Mr. Mecherle: Please send me, without obligation, your booklet, "The State Farm Common Sense Way of Buying Automobile Insurance at Actual Cost."

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Collier's

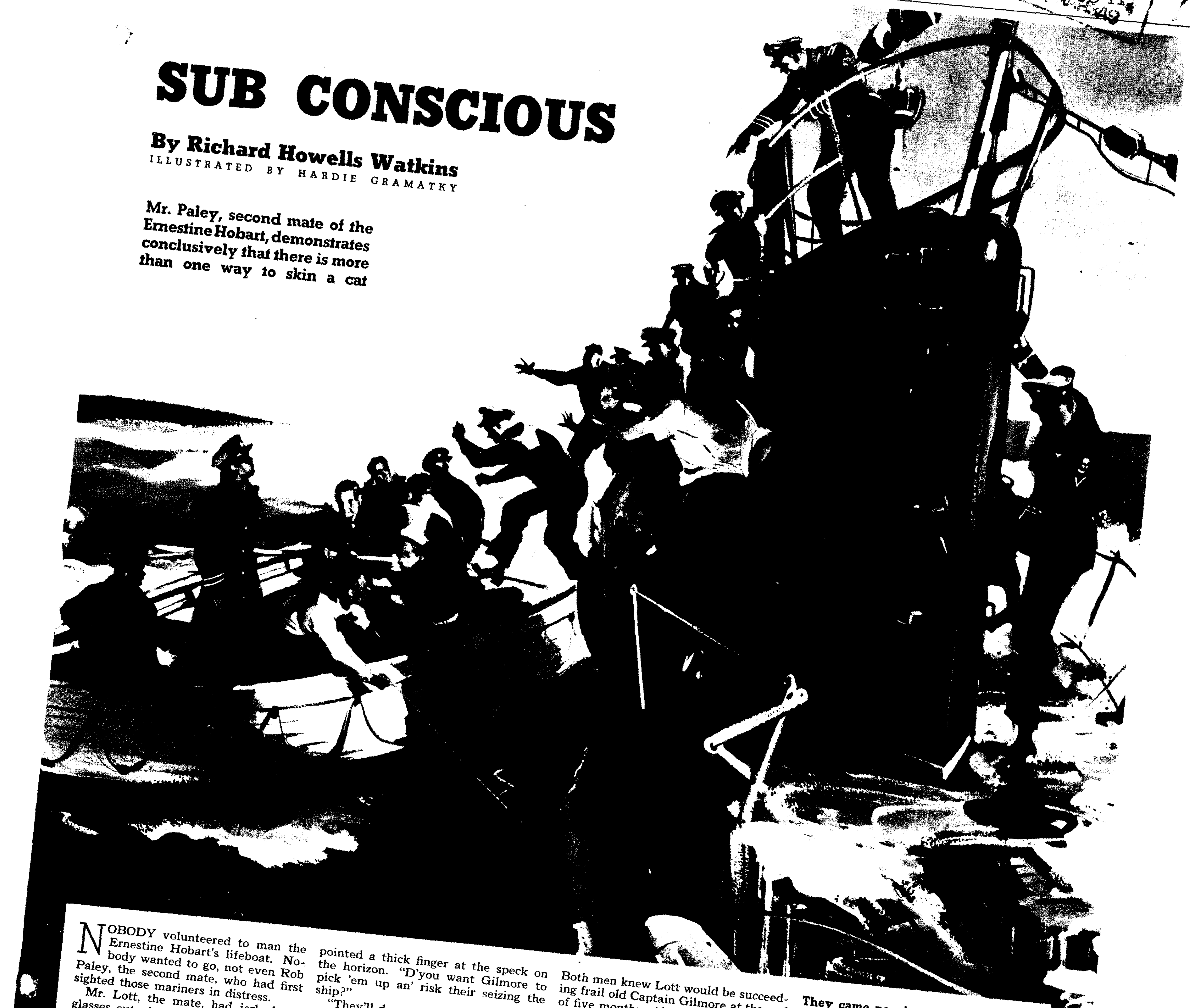
The National Weekly for October 4, 1941

SUB CONSCIOUS

By Richard Howells Watkins

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

Mr. Paley, second mate of the Ernestine Hobart, demonstrates conclusively that there is more than one way to skin a cat



They came pouring aboard in a rush that made the big lifeboat heel dangerously. The men in the bow floundered aft and joined the others

NOBODY volunteered to man the Ernestine Hobart's lifeboat. Nobody wanted to go, not even Rob Paley, the second mate, who had first sighted those mariners in distress.

Mr. Lott, the mate, had jerked the glasses out of the smaller man's hands to look long at the distant object. "It's a Nazi sub, all right, bow up an' flying a distress signal," he said. "Well, it's deep enough around here. Don't let the skipper know or the old rooster'll be rescuing 'em."

"I've got to notify the old man," said Mr. Paley.

Lott, an uncompromising realist, turned eyes like blue ball bearings on the watch officer.

"What is this?" demanded the mate. " 'The Honor Boys on the Ocean'?" He pointed a thick finger at the speck on the horizon. "D'you want Gilmore to pick 'em up an' risk their seizing the ship?"

"They'll drown if we don't," said Mr. Paley.

Mr. Lott made an impatient noise. "Sure, that gang of underwater thugs haven't got around to torpedoing American ships yet. But we're on their list. Know about the Lease-Lend Act, don't you? Would they rescue us?"

"No, but maybe that's what the war's about," Rob Paley said uncomfortably. Lott's eyes were peering suspiciously at him. "We're different from them. Anyhow, my standing orders are to report anything unusual to the old man this side of the Azores."

Mr. Lott argued. He also threatened. Both men knew Lott would be succeeding frail old Captain Gilmore at the end of five months. Already he was assuming a lot of authority. His threats meant something.

But Mr. Paley, somewhat pallid under his sunburn, called the old man anyhow, and the ship boiled with the news.

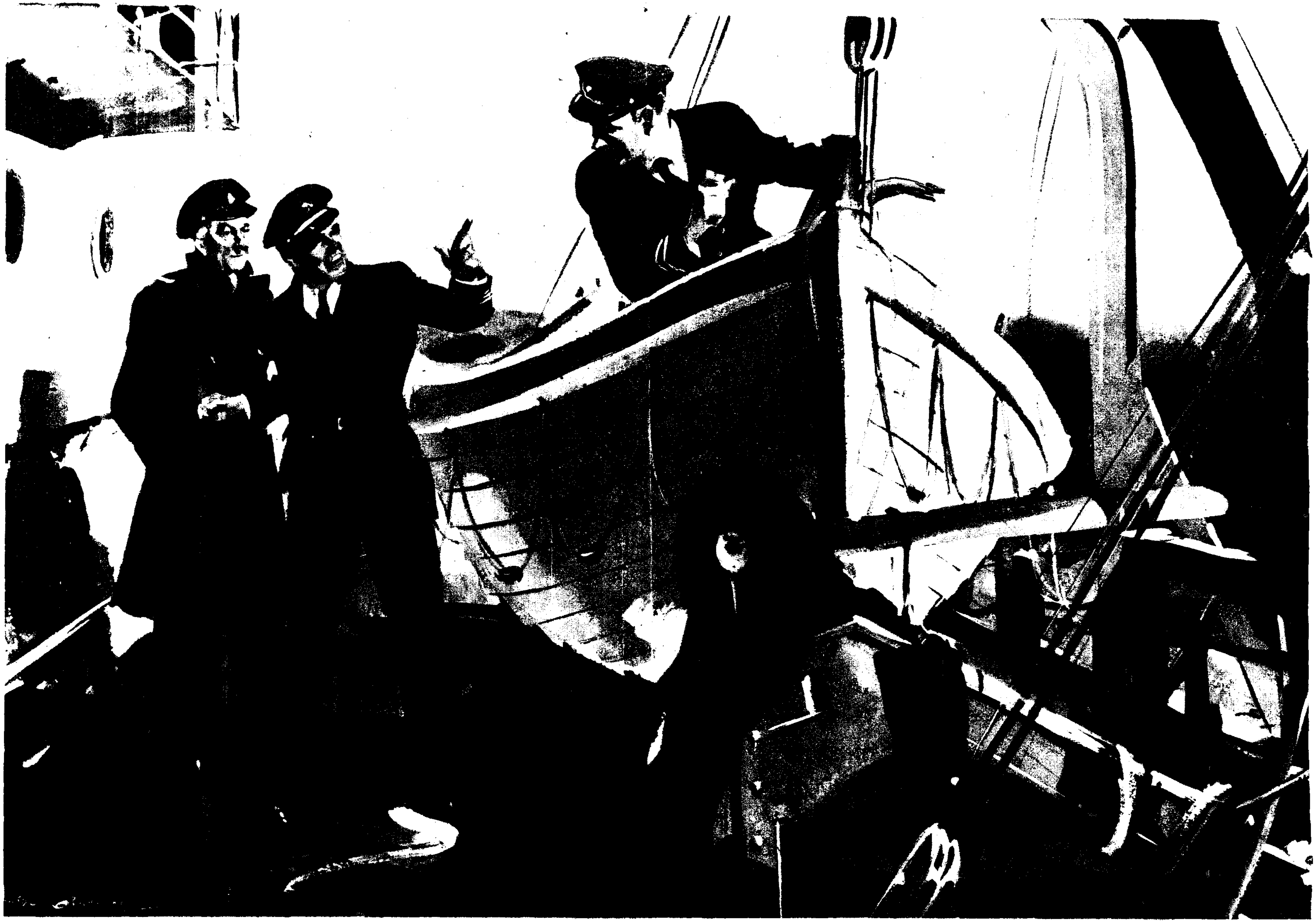
In spite of the violent reaction of the crew, Captain Gilmore, stiff-necked as a ventilator, became emphatic in his orders.

"There's still such a thing as mutiny on the high seas," the Ernestine's master said. "And there's still the cure. Get away that sta'board lifeboat!"

Snarling, cursing, the men rode the boat down the high side of the six-thousand-ton freighter. The sea that warm afternoon, some four hundred miles west of the Portuguese coast, was blue and placid.

Mr. Paley, sadly leaning his scrawny body on the steering oar, encountered concentrated hate in eight men's eyes as they sluggishly swung the oars. He looked beyond them, at the foundering submarine. That was concentrated hate, too, that submarine, and it bred hate among seamen far faster than it sank ships.

The thing was awash and out of trim. The tall conning tower was no higher



"First I catch a glimpse of a Nazi sneakin' out o' this boat," said Mr. Lott. "Then I find you in it"

above water than the bow. The stern was nowhere. The men, about thirty in all, in two clusters, clung to the net-cutting cable forward on deck and to the conning tower.

As Mr. Paley watched, a man, coughing violently, came scrambling out of the hatch at the top of the tower. There was a quick clanging of steel as the cover was closed behind him by two of the crew.

"Take your time, boys," said Knupple, an oiler. He had taken plenty from the crew because he was of German birth. "We can spare 'em."

Olafson, the boatswain, a big Norwegian, turned back impatiently from a look at the submarine. "Ar! Hell won't have 'em!" he said.

"Way enough!" said Mr. Paley. The lifeboat drifted. Bearing hard aport on his oar he hailed the undersea boat.

"Who's master of that ship?"

"I am, Mister Mate!" A big man in dungarees, with a uniform cap on top of his broad, closely clipped head, raised his hand, carefully avoiding the appearance of a salute. "Lieutenant Erlich."

"One at a time!" said Rob Paley. He had heard of Lieutenant Erlich. The Germans reported he had sunk fifty-four thousand tons on one cruise. "One at a time," he repeated. "No guns! No tools! Fend off, forra'd!"

The lieutenant spoke swiftly in German to his men. On the heels of his words he switched to English: "But the ship iss sinking fast!"

The men on the submarine's deck moved together, laying hold of the gunwales.

They came pouring aboard in a rush that made the big lifeboat heel dangerously. The men in the bow floundered aft and joined the others. Lieutenant Erlich clambered in close beside Paley. He smiled brightly at the second mate. "Your pardon for my lack of discipline, Mr. Mate!" he said. "They felt her settling under them—and it wass too much."

He cursed the men in instantaneous rage. Thirty men, a pallid lot compared to the brown crew of the boat.

The face of the only German-speaking man in the Ernestine's crew, Knupple, the oiler, betrayed an urgent intent to blurt out something to Mr. Paley. The second mate, shielded by the confusion in the overcrowded boat, managed to kick him on the leg and flicker an eyelid.

"Give way together!" said Mr. Paley, as if that were possible in the midst of that jam.

LIEUTENANT ERLICH blandly ignored the unwillingness of his rescuers at the oars. He introduced to Paley his two subordinates, Muhlen and Reichert. He explained at length how his ship, shelled during an attack on a convoy, had escaped into the night with a bad leak aft.

They had blown all tanks and kept the pumps going but the water steadily got the upper hand.

"We are lucky to haf a neutral ship pick us up," he said, with a wave at the American flag painted on the Ernestine's side.

"Luckier'n the men you've sunk without warning!" Olafson, the big boatswain, yelled at him with sudden fury.

Lieutenant Erlich gave Mr. Paley's thin arm a confidential squeeze and laughed aloud. "Your discipline, mister, seems no better than mine, nicht wahr?"

Mr. Paley grunted. His reticence had no effect on Erlich. The sub commander made it plain that Paley was his friend, whether Paley liked it or not. Paley's feelings did not count. He, Lieutenant Erlich, was pleased with the second mate.

All hands free of other duty were standing by on deck when Paley brought the lifeboat alongside. Mr. Lott had rigged one pilot ladder. As the mate waited his flat face wore a hard-boiled expression and his lower jaw stuck out underneath. He had seen what had happened alongside the submarine.

"One at a time!" he commanded, leaning over at the head of the ladder. He had a steel marlinespike in his hand and an automatic strapped to his waist. "One! Nobody else on the ladder till I give the word."

"Good!" said Lieutenant Erlich in a hearty voice. "I co-operate with you!"

Mr. Lott and a quartermaster frisked every man and every bundle that came over the rail. Lott did a job on it.

Before Mr. Lott had finished searching the men, the submarine slid under. None of the men Paley had under his eyes showed any sorrow over losing their ship.

Clear of his passengers, Mr. Paley hoisted and secured the lifeboat. Knupple edged up. His broad face was creased.

"Sir," he said rapidly, "that wass no panic. Erlich ordered his men to pile into the lifeboat like a mob."

"Ordered?" said Mr. Paley. "What was Erlich's reason?"

"I don't know," said the oiler. "Mr. Lott didn't find a gun on one of 'em." His scratching fingers shoved his cap nearly off his head. "You got to watch Nazis all the time."

He studied Paley's face. "Us Germans know that better'n anybody, sir," he said earnestly. "It was our country the Nazis stole first of all."

He made his way off the fiddley deck alone.

MR. PALEY'S regular afternoon watch was ending by the time he reached the bridge. Captain Gilmore and Mr. Lott were overseeing the moving of the deck force aft into the black gang's quarters in the poop.

"The whole length of the ship between our men and these Nazis is little enough to avoid trouble," the old man said. "Lieutenant Erlich gets that empty stateroom in the bridgehouse. His two officers share the third's room. Mr. Paley, Mr. Coburn will be moving in with you."

He lowered his reedy voice and raised a wrinkled finger in admonition. His eyes were on Mr. Lott:

"I wish no controversy, gentlemen. These men are our guests. We must maintain neutrality. They must be treated with the strictest politeness. I have received from Lieutenant Erlich and the other two officers in exchange for their liberty of movement on board a pledge of good conduct."

Mr. Lott laughed.

Captain Gilmore's thin face reddened. "I am not a fool, Mr. Lott," he said. "I am not unaware of Hitler's attitude toward pledges. We must, of course, keep an eye on them."

(Continued on page 48)

Gateway to War

By Frank Gervasi

BY RADIO FROM MANILA

Thailand (Siam) is more than the home of the sacred elephant and the famous twins. For months now it has been teeming with Japanese "tourists," the advance guard of an impending invasion that may touch off the Asiatic bomb

A KLM airliner, Batavia-bound from Rangoon, dropped me out of war into peace at Bangkok. The effect was startling. It was like flying out of a black cloud and torment of winds into sunlight and smooth air. I was surprised to see a Chinese National Airways plane there loading mail and gasoline. Bangkok is the southern terminal of the CNAC line that flies mail, money and vitamins into China. The plane was smeared with camouflage paint and beside the silvery Douglas of the Dutch line, with its bold red, white and blue flag painted on the fuselage and its clear markings the CNAC machine looked tired, military, misplaced. I felt a kinship to that plane. It had just arrived from Chungking and I had just come from war too.

The heat was wet and thick. It induced drowsiness and accentuated a sense of relief. A cigarette tasted good. War in Egypt, the desert, the wreckage in Alexandria where bombs fall every moonlighted night, the black-out in Cairo, the raucous voices of sullen resentful Arabs in the dark streets, the geometry of searchlights in the skies over Egypt's capital, the restaurants and cafés noisy with leathery men on leave, that noise and excitement of war that buzzes in your brain even when there aren't any bombs and when you can't see the dead, the wounded nor the revolting litter of smashed tanks, trucks, guns, planes and men—all that dropped away like a dry husk.

It was good to feel the spring of turf underfoot. The Siamese are very neat about everything and they keep the grass of the big, modern Dom Muang airport clipped and rolled as carefully as though it were one huge tennis court. The modern, low-lying white building of the airport offices, waiting rooms and restaurant would have looked perfectly at home anywhere in the United States and, except perhaps for Singapore, Bangkok is the best air station from Cairo to Manila on either British or Dutch empire routes. For one fleeting moment you think maybe you have landed somewhere in Florida when you've landed at Dom Muang, but a tidy Siamese in a white uniform that smelled of soap and hot iron was saying: "Have you anything to declare?"

I said I didn't and prepared to open my bags for his inspection but he said not to bother and I must have looked incredulous for he smiled with two rows of white teeth and said:

"Well, you say you have nothing to declare—no firearms, tobacco, opium, ammunition, cameras or radios and it is not necessary to look, therefore."

He made cabalistic scrawls on my bags with white chalk and directed me to the police and I said to myself, "Here's where the spell breaks. Here's where I go back to that damned war." When you've crossed some twenty or thirty wartime frontiers you hate frontier policemen—tough, suspicious, unfriendly as barbed wire. You look into a frontier cop's eyes and you know you're a spy. But this cop had black, unprejudiced eyes. He wore a Dutch laundered khaki uniform which also smelled of soap and hot iron and he was small and compact, and might have been the twin brother of the customs inspector. Later you discover all Siamese, a pleasant unbelligerent people, might be twins. Few are taller than five feet, three inches.

All look like well-trained speed swimmers but the characteristic which most distinguishes them from Chinese or Japanese is their eyes. There is none of the Chinese sleepy bleariness and none of the nearsightedness of the Japs. It is rare that you see Siamese wearing glasses, which means they're potentially good fliers.

I offered Mister Cop an American cigarette. That's always a good gambit. I got into a highly reluctant Spain once on three packages of cigarettes and two chocolate bars. The Siamese—or Thai as he would prefer to be called in his new-found nationalism—accepted, and, using the data in my passport, filled out a long red blank, a long white blank and made duplicates. Usually you do this yourself. He asked me how long I wished to stay in Thailand and before I could answer he suggested I stay a month or two. "You can't see much of Thailand in less than a month," he said. I just nodded my head stupidly and thought what a cinch for the Japs. When I left Thailand some ten days later that same policeman looked at me reproachfully. They're the world's most hospitable people.

The "Land of the Free Men"

Most of Thailand is about one hand high above sea level. From the bus windows you can see miles of rice paddies wetly green, yellow and brown and Thailand makes you think of freshly laid decalcomania. Bamboo huts with thatched roofs stand on stilts. You glimpse gleaming floors and bare-breasted women playing with naked children with fat bellies. Sampans float in canals and huge oxen which further dwarf tiny Thais stand in the mud of paddies and pull crude plows. Sway-backed pigs with long snouts wallow in muck under stilted houses. The peasants' yards are reasonably clean and their muddy ugliness is camouflaged by a profusion of flowers and lilies that grow wherever there's a puddle. Thailand isn't dirty, only muddy.

The passing of the bus is an intrusion. Chickens and geese raise a rumpus and pigs squeal and women come to doors holding babies and men poling sampans break the rhythm of their work to stand and stare. Coolies set down burdens by the roadside and grimace at you. Their teeth are stained with betel juice but the Thai in the seat next to you says betel chewing is being discouraged. School children are being taught how to clean their teeth as Westerners do.

As the bus nears the city, coolie traffic thickens. Tricycles crowd the road. There are no rickshas in Thailand. Their place in transports is taken by tricycles, which carry one European but are built for two Thais. You ride behind a coolie who pedals and on level roads can keep up a twenty-mile-an-hour pace. You see Buddhist priests with shaved heads and bright yellow robes. There are Thai women with straight black hair, clear cocoa skins, wearing tight, short, white vests and black panungs.

The panung is a bloomerlike skirt which drapes about the waist and once around each leg and ties in a loose knot over the stomach. It's going out. Nine years ago Siam discovered the principle that people shall have a voice in government. They had a revolution which converted an absolute into a constitutional monarchy and they banned the panung.

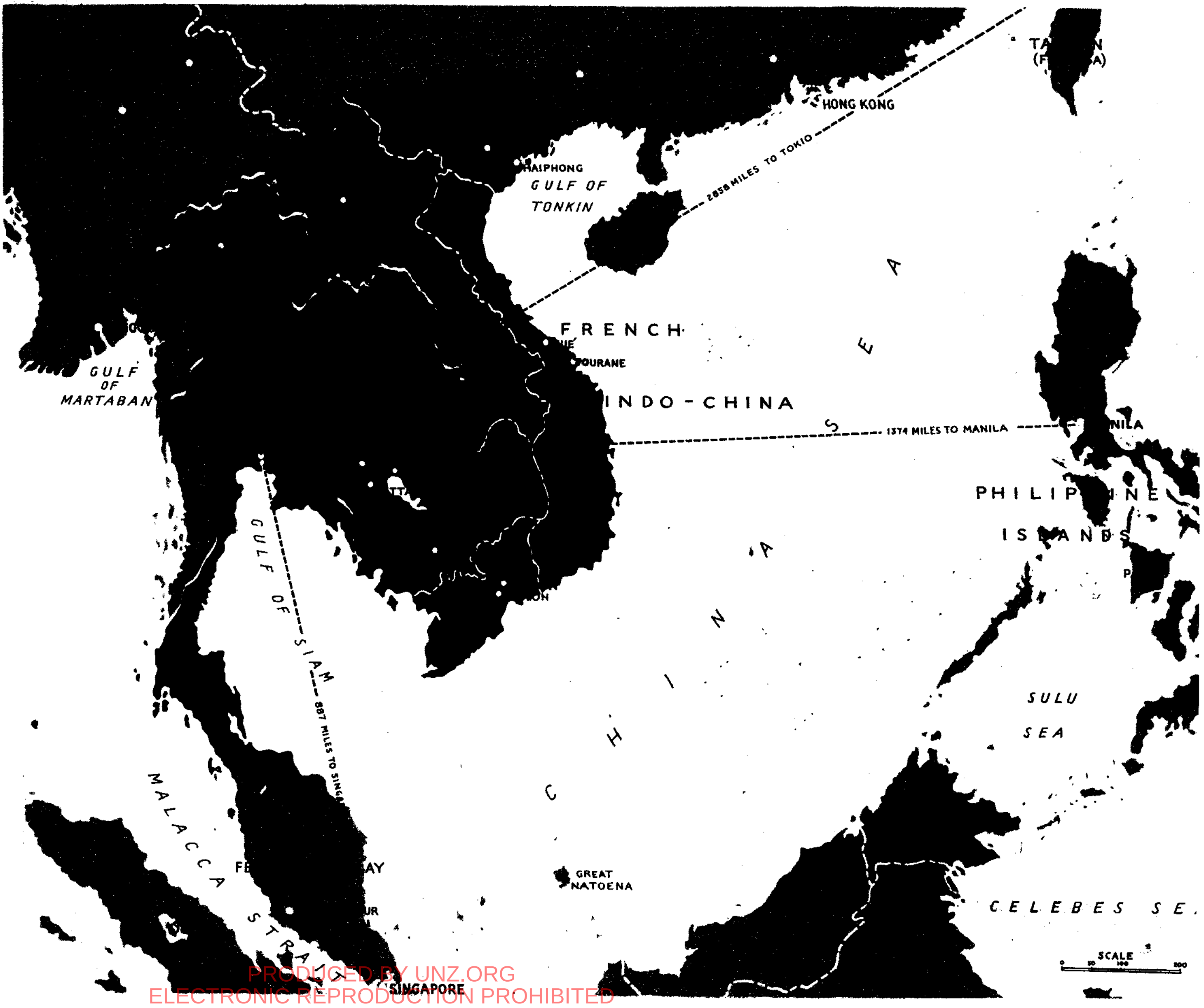
The revolution, like all things Thai, was a mild affair. The only casualty was an obstreperous colonel who was shot in the shin. But quiet as it was, Thais found themselves in 1932 when they bade benevolent King Prajadhipok, remembered by Americans principally for his much-publicized cataracts, quit and invited him to continue as a democratic king instead of a totalitarian ruler.

To Thais their absurd little revolution is as important as the one that began in Boston and ended at Yorktown is to Americans. With it began an acceleration of the process of Westernization and hence the ban on panungs. Also, women must wear hats with their Western skirts and dresses but there is as yet no law about wearing shoes, so you see cute Thai women in bargain-basement dresses, dollar hats and no shoes.

What is more important, however, is that Siam became Muang Tai, or Thailand, which means "Land of Free Men."

(Continued on page 56)

ROLF KLEP



Thailand, wedged in between British Burma and Japanese-controlled French Indo-China, is the fulcrum whereon the peace of the Far East seesaws. If the Japs move into Thailand, they will be in a good position to threaten Burma and the Burma Road, Singapore and the Dutch East Indies

BOOTED OFF THE LOT

By Kyle Crichton

Marsha Hunt sailed into Hollywood as a New York model who didn't want a job in pictures. It worked. Now she's all set

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

HOLLYWOOD has as many native rites as an African tribe. When ecstatic cries of "*dah*-ling" greet an actress entering Ciro's, she knows that her last picture has been a success. By the same token when she finds that every diner in the place has his eye glued to his plate, apparently frantic at the thought of starvation, she knows that the end has come.

After four years of comparative success in the town, Marsha Hunt went through the mastication ritual. The minute she came into Ciro's everybody began eating furiously and nobody seemed to see her. Old friends suddenly bent their heads reverently over their victuals and began to work their jaws. The headwaiter was polite but regretful; the ringside tables were reserved but he might squeeze them in somewhere at the rear. Miss Hunt sat at the rear with her husband, Jerry Hopper, and enjoyed full solitude.

"Who are those charming people with their faces full of soup?" asked Mr. Hopper savagely.

"Those are our dear, dead past," answered Miss Hunt, grimly.

"We will note them carefully in this little black book," replied Mr. Hopper bitterly, taking out the little black book and a stub pencil and going to work. "There are certain individuals here I should like to remember in case a change in your fortunes ever comes."

The change came soon after when Miss Hunt was signed by M-G-M, making one of the most remarkable comebacks in film history. There are directors like Mervyn LeRoy who swear that Marsha Hunt will be the next Bette Davis of the screen. At the period of the Ciro episode, however, her cinema career had been going downhill with all the velocity of a carpenter falling off a roof. She had come out originally for Paramount, had been the pretty girl in dozens of pictures and had ended by being booted off the lot. The best she could get after that was a picture at Republic and another at Grand National. When even that source of income dried up, she started doing "quickies."

"It's track work," reports Miss Hunt. "You just run in and out in front of cameras."

At this juncture she had an apologetic phone call from her agent. He didn't think she would be interested but he could get her one day's work at M-G-M in The Hardys Ride Hard. He didn't want her to think he was insulting her but . . . While he still sat there, jiggling the phone foolishly and trying to get some word out of her, she was halfway to Culver City. She did the role of a spendthrift wife and later learned that the inspiration for giving her a character part after years of being a sappy pretty girl came from Lou Ostrow.

"I asked Mr. Ostrow how he came to think of me," reports Miss Hunt, "and he just looked wise and tapped his head. He didn't have to prove to *me* he was a wise man. I know he was a genius."

As will be seen by gazing at Miss Hunt, she resembles every dainty little ingénue that ever simpered through a Hollywood double feature. She is tall and thin and doesn't simper, but she looks like the girl who is eventually going to be kissed by the guy with the wavy hair.

M-G-M forgot about her almost immediately but she did the part of a professor's wife in Walter Wanger's Winter Carnival and felt that she was getting somewhere. Where she was getting was home. She sat around there for three months waiting for the phone to ring. When it finally rang it was the C. B. DeMille office and they didn't want to hire her. They merely wanted her to go along to Omaha and help shoot up the town on behalf of the Union Pacific opening. They admitted frankly that they needed names, even ex-names, and the ride was free.

"Omaha is a nice town," says Miss Hunt, "and it is also halfway to New York."

Back on Broadway she was trying to line up some summer stock work when her agent called again and went into his apology routine. There was a bit in Those Glamour Girls at M-G-M but they couldn't promise her anything. If she wanted to pay her own way (*Continued on page* 39)

Say It Isn't So

By Holmes Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

It took a lot of strenuous pitching for Dipsey Buford to learn that he wasn't any better than the man who was catching him

THE big man walked from the door of the office building and paused on the sidewalk to fill his lungs. The crisp October air went into him and seemed in a measure to cleanse him of the filth that clogged his soul. He moved to the gutter and spat. Then with a loathing glance at the office building he walked hurriedly on.

About this office building there was nothing to give the impression that it might dirty a man's soul. It was façaded of chaste marble on the outside. Up on the twentieth story was a suite of rooms filled with handsome stenographers and fine maple-wood furnishings. This big man, named Buford, had been sitting in the largest and fanciest of the rooms. Across the desk from him reposed Mr. Martin Flack, a portly and well-jowled financier. It is necessary to insist that Mr. Flack was a "financier." He was president, it is true, of the Eagles Baseball and Exhibition Company, Inc., but this was owing to a business merger lately consummated. In no sense was Martin Flack a baseball man, else he would not have brought about the conversation of which Dipsey Buford was party of the second part, and which ran as follows:

"I'm told," said Mr. Flack in his friendly way, "that Manager Burnham intends starting you in the first game tomorrow and back again in the fourth."

"Yep," said Buford.

"And there is more than a chance," said Mr. Flack, "that there will be only four games to this world series. From the players' point of view that's all very well. You men only get your split on the first four games."

"So what?" asked Buford.

"Look at it from my angle," Mr. Flack continued. "The first two games are played in our stadium which seats upward of eighty thousand. The series then moves west to Panther Park—a mere hatbox with a capacity of thirty."

"It'll make tough pitchin' that fourth game," Buford observed. "It'll be Sunday with ground rules, and all."

Then Martin Flack had said, "A pitcher could lose that game and not be sorry, Buford. It'll be a tightwad series for us all unless we get another chance to fill the stadium."

SHORTLY afterward Buford issued into the street feeling about as unclean as a man could who'd had a bath and shave not two hours before. He walked rapidly to his hotel where he undressed to the skin and bathed again.

"I should've let him have one," Buford was thinking while he soaped and sponged.

He hadn't, though, and this sin of omission still irked him next afternoon when he put his right foot in the pitching stirrup and upped his left foot nearly to the level of his eyebrows and roared one through there like the fast express. It made strike one on the Panther, and the big show was on.

"'At's makin' 'em like it, Dipsey . . . Hey, Dipsey, this is where we came in."

The last remark, which emanated from Montague Bates at shortstop, had to do with the big show of the year before. The Eagles had won that series in four straight with Buford taking the first and final contest. The papers, in fact, were making considerable play of the Buford string. He had never lost a world-series game and he had won seven during his twelve-year stretch with the Eagles.

"John (Dipsey) Buford," one sports columnist wrote, "is half of the greatest battery in operation today. One may as well mention Lee without Jackson or Ike without Mike as to divide the name and fame of these super-inseparables—Dipsey Buford and Beany Magee."

Buford caught the hard-flung ball from the man behind the plate. The force of the throw stung his gloved palm. Magee always pegged the returns as if he meant to knock the pitcher down. This annoyed Buford, but not as much as remembering that squib in the sports column. Buford snorted as he set himself to pitch.

"Hokum," he muttered. "Where do they get that inseparables stuff? Like I couldn't get along without Magee. If I never saw him again, I'd miss him like the measles."

HE WENT into his windup and took the signal. Somewhere between the time his hands came up and his arm went down, Buford adjusted his fingers on the stitches. A batter had no chance to see this done. There was a sharp, downward arc as the ball flicked in and the batter lashed at it. The curve had fooled him. Magee smothered the easy pop-up.

"One away, Dipsey . . . Round the horn."

While the infielders crisscrossed the diamond with their throws, Magee walked out to the pitching box. He was a small man as catchers go. He had quick brown hands and sharp eyes in a high-cheeked, leathery face. He was known as a man of brains—hence his nickname. All but one of his teammates affectionately called him Beany.

"Well, Magee," said Buford. "What d' you want now?"

"This next guy," said Magee. "Don't feed him nuthin' high. Curve him low."

Buford curved the fellow low and struck him out. . . .

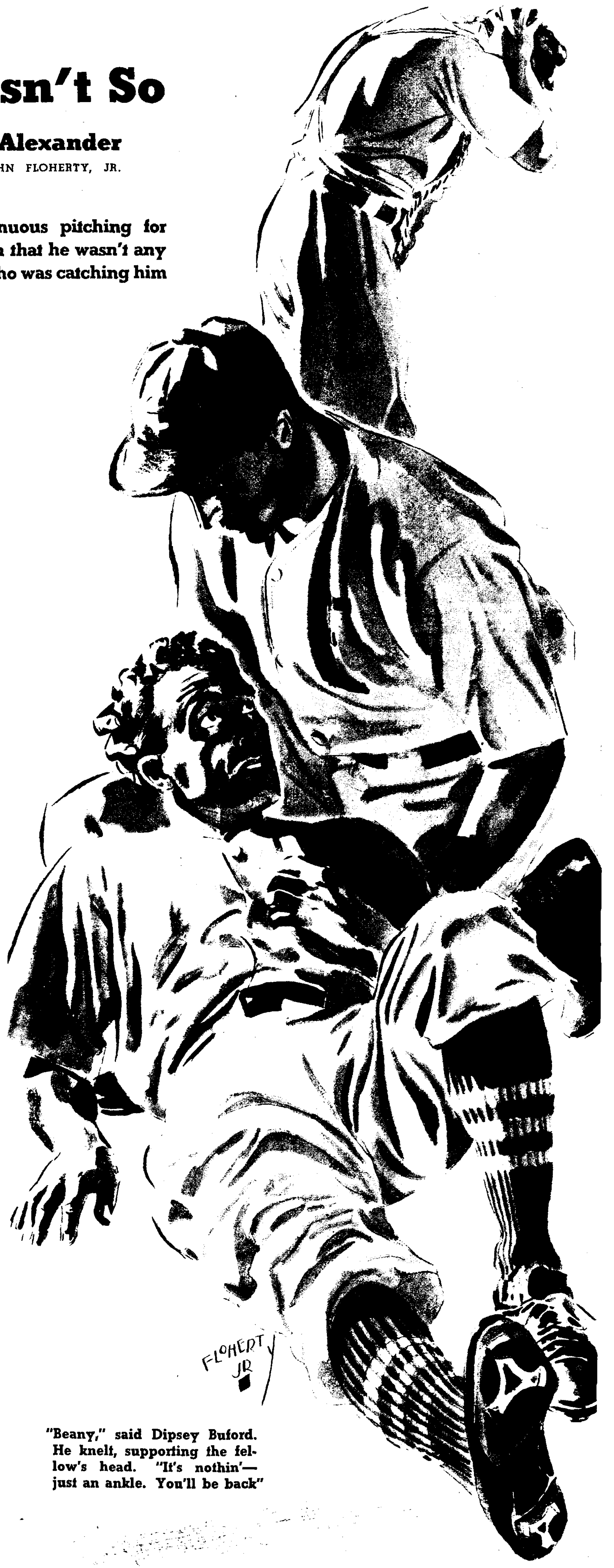
It was not until late in the game, and coasting to a 3 to 0 shutout, that Buford got around to thinking about Mr. Flack. It did seem when you stopped to add it up that the club owners had a raw deal in the world series. With half the games played at Panther Park there wouldn't be much of a melon to slice anyhow, and Flack had the stockholders to think about. "A pitcher could lose that fourth game and not be sorry." What did that mean if not what it seemed?

"He'd have to gimme what I asked for," thought Buford. "I could get doubles on my winner's share. Maybe five, six grand—the heel!"

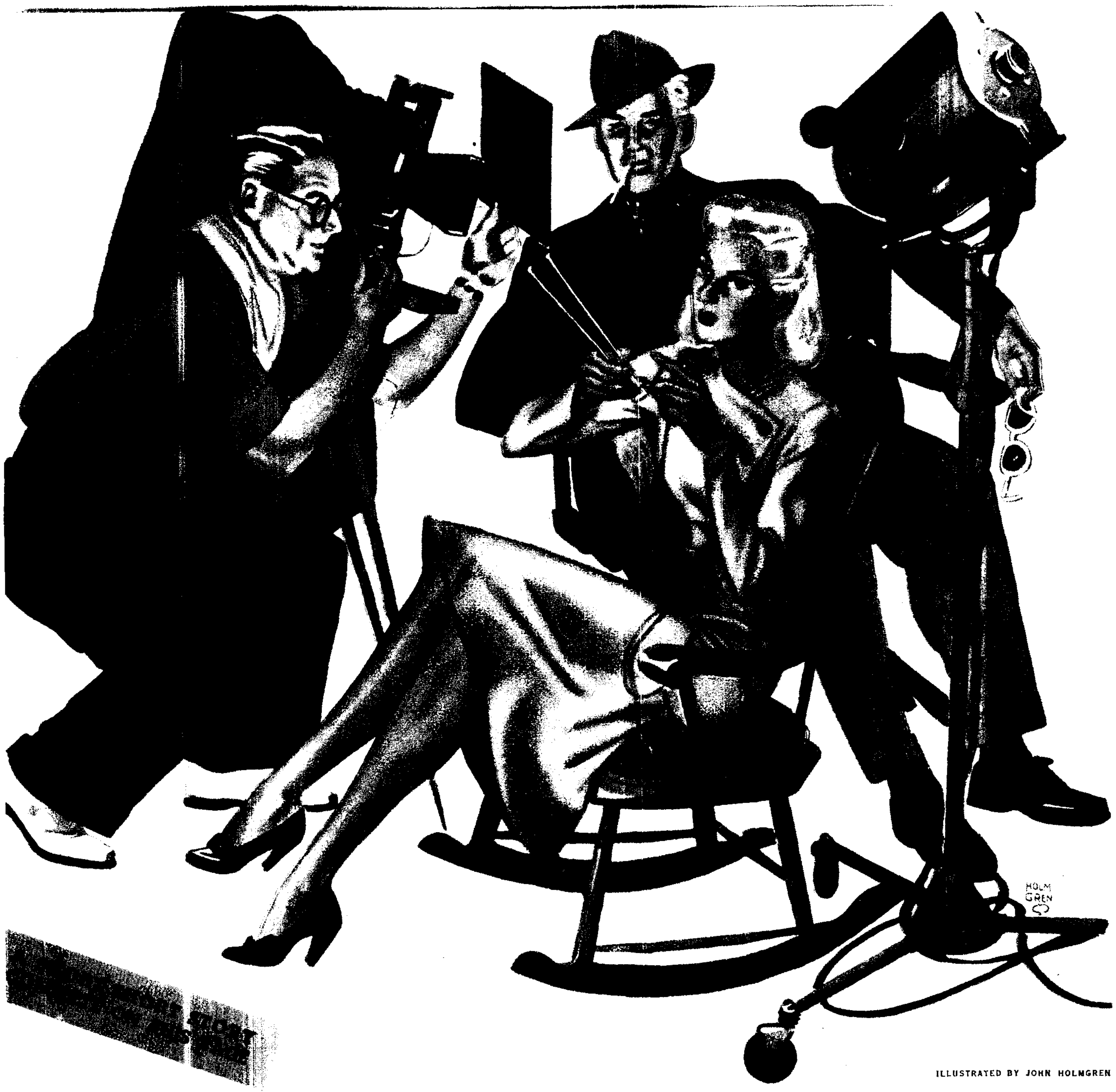
He tried to forget all this while he worked. Sweat oiled the big, flat-lying muscles through his shoulders and back. His fast one skipped and his curve ball was like coming round the mountain. He worked methodically, pacing himself, following Magee's signals, keeping ahead of the batters and sometimes sloughing off a third strike with his change of pace. But in the ninth inning he thought again of Martin Flack: "Five, six grand. Who's it goin' to hurt? The fans see more baseball. We still win the championship and—"

His thoughts went skyward with a batted ball, and suddenly he was running to back up the outfield relay into

(Continued on page 52)



"Beany," said Dipsey Buford. He knelt, supporting the fellow's head. "It's nothin'—just an ankle. You'll be back"



Karen took the needles. She tried to remember how her mother had held them. "You're not eating with them," Bitsy said. "They ain't chopsticks"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

Knit One, Purl Two

By Pat Frank

"WHAT makes it so good," said Bitsy Biggers, "is it's simple, see. My best flashes are always simple. Like calling you 'America's Midnight Date.' Where'd you be without that?"

"I don't know," said Karen March, examining a runner in the eighty-nine-cent stockings that sheathed one of her hundred-thousand-dollar legs, "where would I be?"

Bitsy Biggers tossed his tiny, elegant hands at where the ceiling would have been, if the set had had a ceiling. "You'd be in the B's, that's where you'd be! Now this is the way it goes—a sort of slow build-up keyed on National Defense and Aid to England. All you've got to do—"

"Bitsy," said Karen, "I was tied up with National Defense last week. Remember—Karen March buys bonds." This was as much as she dared protest, because Bitsy was chief of public relations, and a power on the lot.

The Blimp, who shot the studio stills, began to unlimber his tripod. The Blimp was her shadow. Wherever she was—at the Troc or in her own kitchen, in a box at Santa Anita, or riding a circus carrousel—the Blimp trailed in her wake like a loaded barge behind a trim yacht. She said, "All right, what is it?" It was like arguing with a freight train going downgrade.

"All you've got to do," said Bitsy, "is knit a sweater and send it to an R.A.F. pilot through the British War Relief. You do it anonymously, sort of. You don't use your screen name. If you used your screen name the British might catch wise that it was a gag, and not go for it. The British have got no sense of publicity."

"What name do I use?"

"What was that name you had when you came here?"

"Mertz—Katherine Mertz."

"Use that one. Well, you put a note in the sweater and, of course, the flier writes to you, and you write back, and a romance springs up."

"I knit?" asked Karen.

"Yeah, you knit. A romance springs up, and he asks you to send your picture. So you send one of your pictures—and, of course, he recognizes you. The story will break out of England."

"What story?"

"Oh!" Bitsy groaned, and put his face into his hands. "Don't you get it? Screen star, British ace knit together by sweater romance! It'll be Page One everywhere!"

"I'm all set up," said the Blimp. "Just take this chair over here, will you, Miss March? It looks kind of homey. And cross your legs so that runner won't show."

"Got the props?" Bitsy asked. The Blimp found a ball of yarn and two knitting needles in his camera bag and put them on Karen's lap. "All right, Miss March," said the Blimp. "Knit."

Karen took the needles in her hands. She tried to remember how her mother had held them, back in Oakwood, Iowa.

"You're not eating with them," Bitsy said. "They ain't chopsticks."

THE wardrobe mistress came, finally, and showed Karen how to hold the wool, and the needles, and she even showed her how to knit a few needle lengths. The Blimp made his pictures, and Karen asked, "Well, what do I do now."

"You quit knitting," said Bitsy. He turned to the Blimp and said, "You run up to town and buy a pull-over sweater. Better get a pretty big one. I guess these pilots are pretty big, like Cooper or Gable. Better get a Gable size."

Karen didn't feel very good about the letter. She was only twenty-one, but she had been in Hollywood three years and she felt much older than that. "They're just kids," she told herself. "They're just kids, and maybe he'll only be twenty or so and I'll be darned if I'm going to hurt him."

The reply came more quickly than she had expected, because it came by air, via Lisbon. He was very grateful for the sweater. It was by far the finest sweater that had come to his squadron from America. It was, however, a bit large, but that was really his fault. "I'm only five-eight," he explained. She must have a fascinating time, living in Hollywood with all the cinema stars. He hoped their correspondence could continue. His name was Pilot Officer Jeffrey Glendenning.

So she wrote, and he wrote, and she came to know a good deal more of him. He was twenty-four, and a Cambridge man, and he might have been a barrister had not the war come along, and he flew a Spitfire.

In the third letter he mentioned, casually, that he had been credited with his fifth Jerry. Then for a long time no letter came, and Bitsy Biggers was worried, and Karen found herself crying in her dressing room.

THE fourth letter came from a hospital. A Messerschmitt's shell had exploded against his back armor, and he had splinters in both arms. "They got all the stuff out of me," he said, "and I'll be back with the squadron in a week." As a postscript he said the only thing which had really been ruined was her sweater. Would it be too much trouble for her to knit another? There was a second postscript. He'd been thinking of Katherine Mertz a good deal in the hospital. He didn't have any other girls. Would she send her picture?

"We've got him!" said Bitsy Biggers, as if he'd hooked a tuna off Catalina. "You, Blimp, go buy him another sweater."

"No," said Karen. "I'll knit this one myself."

Bitsy took a look at the funny shade of green in her eyes, shrugged his shoulders, and said, "All right with me, but hurry it up."

She bought the heaviest, softest wool, and each day held a conference with the wardrobe mistress, so there would be no uneven rows or dropped stitches, and when it was finished she found a prop boy who was five-eight, and made him stand in for her so she could see that it would surely fit. Then she took the picture, the one anyone would recognize as Karen March, "America's Midnight Date," and Bitsy mailed them off together. Then they waited.

"Dear Katherine," his letter began. "If you had to send me the photograph of an actress, why not Dietrich or Lamarr instead of that empty Karen March? You know we don't like her very much over here, and I'm the joke of the mess."

Bitsy began to swear. "If this ever gets out," he warned, "this'll ruin you. What're you laughing about?"

When he had gone she went to the Blimp's darkroom. "Blimp," she said, "do you remember what I looked like when I first came here?"

"Yes," he reflected. "You were pretty awful. Freckles—hair sort of half blond and done wrong—well, pretty awful, except sort of cute."

"Blimp, let me have one of the stills you made of me then."

"Nope. Studio has ordered they're never to go out."

"Please, Blimp, one."

"Who's it for?" he asked suspiciously.

"It's for myself," she said. "Blimp, how long's the war going to last?"

THE FIGHT GOES ON

By Franklin Delano Roosevelt

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WAR . . . AND NEUTRALITY

In this introduction to the 1939 volume of his "Public Papers and Addresses" the President tells about the part that Congress' refusal to repeal the arms embargo played in the coming of war when it did

IN 1939 there started another general war, for which Germany had been preparing since 1933, and for which Italy and Japan had been preparing for years before. It is a war which had been definitely and unmistakably foreseeable since 1936, when the Nazis marched into the Rhineland.

I think that historians will record the fact that, ever since 1933, the United States and its government had persistently and actively sought to prevent this conflict, and to preserve peace in the world. This search for peace was the very keystone of our entire foreign policy. It was dictated not only by a natural humanitarian desire to prevent the bloodshed and horrors of war, but also by a realistic appreciation that any European war would be a definite danger to our own peace and security, and to the welfare of the entire Western Hemisphere and the rest of the world.

In the Western Hemisphere we have been committed to and have consistently and conscientiously practiced the role of the good neighbor. We entered into Pan-American conventions embodying the principles of nonintervention. We abandoned the Platt amendment which gave us the right to intervene in the internal affairs of the Republic of Cuba. We withdrew the American Marines who had been stationed for many years in Haiti. We signed a new treaty with Panama upon a mutually satisfactory basis. We engaged in several inter-American conferences productive of many agreements of mutual advantage. We entered into many trade agreements with other American countries to our mutual commercial profit. At the request of neighboring republics, we helped to settle various boundary disputes between American nations. As a result of these and many other instances of similar nature, each member of the American family of nations has come to look upon the United States as its good neighbor.

It was our aim that this policy should establish the solidarity of the Western Hemisphere on a permanently peaceful basis. That aim is being realized. It was also our hope that this example of these twenty-one republics, of different size and strength and resources, living together in peaceful co-operation, would have its influence upon the rest of the world. Unfortunately, that hope has proved to be in vain.

In other ways, too, the government of the United States actively sought to preserve the peace of the world. The two great obstacles to world peace in modern times have always been: first, the piling up of armaments, particularly weapons of offense; and, second, the erection of tariff barriers to prevent reciprocal trade and commerce between nations.

Both of these obstacles to peace had been growing in effectiveness during the last ten years. Time and again, the United States tried to break them down and clear the way toward peace.

With respect to disarmament, this administration took the lead as early as May 16, 1933. On that date I addressed an appeal to all the nations of the world in an endeavor to obtain some definite result from the disarmament conference which had been meeting rather ineffectively in Geneva since 1932. Armaments in nondemocratic governments had been persistently increasing. International trade had been continually falling off because of newly imposed quotas and other trade barriers. In my message to the nations of the world, I pointed out that only a very small minority of governments and of peoples have any desire for aggression or for enlargement of their own territories at the expense of others. I pointed out that if armaments of offensive warfare were eliminated, the fear of invasion then held by so many other nations would necessarily disappear. I appealed, therefore, for drastic reduction in offensive weapons. I also asked that "all the nations of the world should enter into a solemn and definite pact of nonaggression."

In this same message there was also discussed the necessity of breaking down international trade barriers, which always go hand in hand with increase of armaments as a cause for war.

The Unwilling Ten Per Cent

The difficulty with this appeal and with subsequent appeals was this: although ninety per cent of all the people of the earth were content with the territorial limits of their respective countries, and would have been willing to reduce their own armed forces if every other nation in the world would agree to do the same thing, the possibility that the remaining ten per cent would seek, by force of arms, territorial expansion into the lands of their neighbors provided an ever-present danger which could not be disregarded by anyone. That small ten per cent, under various pleas and pretexts, remained unwilling to reduce their own armament or to stop their vast programs of rearmament, even though the other ninety per cent were more than willing.

Obviously, unless every nation were willing to eliminate weapons of aggression and offensive warfare and to bind itself not to invade any foreign territory, it was useless to expect any other nation to disarm.

I am convinced that if the particular nations which are now generally

(Continued on page 40)

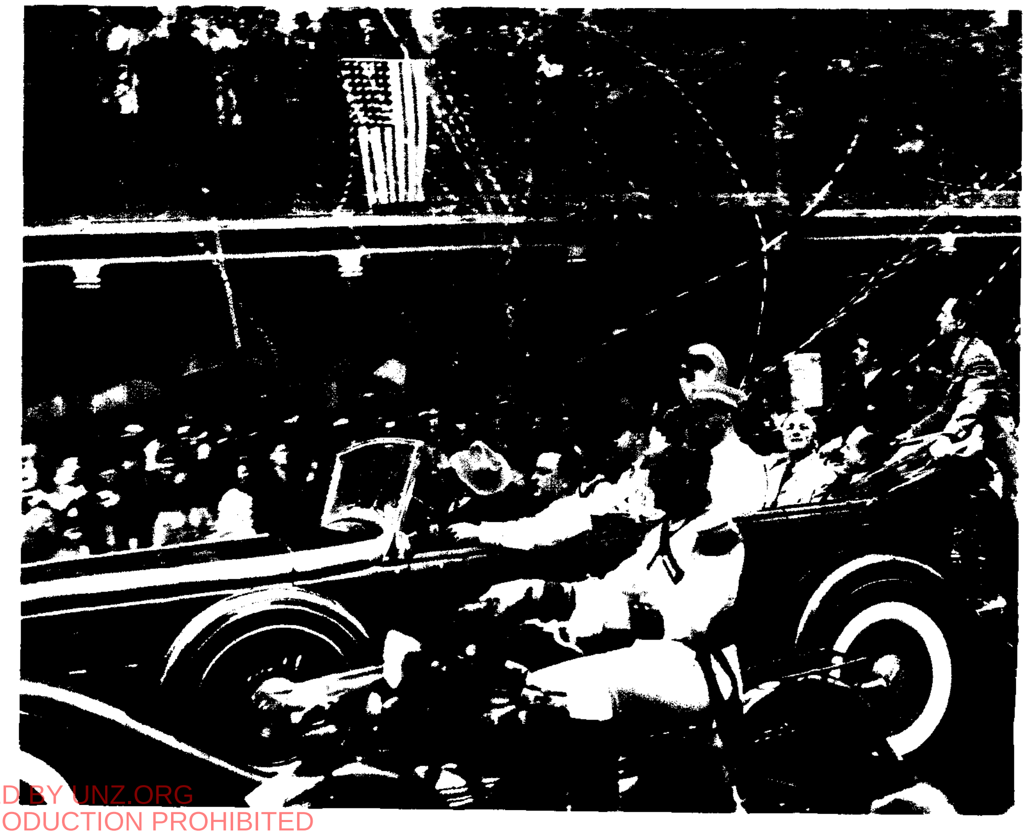
ACME

The late Senator Borah, whose "private information" statement that there would be no war in 1939 helped delay repeal of the arms embargo until after war was declared

PRESS ASSOCIATION

"By 1939 three nations had already had their independent existence terminated by aggression from more powerful neighbors." Above, Hitler takes over Czechoslovakia

PRESS ASSOCIATION



"Each member of the American family of nations has come to look on the United States as its good neighbor." The President is cheered in Rio de Janeiro on his way to attend the 1936 good-will conference

The Story Thus Far:

CONVICTED of the murder of her husband—Amyas Crale, an English artist—Caroline Crale dies in prison. She leaves a letter, addressed to her young daughter, Caroline; in the letter (to be read by Caroline when she is twenty-one) she asserts that she is innocent.

Sixteen years after the trial, Caroline (known as Carla Lemarchant) reads the letter. She calls on Hercule Poirot, noted Belgian detective, in London. She implores him to investigate the case and, if possible, *learn the truth.*

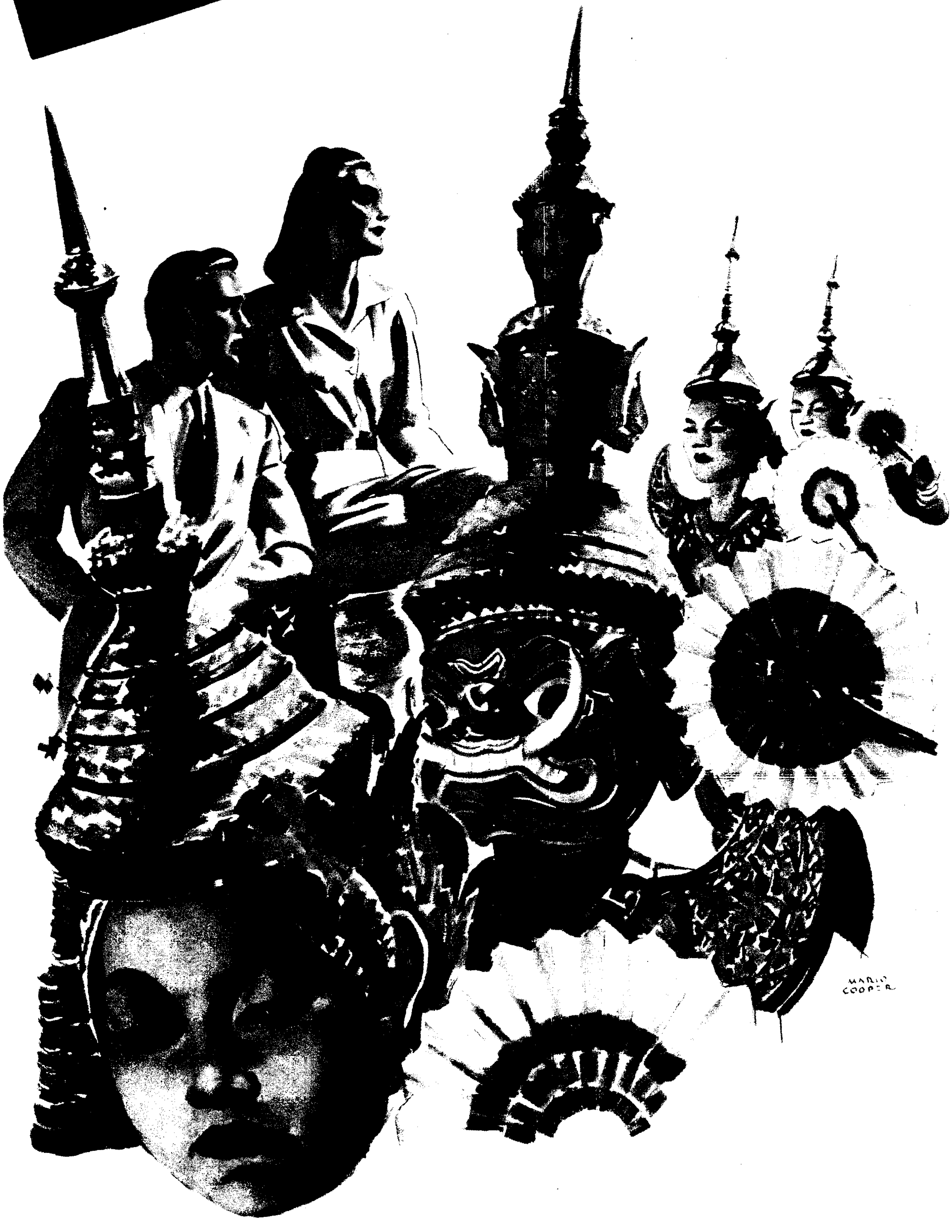
Poirot promises to do what he can. Then, in a series of interviews with various persons—including Sir Montague Depleach, who had been in charge of the defense; George Mayhew, son of the solicitor who had "briefed" Sir Montague; and Ex-Superintendent of Police Hale—he learns these facts:

The Crales had lived in Alderbury. On the afternoon of the day preceding the day of the murder, they had had tea with a neighbor: Meredith Blake, an amateur chemist. The other guests had been: Angela Warren, Mrs. Crale's young sister; Philip Blake, Meredith Blake's brother; and Elsa Greer, a beautiful girl who had been a house guest of the Crales. Everyone had inspected Blake's laboratory; and *someone* had stolen a bottle of poison: coniine.

The following day, Crale—madly infatuated with Elsa Greer—had been painting the girl's portrait in the garden, when his wife had given him a glass of beer. Crale had drunk the beer. A few hours later, when he had been alone, he had died in the garden. Analysis had revealed *that the beer had contained coniine!* And an almost empty bottle, which had once held coniine, *had been found in Mrs. Crale's bedroom!* . . .

It is Ex-Superintendent Hale who gives Poirot the most detailed account of the murder. Like everyone else who had figured in the case, Hale feels sure that Mrs. Crale had been guilty. After reviewing the evidence with the Belgian, he pauses. Then: "In a way," he says slowly, "it was a premeditated crime, and in a way it wasn't. I don't believe she really thought it out, you know. She just went on with it blindly."

Poirot stares at him deep in speculation. "I wonder," he murmurs.



Miss Warren turned out to be a very distinguished woman. A traveler to weird places

III

HALE looked at Poirot curiously. "Have I convinced you that it was a straightforward case?" he said.

"Almost. Not quite. There are one or two peculiar points. . . ."

"Can you suggest an alternative solution that will hold water?"

Poirot said, "What were the movements of the other people on that morning?"

"We went into them, I can assure you. We checked up on everybody. Nobody had what you could call an alibi—you can't have with poisoning. Why, there's nothing to prevent a would-be murderer from handing his victim some poison in a capsule the day before, telling him it's a specific cure for indigestion and he must take it just before lunch—and then going away to the other end of England."

"But you don't think that happened in this case?"

"Mr. Crale didn't suffer from indigestion. And in any case I can't see that kind of thing happening. It's true that Mr. Meredith Blake was given to recommending quack nostrums of his own concocting, but I don't see Mr. Crale trying any of them. And if he did he'd probably talk and joke about it. Besides, why *should* Mr. Meredith Blake want to kill Mr. Crale? Everything goes to show that he was on very good terms with him. They all were.

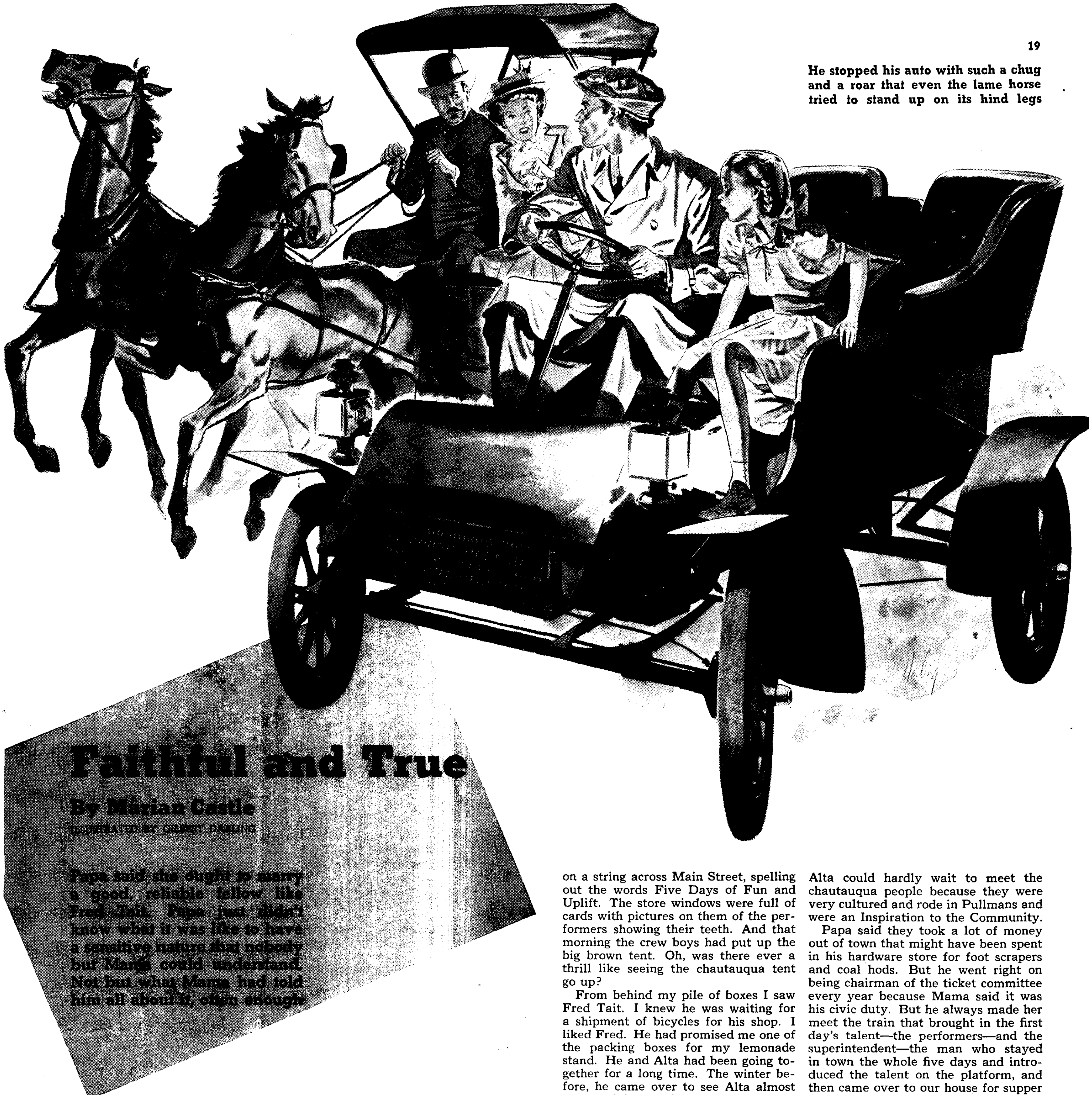
"Mr. Philip Blake was his best friend. Miss Greer was in love with him. Miss Williams disapproved of him, I imagine, very strongly—but moral disapprobation doesn't lead to poisoning. Little Miss Warren scrapped with him a lot, she was at a tiresome age—just off to school, I believe—but he was quite fond of her and she of him. She was treated, you know, with particular tenderness and consideration in that house. You may have heard why. She was badly injured when she was a child—injured by Mrs. Crale in a kind of maniacal fit of rage. That rather shows—doesn't it?—that she was a pretty uncontrolled sort of person. To go for a child—and maim her for life!"

"It might show," said Poirot "that Angela Warren had good reason to bear a grudge against Caroline Crale."

"Perhaps, but not against Amyas Crale. And, anyway, Mrs. Crale was devoted to her young sister—gave her a home when her parents died and, as I say, treated her with special affection—spoiled her badly, so they say. The girl was obviously very fond of Mrs. Crale. She was kept away from the trial and sheltered from it all as far as possible—Mrs. Crale was very insistent about that, I believe. But the child was terribly upset and longed to be taken to see her sister in prison. Caroline Crale wouldn't agree. She said that sort of thing might injure a girl's mentality for life. She arranged for her to go to school abroad."

He added, "Miss Warren turned out to be a very distinguished woman. Traveler to weird places. Lectures at the Royal Geographical—all that sort of thing."

(Continued on page 24)



He stopped his auto with such a chug and a roar that even the lame horse tried to stand up on its hind legs

Faithful and True

By Marian Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Papa said she ought to marry a good, reliable fellow like Fred Tait. Papa just didn't know what it was like to have a sensitive nature that nobody but Mama could understand. Not but what Mama had told him all about it, often enough

PAPA always used to say that only fast girls went down to meet the trains, and no daughters of his were going to get talked about for lallygagging around the depot with drummers. So it was a special dispensation that sent my older sister Alta hurrying down Main Street to the depot that hot July noon, looking proud and important. To this day I can remember her big Merry Widow sailor and the butterfly hatpin that jiggled up and down when she walked. Her cheeks were pink from excitement and the stuff I called red salve that she kept hidden in the back of the bureau we used together.

I was hurrying to the depot too. But I was keeping to the alley so Alta wouldn't see me and send me home. No matter what I did, she and Mama were sure to say, "Lois honey, you're too young," though I was twelve and felt very grown up since I was wearing Ferris waists; and Papa would call me Miss Lipscomb, who did our sewing and poked her nose into everybody's business. Nevertheless, I *had* to see the noon train come in that day. So when I reached the depot I scrooged down behind a pile of boxes to wait.

The chautauqua was coming to town! For weeks and weeks everybody in Jeffersonville had been selling tickets to everybody else. Red and yellow pennants, like those my sister Alta brought back from Pemberton College, flapped on a string across Main Street, spelling out the words Five Days of Fun and Uplift. The store windows were full of cards with pictures on them of the performers showing their teeth. And that morning the crew boys had put up the big brown tent. Oh, was there ever a thrill like seeing the chautauqua tent go up?

From behind my pile of boxes I saw Fred Tait. I knew he was waiting for a shipment of bicycles for his shop. I liked Fred. He had promised me one of the packing boxes for my lemonade stand. He and Alta had been going together for a long time. The winter before, he came over to see Alta almost every night, while she embroidered lazy daisies on things for her hope chest.

But lately, ever since Alta had begun taking lessons in drama and expression, she had seemed to lose interest in her embroidery and Fred. Sometimes she even looked at him the same way Mama looked at Papa when she talked about women that threw their lives away on men that didn't appreciate their artistic temperaments. Alta had even stopped blushing. Once, she would turn red clear down to her lavaliere when you mentioned Fred's name. But this day it was Fred who got red when he looked at Alta, while Alta was busy watching the tracks where the train would come around the bend.

Alta could hardly wait to meet the chautauqua people because they were very cultured and rode in Pullmans and were an Inspiration to the Community.

Papa said they took a lot of money out of town that might have been spent in his hardware store for foot scrapers and coal hods. But he went right on being chairman of the ticket committee every year because Mama said it was his civic duty. But he always made her meet the train that brought in the first day's talent—the performers—and the superintendent—the man who stayed in town the whole five days and introduced the talent on the platform, and then came over to our house for supper near the end of the chautauqua and got Papa to sign up for the next year even though Papa was always very upset and muttery over something called a deficit.

Mama would have been meeting the train this time except for Grandma's broken hip. A letter had come from Grandma that morning asking if Nettie, who was Mama, couldn't please come over and stay till she got used to her crutches and the new girl broken in.

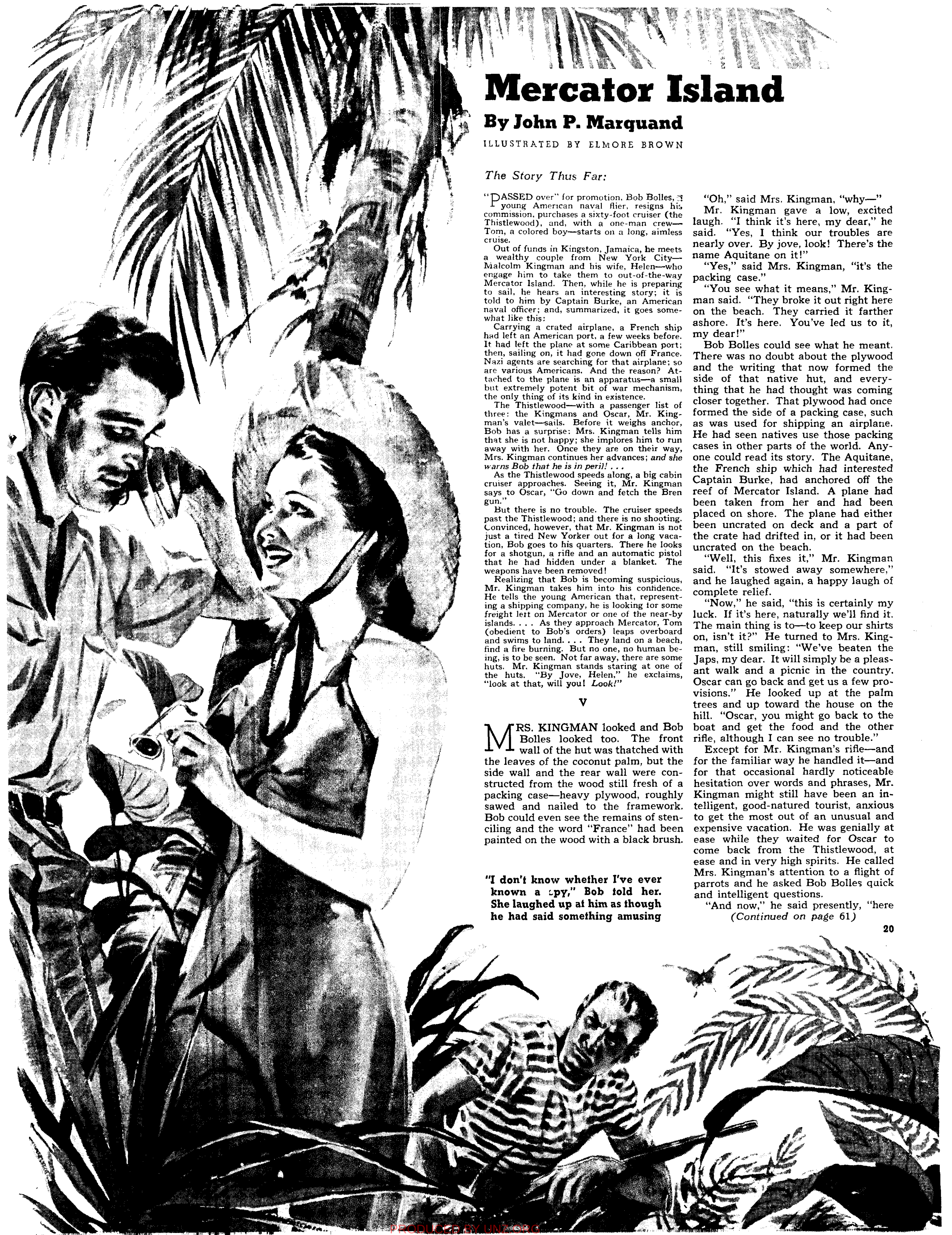
Alta had spoken right up and said that of course it was Mama's duty to go; and that she, Alta, could manage just fine if Mama would tell our hired girl Della to take orders from her. I knew what that meant. Della couldn't put the pie on with the meat and potatoes, and

(Continued on page 32)

Mercator Island

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



"I don't know whether I've ever known a spy," Bob told her. She laughed up at him as though he had said something amusing

The Story Thus Far:

"PASSED over" for promotion, Bob Bolles, a young American naval flier, resigns his commission, purchases a sixty-foot cruiser (the Thistlewood), and, with a one-man crew—Tom, a colored boy—starts on a long, aimless cruise.

Out of funds in Kingston, Jamaica, he meets a wealthy couple from New York City—Malcolm Kingman and his wife, Helen—who engage him to take them to out-of-the-way Mercator Island. Then, while he is preparing to sail, he hears an interesting story; it is told to him by Captain Burke, an American naval officer; and, summarized, it goes somewhat like this:

Carrying a crated airplane, a French ship had left an American port, a few weeks before. It had left the plane at some Caribbean port; then, sailing on, it had gone down off France. Nazi agents are searching for that airplane; so are various Americans. And the reason? Attached to the plane is an apparatus—a small but extremely potent bit of war mechanism, the only thing of its kind in existence.

The Thistlewood—with a passenger list of three: the Kingmans and Oscar, Mr. Kingman's valet—sails. Before it weighs anchor, Bob has a surprise: Mrs. Kingman tells him that she is not happy; she implores him to run away with her. Once they are on their way, Mrs. Kingman continues her advances; *and she warns Bob that he is in peril! . . .*

As the Thistlewood speeds along, a big cabin cruiser approaches. Seeing it, Mr. Kingman says to Oscar, "Go down and fetch the Bren gun."

But there is no trouble. The cruiser speeds past the Thistlewood; and there is no shooting. Convinced, however, that Mr. Kingman is not just a tired New Yorker out for a long vacation, Bob goes to his quarters. There he looks for a shotgun, a rifle and an automatic pistol that he had hidden under a blanket. The weapons have been removed!

Realizing that Bob is becoming suspicious, Mr. Kingman takes him into his confidence. He tells the young American that, representing a shipping company, he is looking for some freight left on Mercator or one of the near-by islands. . . . As they approach Mercator, Tom (obedient to Bob's orders) leaps overboard and swims to land. . . . They land on a beach, find a fire burning. But no one, no human being, is to be seen. Not far away, there are some huts. Mr. Kingman stands staring at one of the huts. "By Jove, Helen," he exclaims, "look at that, will you! *Look!*"

V

MRS. KINGMAN looked and Bob Bolles looked too. The front wall of the hut was thatched with the leaves of the coconut palm, but the side wall and the rear wall were constructed from the wood still fresh of a packing case—heavy plywood, roughly sawed and nailed to the framework. Bob could even see the remains of stenciling and the word "France" had been painted on the wood with a black brush.

"Oh," said Mrs. Kingman, "why—"

Mr. Kingman gave a low, excited laugh. "I think it's here, my dear," he said. "Yes, I think our troubles are nearly over. By jove, look! There's the name Aquitane on it!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Kingman, "it's the packing case."

"You see what it means," Mr. Kingman said. "They broke it out right here on the beach. They carried it farther ashore. It's here. You've led us to it, my dear!"

Bob Bolles could see what he meant. There was no doubt about the plywood and the writing that now formed the side of that native hut, and everything that he had thought was coming closer together. That plywood had once formed the side of a packing case, such as was used for shipping an airplane. He had seen natives use those packing cases in other parts of the world. Anyone could read its story. The Aquitane, *the French ship which had interested* Captain Burke, had anchored off the reef of Mercator Island. A plane had been taken from her and had been placed on shore. The plane had either been uncrated on deck and a part of the crate had drifted in, or it had been uncrated on the beach.

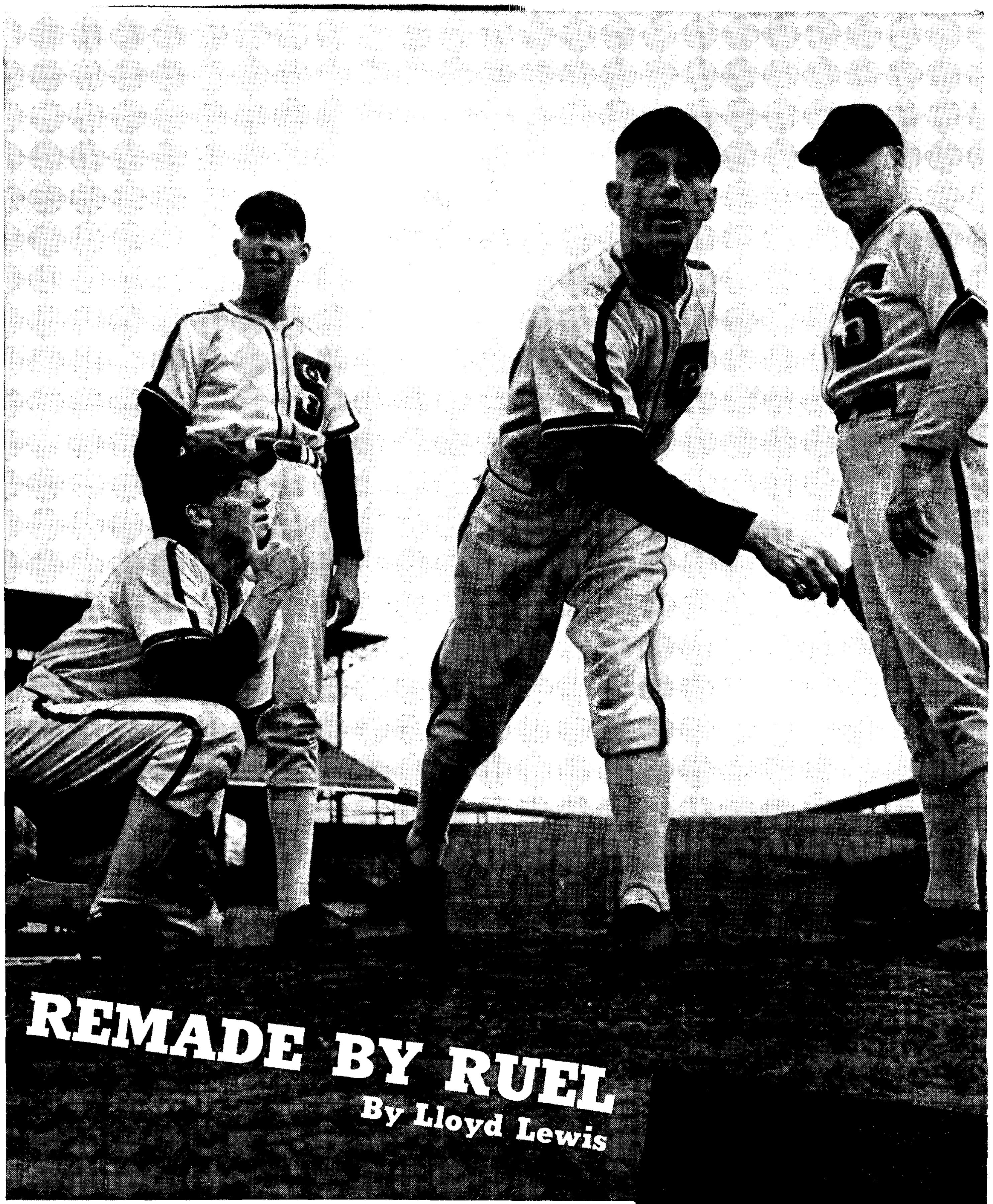
"Well, this fixes it," Mr. Kingman said. "It's stowed away somewhere," and he laughed again, a happy laugh of complete relief.

"Now," he said, "this is certainly my luck. If it's here, naturally we'll find it. The main thing is to—to keep our shirts on, isn't it?" He turned to Mrs. Kingman, still smiling: "We've beaten the Japs, my dear. It will simply be a pleasant walk and a picnic in the country. Oscar can go back and get us a few provisions." He looked up at the palm trees and up toward the house on the hill. "Oscar, you might go back to the boat and get the food and the other rifle, although I can see no trouble."

Except for Mr. Kingman's rifle—and for the familiar way he handled it—and for that occasional hardly noticeable hesitation over words and phrases, Mr. Kingman might still have been an intelligent, good-natured tourist, anxious to get the most out of an unusual and expensive vacation. He was genially at ease while they waited for Oscar to come back from the Thistlewood, at ease and in very high spirits. He called Mrs. Kingman's attention to a flight of parrots and he asked Bob Bolles quick and intelligent questions.

"And now," he said presently, "here

(Continued on page 61)



KNOPF

Harold "Muddy" Ruel demonstrates a point to a pair of his protégés—left, Bill Dietrich; right, Edgar Smith. In back, Monty Stratton, the pitcher who became a coach after losing a leg in a hunting mishap

REMADE BY RUEL

By Lloyd Lewis

IF YOU ever wonder why the Chicago White Sox get such good pitching from men cast off by other clubs, all you need to know is that back there in the Sox dugout somewhere squats a coach, a teacher, a psychologist named Harold "Muddy" Ruel.

When you have that firmly fixed in your mind, take a look at this picture: the scene is Briggs Stadium, Detroit, and Bill Dietrich, the Sox pitcher, has one out in the ninth with a no-hitter in his grasp. At bat is Hank Greenberg, hungry for home-run honors, the batting championship and maybe Babe Ruth's record. Down at the end of the Sox bench sits Jimmy Dykes, White Sox manager, taunting and jeering not only the Tigers but all Detroit, its mayor, its council, its people, even Henry Ford. Back in the shadows of the dugout is Muddy Ruel, just a middle-aged, gray-haired counselor, thin and wispy, and now looking out on the diamond, his face pale with intensity. He has been preparing Dietrich for this game for days.

"When you face Greenberg," he had been telling Dietrich, "don't let him take that toe hold. He digs both feet in so he can hammer you off the mound. That mound is yours. Stay on it! Throw that first one in under his chin. Make him loosen up. Who's he to make light of you?"

Dietrich's eyes would wince behind his spectacles when Ruel would say that and he'd answer:

"I might hit him."

"No, you won't," insisted Ruel. "You've got control. Don't be afraid. Just drive him back; that's all. All good hitters expect it when they take that toe hold."

So Hank Took a Toe Hold

Dietrich was really Ruel's creation. He had been a flop at Philadelphia and not good enough for Washington, although both teams were desperate for pitchers. Ruel had brought him back and made a winner of him. But what Dietrich didn't know was that when Ruel spoke of "loosening up" a hitter, he always had in mind the terrible day when Carl Mays had tried that with Ray Chapman at the plate. The pitch had been wild, Chapman dropped like a steer mauled by an ax. Ruel had been behind the plate that day and Chapman had practically died in his arms. But that was still the way baseball had to be played, and Ruel had stuffed Dietrich with it.

From the dugout Ruel sees Big Hank plant his feet, dig in, take a toe hold and brandish his war club. Only two more hitters to go and Dietrich has his no-hitter. Now is the time for the fast one. The time for the loosening-up has come.

Ruel sees Dietrich face the issue, shrink from it and, pulling away, pitch innocently over the plate. Greenberg swings and the poor ball, screaming and whimpering, flies into center for a hit—and Dietrich's chance for glory is gone. Ruel's face, already lined with patience, sinks into new lines. Tomorrow he must start teaching all over again.

And that's really all you have to know about the man who is rated by his manager, as well as plenty of other baseball men, as the greatest of today's baseball coaches. Dykes has missed few chances to make public Ruel's unique position. He says over and over, "Muddy runs my pitchers. He handles them, trains them, and I ask him before a game, 'Who is it today?' and he tells me. He has more responsibility than any other coach in baseball history, and he gets more money for it. Yep, more money than Art Fletcher, coach of the Yankees, and Muddy's cheap at the price."

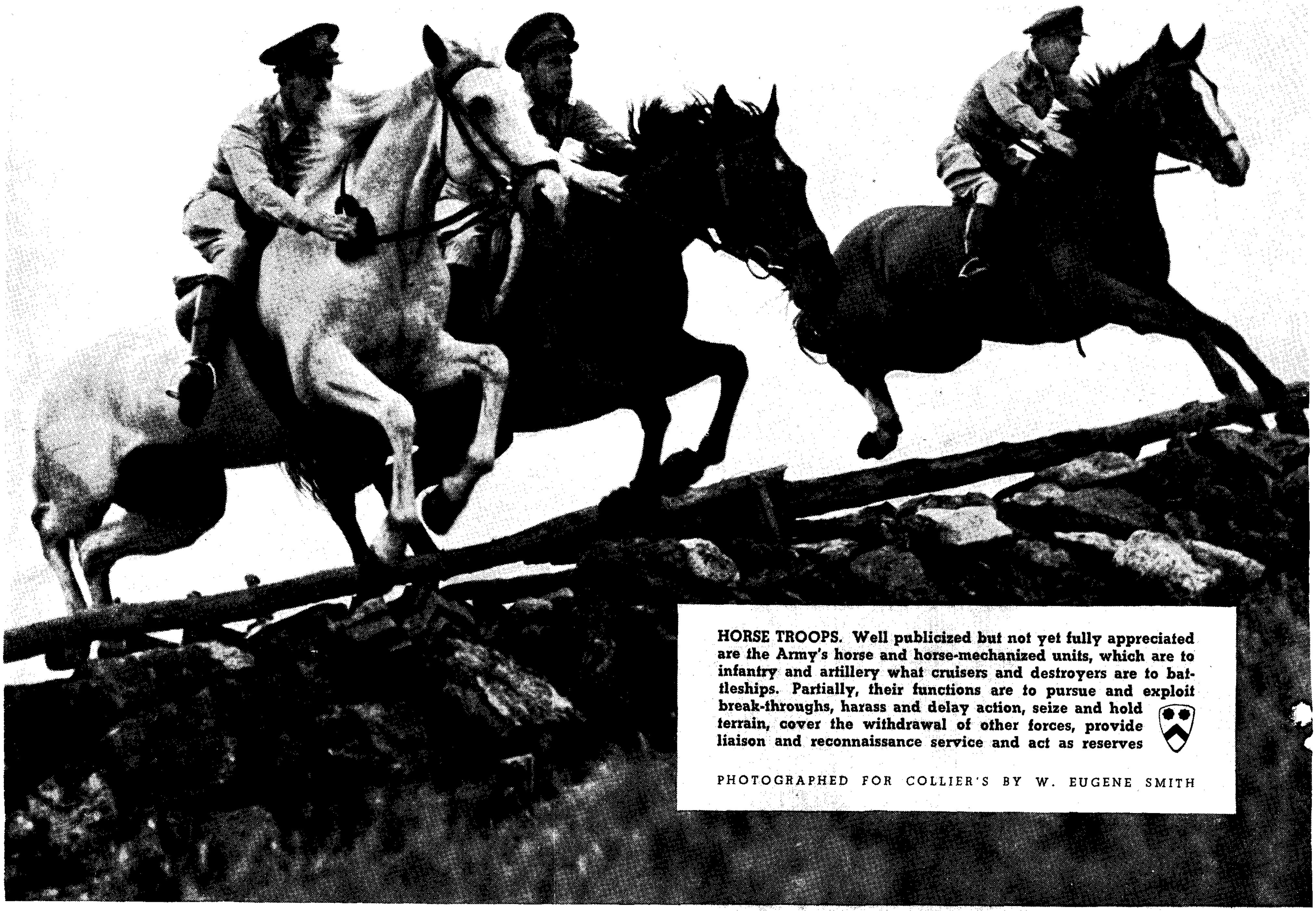
Incidentally, it is this quality of generosity, even more than his dynamic leadership and his humor, that makes Dykes one of the very top executives in the game. Without a bank roll with which to build a farm system or buy stars, Dykes has had to assemble a team by picking up discards from other clubs and by outsmarting rival managers in trades. Daily throughout the season he and his coach study opposing teams for "sleepers"—players who are going badly, yet who, with different advice and inspiration, could become far more effective. Behind Dykes' picturesque generalship on the field, and behind that boisterous personality which makes men like to play for him, is the cool, calculating mind of a surgeon, diagnosing problems and turning constantly to his consultant, Ruel.

It was Dykes' capacity for stirring men that kept Ruel from being a banker today.

In 1934 when Dykes, the White Sox third baseman, was named manager of the club, Ruel was second-string catcher. Muddy had tried to quit baseball in 1933 when the chance had come to cash in on his law degree and his license to practice before the U. S. Supreme Court. A new bank, starting in St. Louis, had offered Ruel the post of assistant trust officer with the prospect of speedy advancement. The bankers figured that if a man could inspire trust in umpires, they had a place for him. The salary was attractive, and Ruel knew that his playing days were nearly done. He had seen about all there was to see in baseball; he had, in his span, caught for the Boston Red Sox twice, the St. Louis Browns twice, and for the Yankees, the Washington Senators and the Detroit Tigers. So he had obtained his release from the league and had started preparing for the bank job. But the wily general manager of the White Sox, Harry Grabiner, had enticed him, in the spring of '34, into putting on a uniform for one more season. The bank had told Ruel they would hold the job for him and so he had gone.

But when the '34 season was over Muddy told the bank he was ready and the Sox that he was through. Dykes faced the task of rebuilding the White Sox and needed new men, not veterans. This time the decision was to be final. But before Ruel could get the trust-officer cushion under him, there came a Sox contract in the mail, with a note reading, "Sign this and get it back. What do you want to do, grow old with whiskers

(Continued on page 46)



HORSE TROOPS. Well publicized but not yet fully appreciated are the Army's horse and horse-mechanized units, which are to infantry and artillery what cruisers and destroyers are to battleships. Partially, their functions are to pursue and exploit break-throughs, harass and delay action, seize and hold terrain, cover the withdrawal of other forces, provide liaison and reconnaissance service and act as reserves

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Picked men go to Fort Riley, Kansas, home of the nation's only, and world's largest, cavalry school. Officers shown above are in Horsemanship Department

OUR NEW ARMY

FLORIDA

31ST DIV.

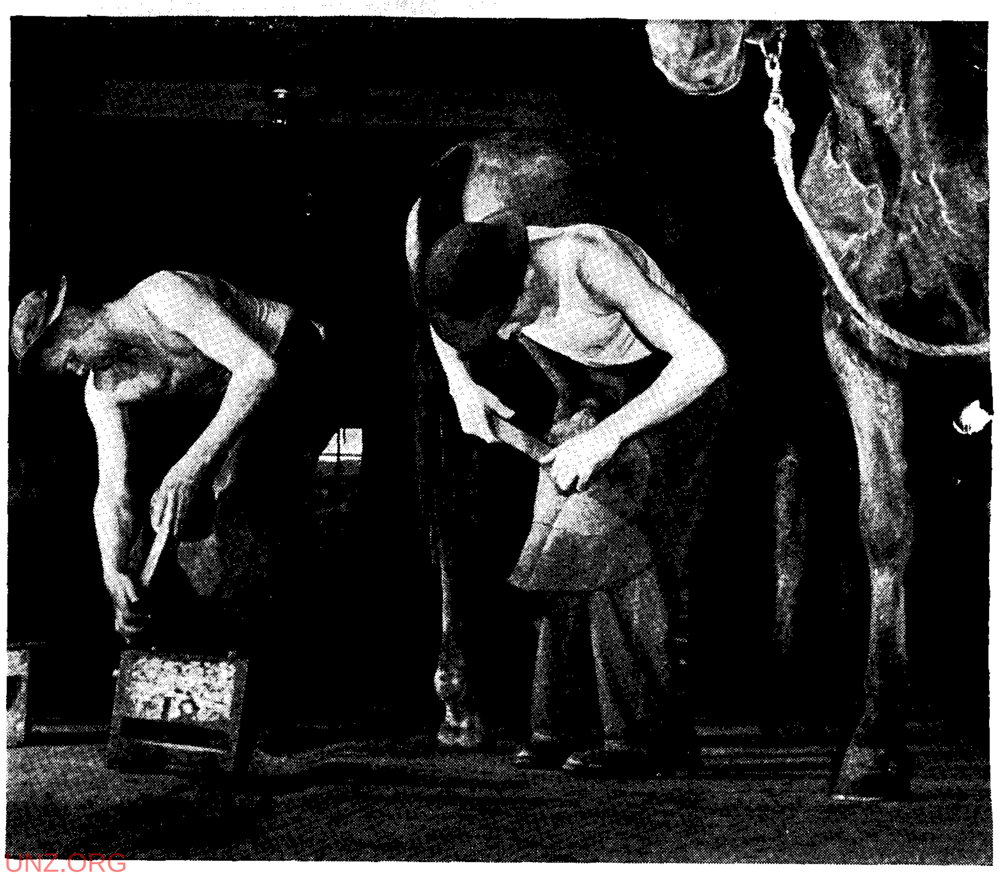
CAMP BLANDING, Starke. Just a year and one week ago Blanding was typical high pineland, with thick underbrush, swamps and knee-deep sand. Today it's a whale of a place, boasting statistics that would take two men and a boy three days to digest. A few months ago the cantonment was the target for repeated threats of Congressional investigation. "Waste" was the battle cry. Snoopers—official and otherwise—visited the site and gave out with blasting broadsides that delighted the penny-pinching fraternity. Then, suddenly, the unbridled row died down. Everybody has been wondering how come. Here is how come:

While the uproar was going on, somebody took time out to do some figuring and came up with the hitherto ignored fact that Blanding's construction cost was only $505 per-man-to-be-accommodated as against a high of $1,200 elsewhere. As construction progressed the cost actually decreased until it hit a low of $380 per man, in February. These facts dusted off, a comparison of the per-man cost of all other camps showed that only six were built more economically than Blanding and that these six were designed for only one division. Since Blanding was built to house 55,000 men without bulging there was nothing for the critics to do but pipe down, sit tight and hope the public wouldn't catch wise. There it is.

43D DIV.

MACDILL FIELD, Tampa. Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, Ann Sheridan and Ann Sothern have been parachute jumpers here ever since Sgt. R. Hygh, the gent in charge of parachute rigging, hit a snag in testing chutes. Wooden dummies shattered when they hit the firm terra, and blocks of lead didn't work out because they didn't prove whether or not a jumper would get tangled up in the shroud lines being tested. The sergeant finally rigged up four dummies of rope, canvas and lead weights and decorated them to resemble the movie stars, heaven help him.

A cavalry division is self-sufficient with 11,676 men, 1,430 motor vehicles and a complete range of weapons and all services to back up its 6,570 mounts



THE bombing and gunnery range detachment here, composed largely of selectees from Camp Shelby, Miss., hasn't a buck private in its roster. Every man has some kind of rating. Are there any other such outfits in the Army?

MORRISON FIELD. Members of the 49th Pursuit Group here have an answer for possible forced landings in the Everglades west of West Palm Beach over which they fire at aerial targets. What they've contrived is a flat-bottomed "swamp sled," powered with a World War I type Curtiss OX-5 water-cooled motor, equipped with a wooden propeller mounted high in the rear. The apparatus hits forty-five m.p.h. on water and on slick mud really goes to town. Master Sgt. Martin Cummings, heading the crew, says it's quite a gadget.

SOUTH CAROLINA

CAMP CROFT, Spartanburg. It pains us to report that the motto of the 28th (heavy weapons) Infantry Training Btn. is The Quick and the Dead, doubtless adopted following an estimate, supposedly made by authorities, that the life of an antitank gunner in actual warfare is something under five minutes. This estimate isn't official; if it is, nobody'll admit it. Anyway, the Quick and Dead boys have been given plenty of room in which to use their newly delivered weapons. A good thing too; the guns toss a one-pound projectile with enough behind it to plow through one-inch steel a mile away.

MASSACHUSETTS

26TH DIV.

FORT DEVENS, Ayer. When the Yankee Division moved into a hastily erected tent camp on the impact area of the Sheridan Artillery range, officers warned the men to be careful about duds. "Don't," the orders were, "kick, handle or molest any unexploded shells you may find." The boys immediately began scouting around for duds. Men of the 101st Infantry had no luck with duds but found a shell case, which they promptly buried so that only one part of its side was visible. The captain, notified of the "discovery," hurried to the scene, ordered a tripod of sticks and a warning flag placed over it, then lectured the assemblage on the precautions to be taken. The gag rolled along in fine shape until the C.O., proud of his outfit's acquisition, posted a twenty-four-hour guard over it and then hit the hay. Forced to mount guard, the 101st sentries carried on until 11:30 P. M., finally decided to dig up the "dud" and tell the captain it had "disappeared." The skipper didn't react the way the lads hoped he would. He roused the whole company into formation and quizzed the personnel until a corporal confessed and was promptly busted.

MINNESOTA

FORT SNELLING. The Reception Center's Sgt. J. G. Fair is stiffened by the names of Indian selectees. The one that got him the most is John Shot-To-Pieces, a full-blood Sioux from Wounded Knee, S. D. Runners-up are Willie One-Skunk and Albert On-The-Tree, Chippewa tribesmen from upstate.

CALIFORNIA

7TH DIV.

FORT ORD. Soldiers who didn't go up to western Washington for the maneuvers swallowed all the yarns brought back by the fellows who made the trip. "Until," reports one of the swallowees, "a 17th Infantry corporal named Jud Brady goes too far. Uh-huh. Everything sounds on the up and up until this Brady, dead pan, says he saw two genuine tanks up there."

FORT MACARTHUR, San Pedro. The admonition of Pvt. Harry N. Press is that any soldier reporting to the Reception Center here from San Bernardino had better keep his face buttoned when he's around HQ. Co., Corps Area Service Command 1959. A dozen company members, Pvt. Press complains, were stopped, while on leave in Los Angeles, by a bashful kid who handed

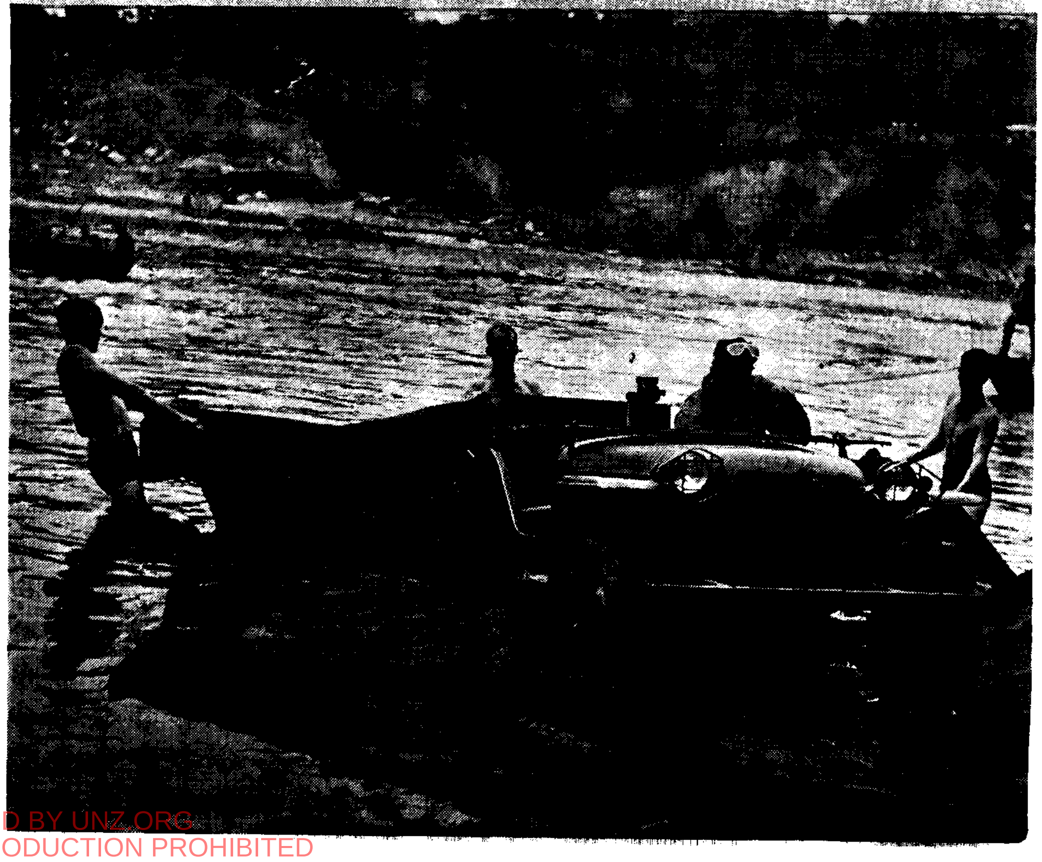
(Continued on page 58)

Basic Riley course lasts three months, includes six departments, two being for specialists like those shown above, who are learning to work with leather

Well-conditioned divisions can cover thirty miles a day. In emergencies they can march seventy-five miles in twenty-four hours, or 125 miles in forty-eight hours

A cavalry regiment is equipped with portees (pictured below) which hold eight horses, eight men and equipment; can travel 300 miles in twenty-four hours

On the cavalry's vehicle list is the bantam jeep which, wrapped in canvas like a canoe, has been floated across rivers by Ft. Riley's Major Charles H. Valentine



Murder in Retrospect

Continued from page 18

"And no one remembers the trial?"

"Well, it's a different name for one thing. They hadn't even the same maiden name. They had the same mother but different fathers. Mrs. Crale's name was Spalding."

"This Miss Williams, was she the child's governess or Angela Warren's?"

"Angela's. There was a nurse for the child, but she used to do a few little lessons with Miss Williams every day, I believe."

"Where was the child at the time?"

"She'd gone with the nurse to pay a visit to her godmother. A Lady Tressillian. A widow lady who'd lost her own two little girls and who was devoted to this kid."

Poirot nodded. "I see."

Hale continued: "As to the movements of the other people on the day of the murder, I can give them to you. Miss Greer sat on the terrace near the library window after breakfast. There, as I say, she overheard the quarrel between Crale and his wife. After that she accompanied Crale down to the battery and sat for him until lunchtime, with a couple of breaks to ease her muscles.

"Philip Blake was in the house after breakfast and overheard part of the quarrel. After Crale and Miss Greer went off, he read the paper until his brother telephoned him. Thereupon, he went down to the shore to meet his brother. They walked together up the path again past the battery garden. Miss Greer had just gone up to the house to fetch a pull-over, as she felt chilly, and Mrs. Crale was with her husband discussing arrangements for Angela's departure to school."

"AH, AN amicable interview," said Poirot.

"Well, no, not amicable. Crale was fairly shouting at her, I understand. Annoyed at being bothered with domestic details. I suppose she wanted to get things straightened up if there *was* going to be a break."

Poirot nodded.

Hale went on:

"The two brothers exchanged a few words with Amyas Crale. Then Miss Greer reappeared and took up her position, and Crale picked up his brush again, obviously wanting to get rid of them. They took the hint and went up to the house. It was when they were at the battery, by the way, that Amyas Crale complained that all the beer down there was hot, and his wife promised to send him down some iced beer."

"Aha!"

"Exactly—aha! Sweet as sugar she was about it. They went up to the house and sat on the terrace outside. Mrs. Crale and Angela Warren brought them beer out there.

"Later, Angela Warren went down to bathe and Philip Blake went with her.

"Meredith Blake went down to a clearing with a seat just above the battery garden. He could just see Miss Greer as she posed on the battlements, and could hear her voice and Crale's as they talked. He sat there and thought over the coniine business. He was still very worried about it and didn't know quite what to do. Elsa Greer saw him and waved her hand to him. When the bell went for lunch he came down to the battery, and Elsa Greer and he went back to the house together. He noticed then that Crale was looking, as he put it, very queer, but he didn't really think anything of it at the time. Crale was the kind of man who is never ill—and so one didn't imagine he would be. On the other hand, he *did* have moods of fury and despondency according as to whether his painting was not going as he liked it. On those occasions one left him alone and said as little as possible to him. That's what these two did on this occasion.

"As to the others, the servants were busy with housework and cooking lunch. Miss Williams was in the schoolroom part of the morning, correcting some exercise books. Afterward, she took some household mending to the terrace. Angela Warren spent most of the morning wandering about the garden, climbing trees and eating things—you know what a girl of fifteen is—plums, sour apples, hard pears, etc. After that she came back to the house and, as I say, went down with Philip Blake to the beach and had a swim before lunch."

Superintendent Hale paused. "Now, then," he said belligerently, "do you find anything phony about that?"

"That's another thing I like about this electric blanket—Kennesaw can have a nice, hot snack at midnight without gettin' up!"

REAMER KELLER

"Nothing at all," Poirot said.

"Well, then!"

The two words expressed volumes.

"But all the same," said Hercule Poirot, "I am going to satisfy myself. I—"

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to visit these five people—and from each one I am going to get his or her own story."

Superintendent Hale sighed with a deep melancholy. He said, "Man, you're nuts! None of their stories are going to agree. Don't you grasp that elementary fact? No two people remember a thing in the same order anyway. And after all this time! Why, you'll hear five accounts of five separate murders!"

"That," said Poirot, "is what I am counting upon. It will be very instructive."

PHILIP BLAKE was recognizably like the description given of him by Depleach—a prosperous, shrewd, jovial-looking man—slightly running to fat.

Hercule Poirot had timed his appointment for half past six on a Saturday afternoon. Philip Blake had just finished his eighteen holes, and he had been on his game—winning a fiver from his opponent. He was in the mood to be friendly and expansive.

Hercule Poirot explained himself and his errand. On this occasion at least, he showed no undue passion for unsullied truth. It was a question, Blake gathered, of a series of books dealing with famous crimes.

PHILIP BLAKE frowned. He said, "Why rake up these things?"

Hercule Poirot shrugged his shoulders. He was at his most foreign today. He was out to be despised but patronized. "It is the public," he murmured. "They eat it up—yes, eat it up."

"Ghouls," said Philip Blake. But he said it good-humoredly—not with the fastidiousness and the distaste that a more sensitive man might have displayed.

Hercule Poirot said with a shrug of the shoulders, "It is human nature. You and I, Mr. Blake, who know the world, have no illusions about our fellow human beings. Not bad people, most of them, but certainly not to be idealized."

Blake said heartily, "I've parted with my illusions long ago."

"Instead, you tell a very good story, so I have been told."

"Ah!" Blake's eyes twinkled. "Heard this one?"

Poirot's laugh came at the right place. It was not an edifying story, but it was funny.

Philip Blake lay back in his chair, his muscles relaxed, his eyes creased with good humor. Hercule Poirot thought suddenly that he looked rather like a contented pig. A pig. *This little pig went to market . . .*

What was he like, this man, this Philip Blake? A man, it would seem, without cares. Prosperous, contented. No remorseful thoughts, no uneasy twinges of conscience from the past, no haunting memories here. No, a well-fed pig who had gone to market—and fetched the full market price. . . .

But once, perhaps, there had been more to Philip Blake. He must have been, when young, a handsome man. Eyes always a shade too small, a fraction too near together, perhaps—but otherwise a well-made, well-set-up young man. How old was he now? At a guess between fifty and sixty. Nearing forty, then, at the time of Crale's death. Less stultified, then, less sunk in the gratifications of the minute. Asking more of life, perhaps, and receiving less. . . .

Poirot murmured as a mere catch phrase, "You comprehend my position."

"No, really, you know, I'm hanged if I do." The stockbroker sat upright again; his glance was once more shrewd. "Why *you?* You're not a writer."

"Not precisely—no. Actually I am a detective."

The modesty of this remark had probably not been equaled before in Poirot's conversation.

"Of course you are. We all know that. The famous Hercule Poirot!"

But his tone held a subtly mocking note. Intrinsically, Philip Blake was too much of an Englishman to take the pretensions of a foreigner seriously. To his cronies he would have said, "Quaint little mountebank. Oh, well, I expect his stuff goes down with the women all right."

And although that derisive, patronizing attitude was exactly the one which Hercule Poirot had aimed at inducing, nevertheless he found himself annoyed by it.

This man, this successful man of affairs, was unimpressed by Hercule Poirot! It was a scandal.

"I AM gratified," said Poirot untruly, "that I am so well known to you. My success, let me tell you, has been founded on the psychology—the eternal *why* of human behavior. That, M. Blake, is what interests the world in crime today. It used to be romance. Famous crimes were retold from one angle only—the love story connected with them. Nowadays it is very different. People read with interest that Dr. Crippen murdered his wife because she was a big, bouncing woman and he was little and insignificant and therefore she made him feel inferior. They read of some famous woman criminal that she killed because she'd been snubbed by her father when she was three years old. It is, as I say, the *why* of crime that interests nowadays."

Philip Blake said, with a slight yawn, "The why of most crimes is obvious enough, I should say. Usually money."

"Ah, but my dear sir," Poirot cried, "the why must never be obvious. That is the whole point!"

"And that's where *you* come in?"

"And that, as you say, is where I come in! It is proposed to rewrite the stories of certain bygone crimes—from the psychological angle. Psychology in crime, it is *my* specialty. I have accepted the commission."

Philip Blake grinned. "Pretty lucrative, I suppose?"

"I hope so; I certainly hope so."

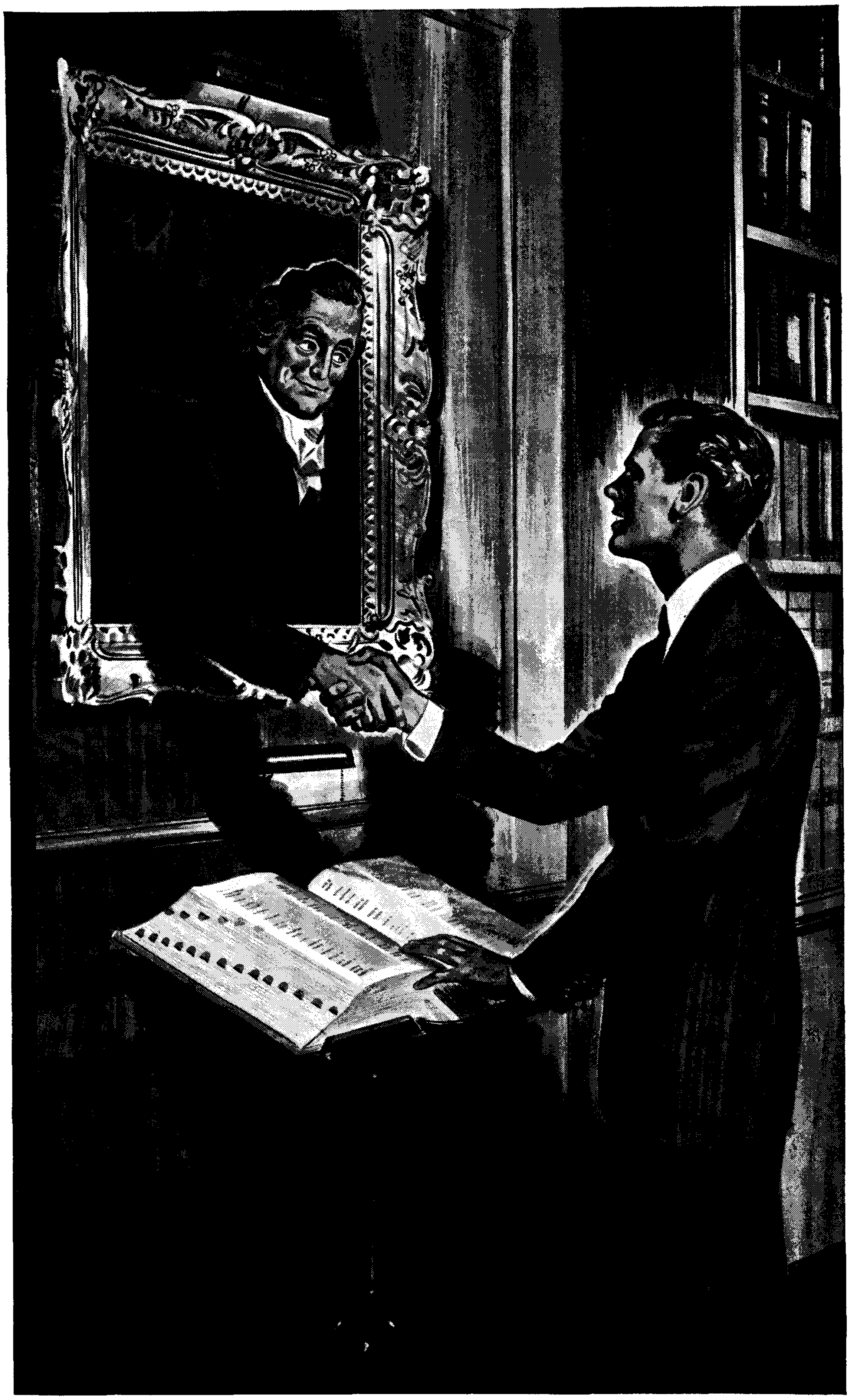
"Congratulations. Now, perhaps, you'll tell me where *I* come in?"

"Most certainly. The Crale case, monsieur."

Philip Blake did not look startled. But he looked thoughtful. He said, "Yes, of course, the Crale case . . ."

Hercule Poirot said anxiously, "It is

"Correct again, Noah Webster!"



THE DICTIONARY says that a "profession" is a "calling in which one professes to have acquired some special knowledge used by way either of instructing, guiding, or advising others . . ."

Under that definition, the proper sale and service of life insurance is a profession, for the trained life insurance agent is a man who has acquired special knowledge which he uses in guiding and advising others.

Because his calling is highly specialized, the agent has become more and more a career underwriter who works constantly to increase his knowledge and thus improve his ability to serve policyholders properly.

The Metropolitan agent, for example, is trained how to judge a family's life insurance needs and how to help each family buy the type of insurance best fitted to its needs. He learns to help distribute the protection properly among the members of the family.

The agent strives to keep the insurance protection fitted to the family's situation. He also learns to arrange modes of settlement so as to achieve most effectively the hopes and ambitions of the policyholder. On some policies, he collects premiums and sees that dividends are credited.

The agent often acts as trusted friend and advisor in problems connected with the family's policies. When a policyholder dies, the agent frequently helps the bereaved family by preparing the necessary papers and by getting the claim check promptly to the beneficiary.

The Metropolitan agent is interested in the health of policyholders and of the community in which they live. Because of this interest, he plays his part in Metropolitan's welfare service. During 1940, Metropolitan agents helped to distribute more than 52,600,000 booklets on health and safety problems. In addition, agents are instrumental in bringing Metropolitan's Nursing Service to policyholders eligible for this service. Last year, more than 3,100,000 nursing calls were made in over 7,500 American communities.

In short, the life insurance agent is more than a man who sells life insurance. More often than not, he is a career man, devoting his life to providing policyholders with the kind and amount of insurance protection they should have at the lowest cost consistent with safety.

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This is Number 42 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life
Insurance Company
(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

"I'SE IN TOWN HONEY!"
Happy days is here! Time fo' dee-licious Aunt Jemima's made with my secret recipe ready-mixed fo' you!
MOTHER, YOU STARTED SOMETHING THAT'LL BE HARD TO STOP WHEN YOU SAID AUNT JEMIMAS!
BUT I DON'T WANT TO STOP! THEY'RE AS EASY AS 1-2-3 TO FIX!
WOW! IF THE AUNT JEMIMA SEASON HAS OPENED I'LL HAVE TO START ROLLING OUT ON TIME!
GOSH, POP! EAT SOME BACON UNTIL I CATCH UP!
LOOK, AUNT BESS! MAPLE SYRUP, TOO!
I'LL BET THE NAVY WOULD BE JEALOUS IF THEY SAW YOU EATING AUNT JEMIMAS!
BUT GOOD EATING LIKE THIS WILL MAKE A SAILOR OUT OF YOU!
PUT THAT PITCHER OVER HERE AND PASS YOUR FATHER THE BUTTER!
I'LL PASS THAT ON TO THE ADMIRAL AND TELL HIM AUNT JEMIMAS ARE ALSO LIGHT, FLUFFY AND DIGESTIBLE!
AUNT JEMIMA
READY MIX
FOR PANCAKES · BUCKWHEATS
AUNT JEMIMA READY
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX BUCK

Time Fo' Good Eatin' Agin with Aunt Jemima's old-south pancakes! Just add water or milk to Aunt Jemima Ready-Mix, stir, and pop 'em on the griddle. They *always* turn out perfect—a mouth-watering treat—packed full of nourishment—and cost so little!

Get the red box for pancakes—the yellow box for buckwheats!

not displeasing to you, Mr. Blake?"

"Oh, as to that." Philip Blake shrugged his shoulders. "It's no use resenting a thing that you've no power to stop. The trial of Caroline Crale is public property. Anyone can go ahead and write it up. It's no use *my* objecting. In a way—I don't mind telling you—I do dislike it a good deal. Amyas Crale was one of my best friends. I'm sorry the whole unsavory business has to be raked up again. But these things happen."

"You are a philosopher, Mr. Blake."

"No, no. I just know enough not to start kicking against the pricks. I daresay you'll do it less offensively than many others."

"*I hope, at least, to write with delicacy and good taste,*" said Poirot.

Philip Blake gave a loud guffaw but without any real amusement. "Makes me chuckle to hear you say that."

"I assure you, Mr. Blake, I am really interested. It is not just a matter of money with me. I genuinely want to recreate the past—to feel and see the events that took place, to see behind the obvious and to visualize the thoughts and feelings of the actors in the drama."

"I don't know that there was much subtlety about it," Philip Blake said. "It was a pretty obvious business. Crude female jealousy, that was all there was to it."

"It would interest me enormously, Mr. Blake, if I could have your own reactions to the affair."

Philip Blake said with sudden heat, his face deepening in color, "Reactions! Reactions! Don't speak so pedantically. I didn't just stand there and react! You don't *seem* to understand that my friend—*my friend,* I tell you—had been killed—poisoned! And that if I'd acted quicker I could have saved him."

"How do you make that out, Mr. *Blake?*"

"Like this. I take it that you've already read up the facts of the case?" Poirot nodded. "Very well. Now on that morning my brother Meredith called me up. He was in a pretty good stew. One of his hell brews was missing, and it was a fairly deadly hell brew. What did I do? I told him to come along and we'd talk it over. Decide what was best to be done. 'Decide what was best.' It beats me now how I could have been such a hesitating fool! I ought to have realized that there was no time to lose. I ought to have gone to Amyas straight away and warned him. I ought to have said, 'Caroline's pinched one of Meredith's patent poisons, and you and Elsa had better look out for yourselves.' "

BLAKE got up. He strode up and down in his excitement.

"Do you suppose I haven't gone over it in my mind again and again? *I knew.* I had the chance to save him and I dallied about—waiting for Meredith! Why hadn't I the sense to realize that Caroline wasn't going to have any qualms or hesitancies? She'd taken that stuff to use—and she'd use it at the very first opportunity. She wouldn't wait till Meredith discovered his loss. I knew—of course I knew—that Amyas was in deadly danger and I did nothing!"

"I think you reproach yourself unduly, monsieur. You had not much time—"

The other interrupted him:

"Time? I had plenty of time. Any amount of courses were open to me. I could have gone to Amyas, as I say; but there was the chance, of course, that he wouldn't believe me. Amyas wasn't the sort of man who'd believe easily in his own danger. He'd have scoffed at the notion. And he never thoroughly understood the sort of devil Caroline was. But I could have gone to her. I could have said, 'I know what you're up to. I know what you're planning to do. But if Amyas or Elsa dies of coniine poisoning, you'll be hanged by your neck!' That would have stopped her. Or I might have rung up the police. Oh, there were things that could have been done—and, instead, I let myself be influenced by Meredith's slow, cautious methods! 'We must be sure—talk it over—make quite certain who could have taken it. . . .' Old fool—never made a quick decision in his life! A good thing for him he was the eldest son and has an estate to live on. If he'd ever tried to *make* money he'd have lost every penny he had."

"You had no doubt yourself who had taken the poison?" Poirot asked.

"*Of course not.* I knew *at once* it must be Caroline. You see, I knew Caroline very well."

"THAT is very interesting," Poirot said. "I want to know, Mr. Blake, what kind of a woman Caroline Crale was."

Philip Blake said sharply, "She wasn't the injured that innocent people thought she was at the time of the trial!"

"What was she, then?"

Blake sat down again. He said seriously, "Would you really like to know?"

"I would like to know very much indeed."

"Caroline was a rotter. She was a rotter through and through. Mind you, she had charm. She had that kind of sweetness of manner that deceives people utterly. She had a frail, helpless look about her that appealed to people's chivalry. Sometimes, when I've read a bit of history, I think Mary Queen of Scots must have been a bit like her. *Always sweet and unfortunate and magnetic*—and actually a cold, calculating woman, a scheming woman who planned the murder of Darnley and got away with it. Caroline was like that—a cold, calculating planner. And she had a wicked temper.

"I don't know whether they've told you—it isn't a vital point of the trial, but it shows her up—what she did to her baby sister? She was jealous, you know. Her mother had married again, and all the notice and affection went to little Angela. Caroline couldn't stand that. She tried to kill the baby—smash its head in. Luckily the blow wasn't fatal. But it was a pretty ghastly thing to do."

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, that was the real Caroline. She had to be first. That was the thing she simply could not stand—not being first. And there was a cold, egotistical devil in her that was capable of being stirred to murderous lengths."

He paused.

"You'll say that I'm bitter—that I'm unduly prejudiced against Caroline. She *had* charm—I've felt it. But I knew—I always knew—the real woman behind. And that woman, M. Poirot, was evil. She was cruel and malignant and a grabber!"

"And yet it has been told me that Mrs. Crale put up with many hard things in her married life."

"Yes, and didn't she let everybody know about it? Always the martyr! Poor old Amyas. His married life was one long hell—or rather it would have been if it hadn't been for his exceptional quality. His art, you see—he always had that. It was an escape. When he *was painting he didn't care; he* shook off Caroline and her nagging and all the ceaseless rows and quarrels. They were endless, you know. Not a week passed without a thundering row over one thing or another.

"*She* enjoyed it. Having rows stimulated her, I believe. It was an outlet. She could say all the hard, bitter, stinging things she wanted to say. She'd positively purr after one of those set-tos—go off looking as sleek and well-fed as a cat. But it took it out of *him*. *He* wanted peace, rest, a quiet life. Of course, a man like that ought never to marry; he isn't cut out for domesticity. A man like Crale should have affairs but no binding ties. They're bound to chafe him."

"He confided in you?"

"Well—he knew that I was a pretty devoted pal. He let me see things. He didn't complain. He wasn't that kind of man. Sometimes he'd say, 'Damn all women.' Or he'd say, 'Never get married, old boy. Wait for hell till after this life.' "

"You knew about his attachment to Miss Greer?"

"Oh, yes—at least I saw it coming on. He told me he'd met a marvelous girl. She was different, he said, from anything or anyone he'd ever met before. Not that I paid much attention to that. Amyas was always meeting one woman or other who was 'different.' Usually, a month later, he'd stare at you if you mentioned them, and wonder who you were talking about! But this Elsa Greer really was different. I realized that when I came down to Alderbury to stay. She'd got him, you know—hooked him good and proper. The poor mutt fairly ate out of her hand."

"You did not like Elsa Greer either?"

"No, I didn't like her. She was definitely a predatory creature. She, too, wanted to own Crale body and soul. But I think, all the same, that she'd have been better for him than Caroline. She might conceivably have let him alone once she was sure of him. Or she might have got tired of him and moved on to someone else. The best thing for Amyas would have been to be quite free of female entanglements."

"But that, it would seem, was not to his taste."

Philip Blake said with a sigh, "The fool was always getting himself involved with some woman or other. And yet, in a way, women really meant very little to him. The only two women who really made any impression on him at all in his life were Caroline and Elsa."

"Was he fond of the child?" Poirot asked.

"Angela? Oh, we all liked Angela. She was such a sport. She was always game for anything. What a life she led that wretched governess of hers! Yes, Amyas liked Angela all right; but sometimes she went too far, and then he used to get really mad with her, and then Caroline would step in—Caro was always on Angela's side and that would finish Amyas altogether. He hated it when Caro sided with Angela against him. There was a bit of jealousy all round, you know.

"Amyas was jealous of the way Caro always put Angela first and would do anything for her. And Angela was jealous of Amyas and rebelled against his overbearing ways."

He paused.

"IN THE interests of truth, Mr. Blake," Poirot said, "I am going to ask you to do something."

"What is it?"

"I am going to beg that you will write me out an exact account of what happened on those days at Alderbury. That is to say, I am going to ask you to write me out a full account of the murder and its attendant circumstances."

"But, my dear fellow, after all this time? I should be hopelessly inaccurate."

"Not necessarily."

"Surely."

"No, Mr. Blake; for one thing, with the passage of time, the mind retains a hold on essentials and rejects superficial matters."

"Oh, you mean a mere broad outline?"

"Not at all. I mean a detailed, conscientious account of each event as it occurred and every conversation you can remember."

"And supposing I remember them wrong?"

"You can give the wording at least to the best of your recollection. There may be gaps, but that cannot be helped."

Blake looked at him curiously. "But what's the idea? The police files will give you the whole thing far more accurately."

"No, Mr. Blake. We are speaking now from the psychological point of view. I do not want bare *facts*. *I want your own selection of facts.* Time and your memory are responsible for that selection. There may have been things done, words spoken, that I should seek for in vain in the police files. Things and words that you never mentioned because, maybe, you judged them irrelevant, or because you preferred not to repeat them."

Blake said sharply, "Is this account of mine for publication?"

"Certainly not. It is for my eye only. To assist me to draw my own deductions."

"And you won't quote from it without my consent?"

"Certainly not."

"H'm," said Philip Blake. "I'm a very busy man, M. Poirot."

"I appreciate that there will be time and trouble involved. I should be happy to agree to a—reasonable fee."

There was a moment's pause. Then Philip Blake said suddenly, "No, if I do it I'll do it for nothing."

"And you will do it?"

Philip Blake said warningly, "Remember, I can't vouch for the accuracy of my memory."

"That is perfectly understood."

"Then I think," said Philip Blake, "that I should *like* to do it. I feel I owe it—in a way—to Amyas Crale."

HERCULE POIROT was not a man to neglect details.

His advance toward Meredith Blake was carefully thought out. Meredith Blake was, he already felt sure, a very different proposition from Philip Blake. Rush tactics would not succeed here. The assault must be leisurely.

Hercule Poirot knew that there was only one way to penetrate the stronghold. He must approach Meredith Blake with the proper credentials. Those credentials must be social, not professional. Fortunately, in the course of his career, Hercule Poirot had made friends in many counties. Devonshire was no exception. He sat down to review what resources he had in Devonshire. As a result he discovered two people who were acquaintances or friends of Mr. Meredith Blake. He descended upon him, therefore, armed with two letters—one from Lady Mary Lytton-Gore, a gentle widow lady of restricted means, the most retiring of creatures; and the other from a retired admiral, whose family had been settled in the county for four generations.

Meredith Blake received Poirot in a state of some perplexity.

As he had often felt lately, things were not what they used to be. Dash it all, private detectives used to be private detectives—fellows you got to guard wedding presents at country receptions, fellows you went to, rather shamefacedly, when there was some dirty business afoot and you had to get the hang of it.

But here was Lady Mary Lytton-Gore writing: "Hercule Poirot is a very old and valued friend of mine. Please do all you can to help him, won't you?" And Mary Lytton-Gore wasn't—no, decidedly she wasn't—the sort of woman you associate with private detectives and all that they stand for. And Ad-

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See IF IT'S DIRTY, TOO!

Look at the Condition of Your Oil
Dirty Oil Costs You Money
Only Clean Oil is Safe Oil
AC OIL FILTERS Keep Oil Clean

DIRTY OIL COSTS YOU MONEY

Sludge and dirt in engine oil clog piston rings. Then, oil and gas are wasted, carbon forms faster, and repairs become necessary more quickly.

It's *easy* to check your oil for dirt. Here's all there is to it:

1. Drive into any of the 30,000 AC Oil Filter Service Stations,—there's one near you.
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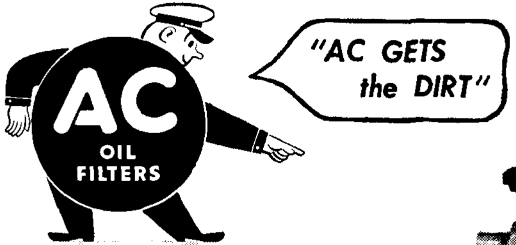
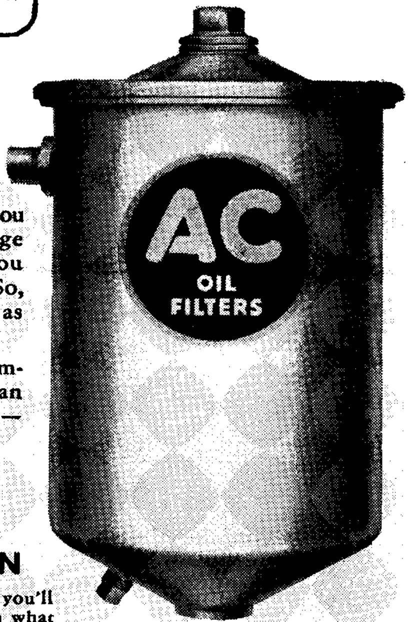
Always see if it's dirty, too, when you have your oil checked for quantity. You'll be money ahead.





AC Oil Filters save you money every mile you drive because they keep oil free from sludge and dirt. Your own service man will tell you that this is good insurance against expense. So, it is just as necessary to drive with *clean* oil as it is to have *enough*.

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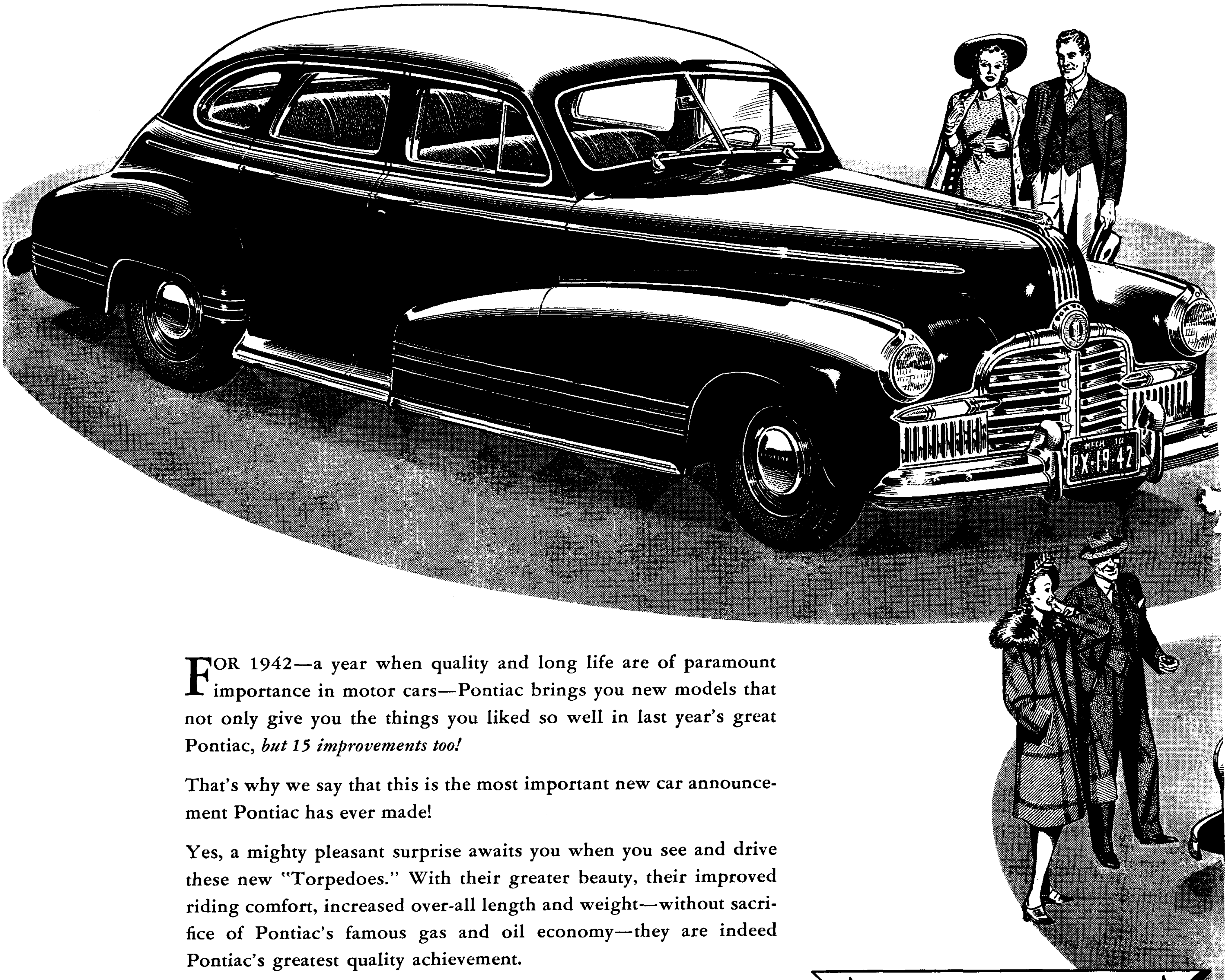


FOR 1942—a year when quality and long life are of paramount importance in motor cars—Pontiac brings you new models that not only give you the things you liked so well in last year's great Pontiac, *but 15 improvements too!*

That's why we say that this is the most important new car announcement Pontiac has ever made!

Yes, a mighty pleasant surprise awaits you when you see and drive these new "Torpedoes." With their greater beauty, their improved riding comfort, increased over-all length and weight—without sacrifice of Pontiac's famous gas and oil economy—they are indeed Pontiac's greatest quality achievement.

And—most important of all—all the vital parts of Pontiac's great engines—*bearings, pistons, connecting rods, and many others*—are exactly the same as those which have built Pontiac's nation-wide reputation for long life. No wonder Pontiac is the choice of those who are buying for not only today, but the future as well!

See these new "Torpedoes" today. And don't forget—Pontiac is still just a few dollars more than lowest-priced cars!

ONLY $25 MORE FOR AN EIGHT IN ANY MODEL

★ ***Proud to be***
Doing Our Part ★

Two complete plants . . . over 426,000 square feet of floor space . . . thousands of skilled craftsmen—that's what Pontiac is devoting to National Defense. Pontiac's job is the production of a new type of automatic cannon for the United States Navy—a weapon which naval experts say is the "most effective of its size ever produced." Pontiac is doing its part and doing it well!

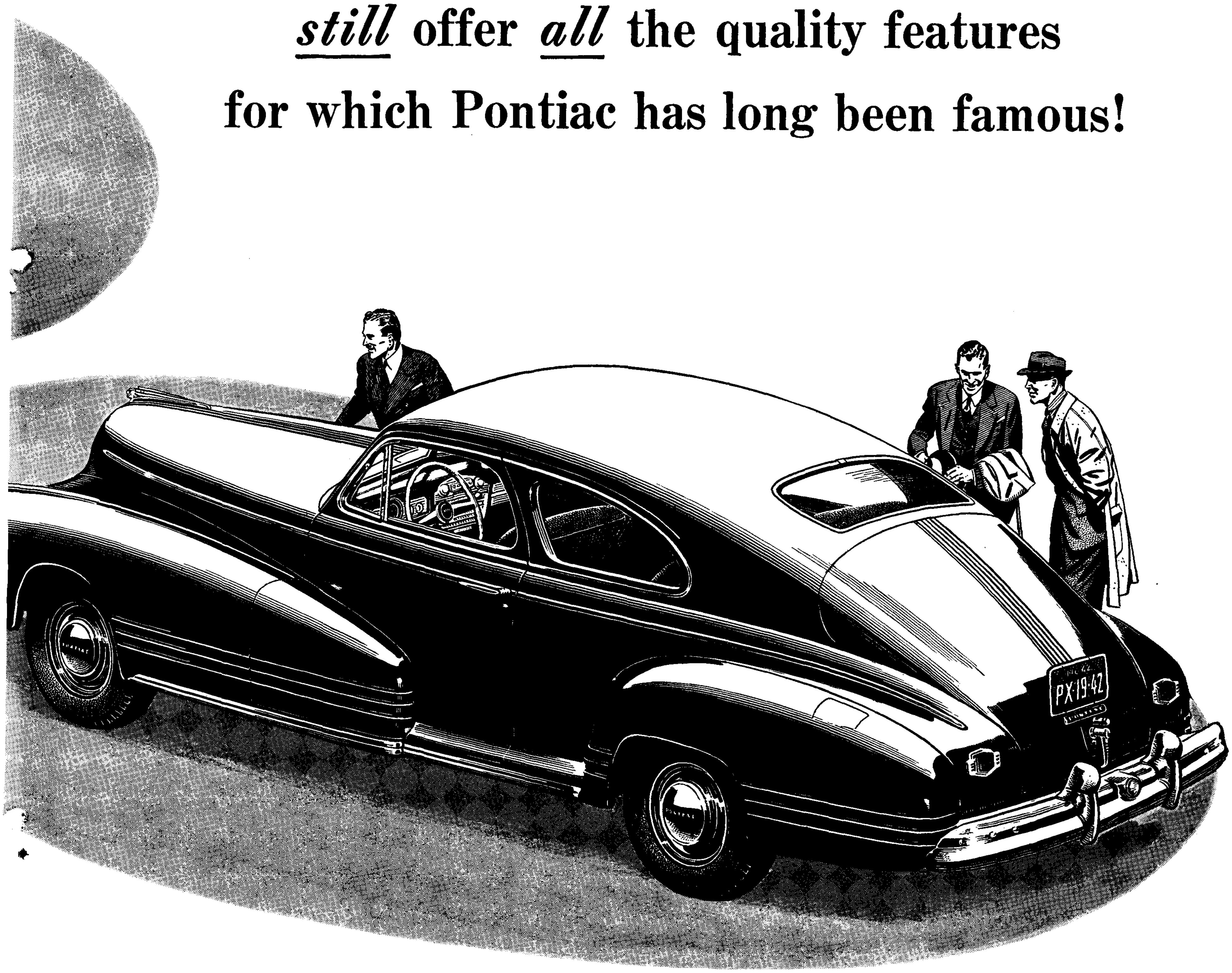
PONTIAC has ever made!

In addition to 15 important improvements,

the 1942 Pontiacs

still offer *all* the quality features

for which Pontiac has long been famous!



GENERAL MOTORS' MASTERPIECE

LONGINES
the most honored watch in Radio
NBC

THE FIRST RADIO time signal ever broadcast was read from the face of a Longines Chronometer by an announcer on N.B.C.'s Station WJZ in February, 1927. That Longines Chronometer was an important instrument in broadcast station operation. To switch programs from one studio to another or to join several stations in a hook-up—in 15 seconds or so—the watches in each place had to agree to the second with all other watches in the system. This was a major time problem. The problem was solved through the use of Longines Navigational Chronometers, hundreds of which went into broadcast station service. Then, the broadcast stations bought hundreds of Longines 1/5 second timing watches to measure radio programs bit by bit, so that they would fit to-the-second into the time allotted for them. Truly, in radio broadcasting also—Longines is the most honored watch.

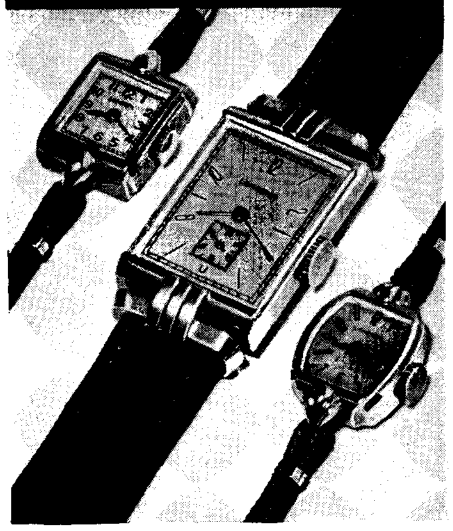
Longines
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

For seventy-five years Longines has concentrated on the single problem of making fine watches, better and better; watches for radio broadcasting, watches for the navigation of airplanes and battleships; and millions of watches for the service of discriminating men and women throughout the world.

Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals, and more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece.

Longines jewelers now show the 75th Anniversary Longines Watches representing the peak of Longines perfection, priced $40. upward; also Wittnauer Watches from $24.75, products of—Longines Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, N. Y. and Montreal, Canada.

LONGINES
75th Anniversary Watches
WORLD'S FAIR SERIES, EACH WATCH $59.50



miral Cronshaw wrote: "Very good chap—absolutely sound. Grateful if you will do what you can for him. Most entertaining fellow—can tell you lots of good stories."

And now here was the man himself. Really a most impossible person—the wrong clothes, button boots, an incredible mustache! Not his, Meredith Blake's, kind of fellow at all. Didn't look as though he'd ever hunted or shot—or even played a decent game. A foreigner.

Slightly amused, Hercule Poirot read accurately these thoughts passing through the other's head. He had felt his own interest rising considerably as the train brought him into the west country. He would see now, with his own eyes, the actual place where these long-past events happened.

It was here, at Handcross Manor, that two young brothers had lived and gone over to Alderbury and joked and played tennis and fraternized with a young Amyas Crale and a girl called Caroline. It was from here that Meredith had started out to Alderbury on that fatal morning. That had been sixteen years ago. Hercule Poirot looked *with interest at the man who was con*fronting him with somewhat uneasy politeness.

Very much what he had expected. Meredith Blake resembled superficially every other English country gentleman of straitened means and outdoor tastes.

A shabby old coat of tweed, a weather-beaten, pleasant, middle-aged face with somewhat faded blue eyes, rather a weak mouth, half hidden by a rather straggly mustache. Poirot found Meredith Blake a great contrast to his brother. He had a hesitating manner; his mental processes were obviously leisurely. It was as though his tempo had slowed down with the years just as his brother Philip's had been accelerated.

As Poirot had already guessed, he was a man whom you could not hurry. The leisurely life of the English countryside was in his bones.

He looked, the detective thought, a good deal older than his brother, though, from what Mr. Johnathan had said, it would seem that only a couple of years separated them.

HERCULE POIROT prided himself on knowing how to handle an "old-school tie." It was no moment for trying to seem English. No, one must be a foreigner—frankly a foreigner—and be *magnanimously forgiven for the fact.* "Of course these foreigners don't quite know the ropes. *Will* shake hands at breakfast. Still, a decent fellow really. . . ."

Poirot set about creating this impression of himself. The two men talked, cautiously, of Lady Mary Lytton-Gore and of Admiral Cronshaw. Other names were mentioned. Fortunately, Poirot knew someone's cousin and had met somebody else's sister-in-law. He could see a kind of warmth dawning in the squire's eye. The fellow seemed to know the right people.

Gracefully, insidiously, Poirot slid into the purpose of his visit. He was quick to counteract the inevitable recoil. This book was, alas, going to be written. Miss Crale—Miss Lemarchant, as she was now called—was anxious for him to exercise a judicious editorship. The facts, unfortunately, were public property. But much could be done in their presentation to avoid wounding susceptibilities. Poirot murmured that before now he had been able to use discreet influence to avoid certain sensational passages in a book of memoirs.

Meredith Blake flushed angrily. His hand shook a little as he filled a pipe. He said, a slight stammer in his voice, "It's—it's g-ghoulish the way they dig these things up. S-sixteen years ago. Why can't they let it be?"

Poirot shrugged his shoulders. "I agree with you," he said. "But what will you? There is a demand for such things. And anyone is at liberty to reconstruct a proved crime and to comment on it."

"Seems disgraceful to me."

Poirot murmured, "Alas, we do not live in a delicate age. . . . You would be surprised, Mr. Blake, if you knew the unpleasant publications I have succeeded in—shall we say—softening? I am anxious to do all I can to save Miss Crale's feeling in the matter."

BLAKE murmured, "Little Carla! That child! A grown-up woman. One can hardly believe it."

"I know. Time flies swiftly, does it not?"

Meredith Blake sighed. He said, "Too quickly."

Poirot said, "As you will have seen in the letter I handed you from Miss Crale, she is very anxious to know everything possible about the sad events *of the past.*"

"Why?" Meredith Blake said with a touch of irritation. "Why rake up everything again? How much better to let it all be forgotten."

"You say that, Mr. Blake, because you know all the past two well. Miss Crale, remember, knows nothing. That is to say, she knows only the story as she has learned it from the official accounts."

Meredith Blake winced. He said, "Yes, I forgot. Poor child! What a detestable position for her. The shock of learning the truth. And then—those soulless, callous reports of the trial."

"The truth," said Hercule Poirot, "can never be done justice to in a mere legal recital. It is the things that are left out that are the things that matter. The emotions, the feelings, the characters of the actors in the drama, the extenuating circumstances—"

He paused and the other man spoke eagerly, like an actor who had received his cue:

"Extenuating circumstances! That's just it. If ever there were extenuating circumstances, there were in this case. Amyas Crale was an old friend—his family and mine had been friends for generations, but one has to admit that his conduct was, frankly, outrageous. He was an artist, of course, and presumably that explains it. But there it is—he allowed a most extraordinary set of affairs to arise. The position was one that no ordinary decent man could have contemplated for a moment."

Hercule Poirot said, "I am interested that you should say that. It had puzzled me—that situation. Not so does a well-bred man, a man of the world, go about his affairs."

Blake's thin, hesitating face had lit up with animation. He said:

"Yes, but the whole point is that Amyas never was an ordinary man! He was a painter, you see, and with him painting came first—really, sometimes, in the most extraordinary way! I don't understand these so-called artistic people myself—never have. I understood Crale a little because, of course, I'd known him all my life. His people were the same sort as my people. And in many ways Crale ran true to type—it was only where art came in that he didn't conform to the usual standards. He wasn't, you see, an amateur in any way. He was first class—really first class.

"Some people say he was a genius. They may be right. But, as a result, he *was always what I should describe as* unbalanced. When he was painting a picture, nothing else mattered, nothing could be allowed to get in the way. He was like a man in a dream—completely obsessed by what he was doing. Not till *the canvas was finished did he come* out of this absorption and start to pick up the threads of ordinary life again."

He looked questioningly at Poirot and the latter nodded.

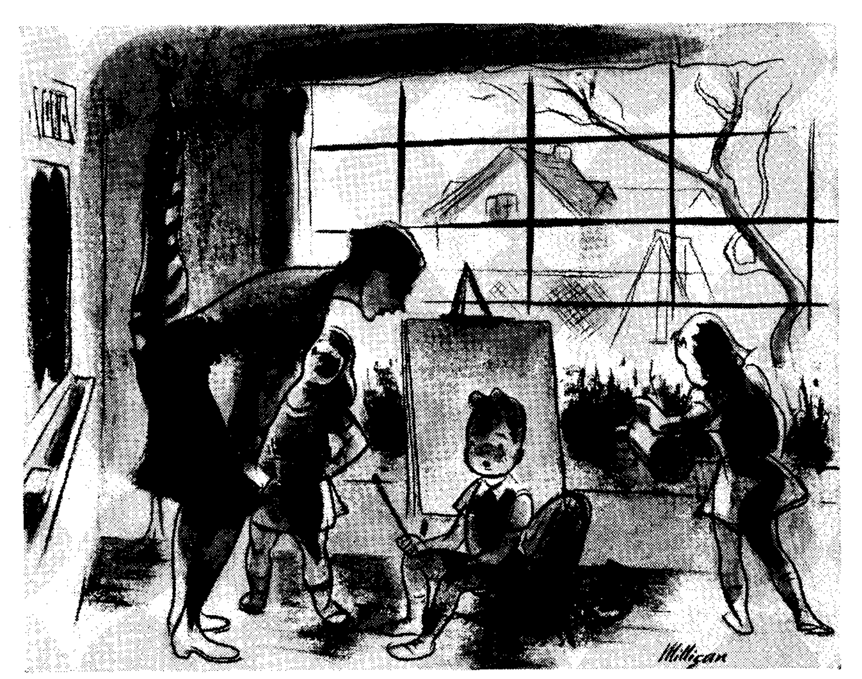
"You understand, I see. Well, that explains, I think, why this particular situation arose. He was in love with this girl. He wanted to marry her. He was prepared to leave his wife and child for her. But he'd started painting her down here, and he wanted to finish that picture. Nothing else mattered to him. He didn't *see* anything else. And the fact that the situation was a perfectly impossible one for the two women concerned didn't seem to have occurred to him."

"Did either of them understand his point of view?"

"Oh, yes—in a way. Elsa did, I suppose. She was terrifically enthusiastic about his painting. But it was a difficult position for her—naturally. And as for Caroline—"

He stopped. Poirot said, "For Caroline—*yes?*"

(To be continued next week)



"I don't want to express myself. I want to learn to read and write"
JOHN MILLIGAN

"most popular cup in my trophy room!"

"Sure—many of my cups are admired, but the most prized cup of all is the one that contains this *Custom Ground* A&P Coffee!"

You won't realize till you try A&P Coffee what a tremendous difference it makes to have your coffee *Custom Ground* . . . to exactly the right fineness for your own coffee-maker. Only in this manner do you get all the magnificent flavor to which you're entitled.

Grinding the fresh, flavorful coffee beans to your order is only the last step in A&P Coffee Service. The quality of this famous coffee is guarded from *source to sale*. And so is the quality of scores of fine foods that are sold exclusively by A&P. Jane Parker Rolls, Cakes and "Dated" Donuts are other good examples . . . Marvel "Enriched" Bread still another . . . or White House Evaporated Milk . . . and the 33 Ann Page Quality Foods.

Yet instead of being expensive, these fine A&P brands offer you definite savings. That's because they're brought direct to you, with many costly in-between steps eliminated. You share the savings in lower prices for high quality foods.

Convince yourself of this today—and a perfect product to start with is *Custom Ground* A&P Coffee—the coffee of magnificent flavor!

SAVE UP TO 25%* ON MANY FINE FOODS

A&P
FOOD STORES

*Many A&P brands bring you savings up to 25% compared to prices usually asked for other nationally known products of comparable quality. Try Marvel Bread and Jane Parker Cakes, Rolls and Donuts—the 33 Ann Page Foods—A&P Coffee and Teas—White House Evaporated Milk—34 A&P Canned Fruits and Vegetables—dexo 100% Pure Hydrogenated Vegetable Shortening—and many others.

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT A&P

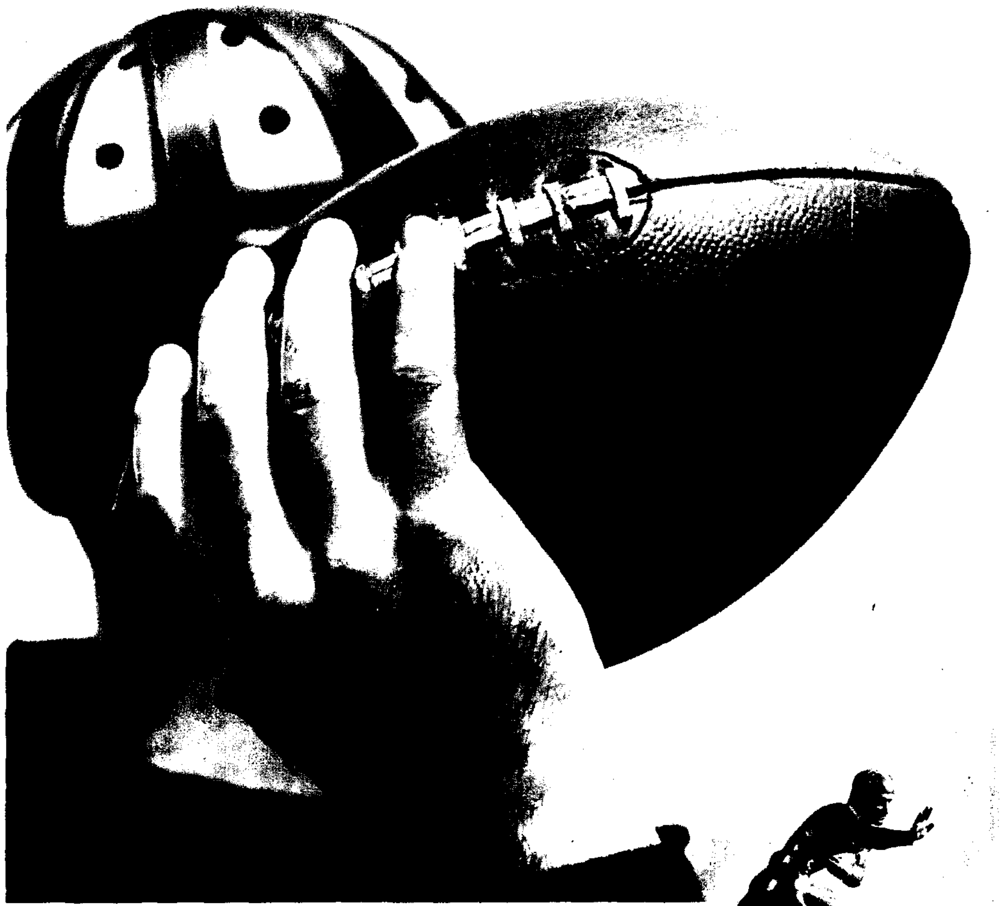
CUSTOM GROUND A&P COFFEE
BOUGHT BY EVERY 7th FAMILY IN AMERICA

CONSUMER FACTS: Each type of coffee pot brings boiling water into contact with ground coffee for a different length of time. Hence coffee should be *Custom Ground* a different degree of fineness for each type of pot. That's why "any grind for every pot" is wrong. That's why you get more flavor, better flavor with *Custom Ground* A&P Coffee.

EIGHT O'CLOCK COFFEE
RED CIRCLE COFFEE
BOKAR COFFEE

THE COFFEE OF MAGNIFICENT FLAVOR

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE



HEISMAN MEMORIAL TROPHY. Each year the Downtown Athletic Club of New York presents the Heisman Trophy to the man voted by leading sports writers and sports broadcasters as the outstanding college football player of the season. Winner's names are also engraved on a duplicate trophy (right) which the Downtown A.C. keeps as a perpetual record. The player who merits the trophy this year will be a headliner for performance on the gridiron—he'll have to be better than good!

CONTAINS LEAD
ETHYL
349-44

ETHYL EMBLEM. There is an award for excellence in gasolines too. It is the Ethyl emblem. Gasoline in a pump which bears this emblem has to be better than good. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane number) and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a quicker-starting engine in cold weather; extra power throughout the year. When you stop to buy gasoline, the Ethyl emblem tells you which pump contains the best.

ETHYL
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

Faithful and True

Continued from page 19

she'd have to say "the Cornwall residence" when she answered the phone.

So Mama was packing to leave for Grandma's, and I thought what a shame it was that she would have to miss the chautauqua and seeing me in the children's pageant on the last day, put on by the Story Lady.

And that's how Alta got to meet the train.

All of a sudden the train came in so loud that I had to cover up my ears. There was that exciting, gassy smell; and a lot of people got off. Alta went right up to them and held out her hand and showed the dimple she'd been practicing in front of our hat-rack mirror.

I RECOGNIZED the chautauqua folks, though they didn't look as young as their pictures. The Hawaiians had on regular suits instead of those paper boas I had been expecting. The lecturer looked tired and mussed up. There was another man who was evidently the superintendent. And the Story Lady was young and smily.

I hurried right over to her and asked if I couldn't be the Magic Princess this year. I explained that my hair made very nice crimps when it was unbraided, and my freckles hardly showed at night. But she said she had a much more important part she thought I could fill. It was that of the Wicked Crone, which took a face with lots of character.

Then she went on to the hotel, and I looked around for Alta. She was talking to the superintendent now. I moved up close, for Alta was so taken up with him I could have tramped on her best lace stockings and it wouldn't have made any difference.

He was smiling down at her, holding his straw hat under one arm, and saying his name was Gordon Strickland and that he wasn't used to such a beautiful reception committee.

Alta blushed the way she used to when she talked to Fred. She said she was only a substitute for her mother, and that she did hope the accommodations at the hotel would prove satisfactory.

I saw that Fred was piling his boxes of bicycles on his handcart now. Alta seemed to have forgotten all about him. So I went with Fred as far as his bicycle shop.

I remember that he walked the whole way without saying anything, and that he leaned against the handles of the cart as though the load was too much for him.

I said, "Don't you feel well, Fred?"

He didn't answer at first. But his mouth pressed together the way it does when you're having a splinter dug out. He said, "Well, Lois, I'll feel a darn' sight better when the chautauqua gets out of town!" Which didn't make sense to me, because hadn't Fred sold more tickets than anybody else?

Before I left him I reminded him to bring up the box for my lemonade stand when he came to take Alta to the chautauqua that night. He said he would and that he'd fix a canopy over it to keep off the sun. Fred always acted as though my problems were important.

The whole family took Mama to the afternoon train for Grandma's. She kept telling Papa he must take an interest in the Finer Things of Life and go to the chautauqua meetings every night and be polite to the talent.

Papa grunted and kissed her and said, "By Tophet, Nettie, stop your stewing—everything will be hunky-dory!"

Which turned out to be anything but the case. If Mama had ever dreamed of all that was going to happen while she was away, she'd never have stepped foot out of Jeffersonville, broken hip or no broken hip.

That night, when the evening program started, I sat with the other children on the hard board benches down in front. Mr. Strickland came out on the platform wearing lovely white pants, and when he told how his heart had been gladdened by the welcome the chautauqua had received, he looked right at Alta.

Then he introduced the Hawaiians, and they had on their colored paper boas this time. They sang to their guitars that sounded like telephone wires humming in the wind, and the loveliest chills went up and down my spine. After that the lecturer lectured. But he mostly told funny stories, and it wasn't tiresome at all like a sermon. When it was over, everybody said wasn't it inspirational?

I found Papa in the ticket booth afterward helping count the money. Alta and Fred came up, bringing Mr. Strickland whom Alta had invited over to our house to have lemonade. We all walked home together under the dark summer trees.

I wondered if there'd be enough lemons, on account of my lemonade stand. But there was a big pitcher of lemonade on the ice, so Alta must have thought of it ahead of time. We sat around on the leaf-patterned porch, and nobody remembered to send me to bed.

Mr. Strickland talked and talked—you could tell he enjoyed it. Papa cleared his throat. Fred broke matches into little pieces. And Alta moved over nearer to Mr. Strickland on the top step and asked him a lot of questions about the talent, like what would they do after next week when the chautauqua season closed for the summer, and wasn't it wonderful to feel you were a Great Cultural Influence?

PRETTY soon she went into the house. When she came back she switched on the porch light to show Mr. Strickland those photos of her when she was Cicely, Mr. Brambleton's daughter, in the high-school senior-class play.

Mr. Strickland said, "Nice make-up, Miss Cornwall."

But Fred said with a grin in his voice, "Will you ever forget that last act, Alt, when you went to rest your arm on the mantel, and the whole thing broke off and fell smack dab on your foot?"

Fred and Papa and I laughed and laughed. But Alta didn't laugh. She just grabbed up the photos and rushed into the house with them.

When she came back, Fred said he guessed he'd have to hit the hay. He stood up to go, but Alta didn't get up to say goodby. She acted as if she didn't know he'd been there, and didn't know now that he was leaving. Papa said loudly for him to come again, the latchstring was always out.

Pretty soon Mr. Strickland said he'd better be going too. Alta got right up this time and said, "Oh, but first you must see our view from Water Tank Hill."

They started off together. Papa said to me, "Scoot to bed, young'un, and don't tell your mother how late you stayed up. By Tophet, my feet are killing me!" But he gave a big sigh and started down the street after them.

I remember waking up later, startled by the sound of quarreling. Papa was saying, "—won't play fast and loose with a good man like Fred Tait—not if I know it! Traipsing off with the first fly-by-nighter that comes along—I don't care if he is the chautauqua superintendent!"

He was standing in the doorway of our bedroom, and Alta was taking down her hair. She threw her barrette and side combs down on the bureau so hard they bounced. She was crying and talking back to him, all at once. And you could tell she was crying because she was so mad, and she was mad because she couldn't stop crying.

Papa said that he positively put his foot down on her seeing this Strickland alone again. Then he went on and on about what a good steady fellow Fred Tait was, and how any girl with a lick of sense ought to be glad to get him.

ALTA was brushing her hair that she was proud of because it was long enough to sit on. I can see her yet, in her flowered-challis combing jacket with the baby-ribbon edging. Her soft, light hair flew every which way, and her eyes were a deep blue, like the pictures of Billie Burke. She said, "I wish Mama was here. She understands me!" Brush—brush. "She knows what it means to have a sensitive nature that—" brush—brush—"nobody understands!"

Papa didn't answer. He just looked at her, kind of tired and old, the way he always looked at Mama when she said that she never had had any encouragement to keep up her music and china painting.

So Papa went off to bed, and Alta stayed up and tried her hair in the new psyche knot. But her fingers were all thumbs that night, because her hair kept falling down and she kept putting it up. And all the while she was talking to herself about how only A Man of the World could really understand. And, young as I was, I knew she *didn't* mean Fred. And how she was never cut out for a humdrum round—and then I knew she *did* mean Fred.

The rest of the chautauqua was one long underneath battle between Papa and Alta. But Papa was licked from the start because, while he could see that Mr. Strickland didn't drink any more lemonade on our front porch, he couldn't watch Alta every minute without shutting up his store. Yet even though Alta knew she had him licked, she didn't look exactly happy. She'd jump if you spoke to her suddenly, she got dark circles under her eyes, and she'd toss and mumble in her sleep as though she were having nightmares.

Several times I saw her coming out of the dressing room at the back of the tent. I knew that in the mornings when I was practicing with the other children for the pageant, she was off taking long walks. And she had something locked up in the tin box where she kept her diary. I couldn't find out what, because she took to carrying the key around her neck instead of hiding it in her jewel box.

The chautauqua grew better every day. I couldn't decide which I liked most—the chalk-talk artist who turned the picture of the old tramp into a church with a steeple, or the man who imitated emptying a jug of applejack and then told how strong drink just *ate out* the lining of your stomach.

But Alta, who was artistic like Mama, was crazy about the lady reader with the pink willow plume and the white kid gloves that came up to her shoulders. And she could scarcely wait for the final night when there was to be a real play called The Winning of Millicent Lane.

Papa grew watchfuller and watchfuller. That last night he didn't let Alta out of his sight. And when the midnight train whistled as it pulled out, carrying the last day's talent and Mr. Strickland, too, I remember that Papa put his head in our bedroom door for a last make-sure look. Alta pretended not to see him.

But after he had gone to bed, her eyes shone like the sets in Mama's brooch, and she whispered something about such sweet thirst filling her veins. I couldn't tell whether she was talking to herself or practicing for her drama and expression class.

In the morning when we three sat down to breakfast, Papa was his old self again. And every day he relaxed more and more. But what he didn't know was about the locked tin box, or those long walks Alta took by herself to read something she carried in the front of her corset that rattled like letters, or how she hung around the post office waiting for the mail. This was the last week of the chautauqua season, and I knew Mr. Strickland couldn't be very far away.

And then—I'll never forget—it was the Thursday morning after the chautauqua was over that I woke up and put out my hand to touch the warm lump that was Alta—and she wasn't there! I can still recall my scared feeling. I ran in and told Papa. It took him a while to understand. He had to come in and look at the one pillow that wasn't even dented; he had to see for himself that her matting suitcase and her white serge suit and her pink celluloid comb-and-brush set were gone.

"Maybe she and Fred have eloped," he said, as though he wished it were true.

I was shivery with excitement. Nobody in our family had ever eloped before. And yet I doubted that it was Fred she'd eloped with. But I thought of a way to find out. I hunted in the back of her bureau drawer and, sure enough, the jar of red salve was gone, so I knew it wasn't Fred. "Because Fred disapproves of face paint," I told Papa. "She must have eloped with Mr. Strickland who is A Man of the World and understands her."

Papa's hands shook, but he managed to get dressed and go down to the depot. When he got back he said that Mr. Whipple the agent had told him Alta had taken the midnight train, but she hadn't bought a ticket. She knew she could pay her fare on the train.

THEN I found the note propped up on our mission library table. There was a little ring box beside it. I remember how different the ring looked in the box, instead of on her finger—sort of final and impressive. I hurried to read the note before Papa could tell me I wasn't old enough. It said:

"Dear Papa: You'll never understand why I'm doing this—though Mama will. But I must live a larger life and mingle among cultured people and express my true self. At last I have found someone who understands! Please give my ring back to Fred and ask him to forgive and forget. Lois can have my fish net. Your loving daughter, Alta."

I could have her fish net! Ever since she had brought it home from college and tacked it up on our bedroom wall and filled it full of dance programs and souvenirs and snapshots of her and Fred, I had been crazy to have a fish net of my own. But now, all of a sudden, I couldn't swallow past a lump—I wanted Alta back more than I wanted any old fish net. And Papa, who had been standing there reading the note, sat down heavily as though his knees wouldn't hold him up any longer. And I knew that Papa wanted Alta back, too, more than he wanted anything else in the world.

"Maybe—maybe you better telephone Mama and tell her to come right home," I said.

He looked at me, surprised and also

Score Two for All-Bran's Better Way!

"CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT!" is, figuratively speaking, the way my family and I used to treat constipation. We'd rush to the medicine cabinet for *emergency relief*. It never occurred to us to look for the *cause*, or to try ALL-BRAN's better way.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK! Then I discovered that KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN *goes straight* to the *cause* of common constipation, the kind that's due to lack of proper "bulk" in the diet—and wholesomely, naturally prevents it.

EXCUSE MY BACK, but I'd rather not illustrate the way those laxative doses used to taste. And to think I never knew what crisp, delicious, toasted ALL-BRAN could do.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

HAPPY DAYS! And, if your trouble is this common kind of constipation, may you discover the same enjoyable way to "Join the Regulars"! Crunchy, toasted KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN is not only very effective, it's a lot more pleasant than the "hurry-up" remedies we used to take. Eat it with cream and sugar every morning, drink plenty of water, and get yourself in tune again.

Join the "Regulars"
with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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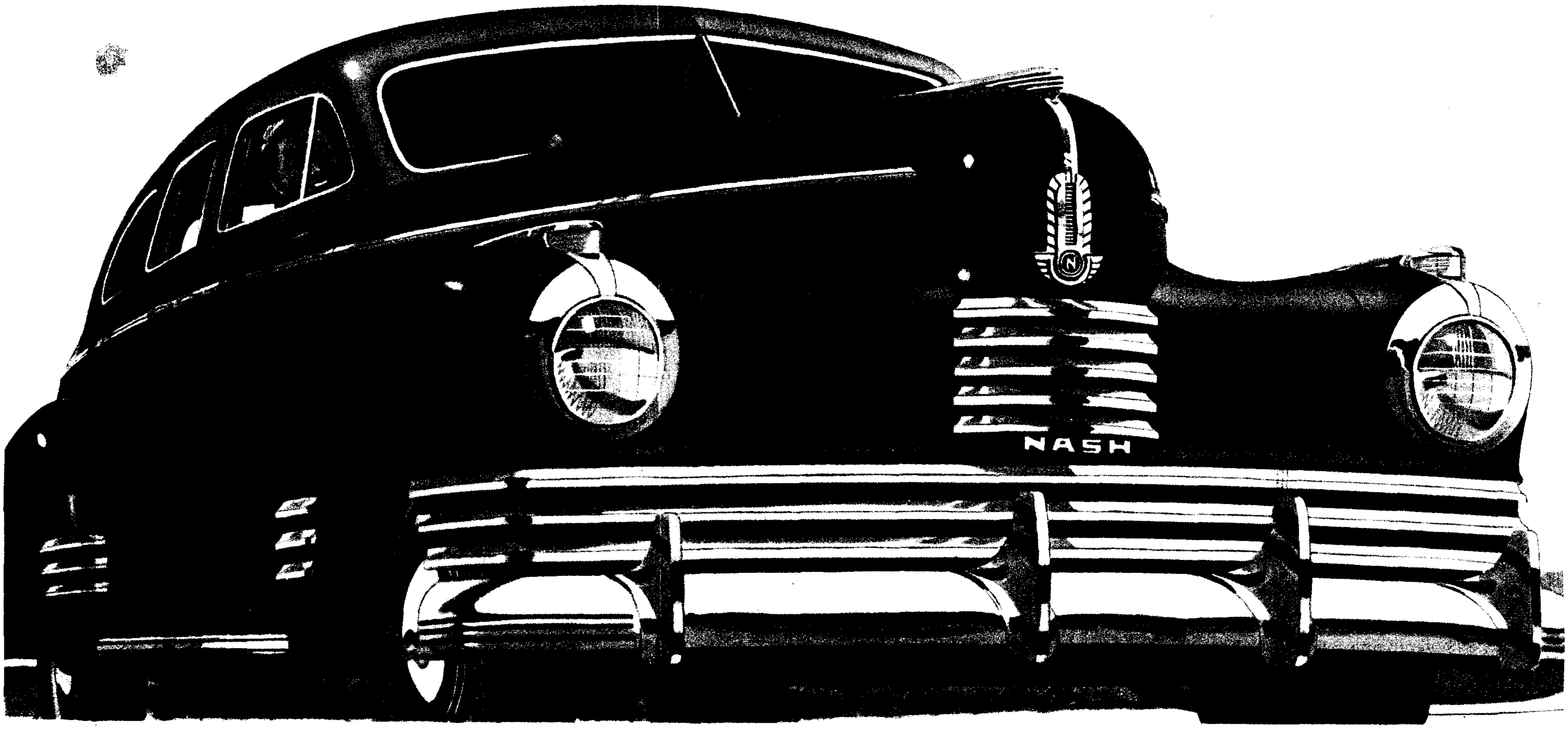
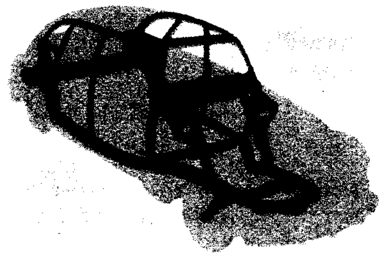
Now there's a "Million Dol
in The Lowest-Price Field



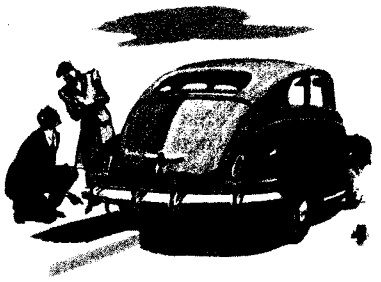
Here's the Car of the Hour . . . with traditional Nash Dependability and Long-Life . . . with the New Motoring Economy America needs . . . with New Steering Ease and Riding Luxury that will Thrill you as No Car has ever done before!

On Display now At all Nash Dealers

ONLY NASH IN THE LOW



No "split" body and frame here! Nash *alone* among low-price cars uses this latest airplane construction—frame and body are *one* welded unit of continuous girders, 57% more resistant to twisting. Protection is *around,* and not just *under* you.



Coil springs on the rear wheels, too! A special Nash type—softer in action, yet proved safe in 300,000,000 miles driving. It's the finest kind of springing system a car can have, yet it's yours in a Nash in the lowest-price field.

n Beauty"

It's the 1942 Nash . . . and it Goes 25 to 30 Miles on a Gallon of Gasoline *at Highway Speed*

TODAY, a "Million Dollar Beauty" arrives in the lowest-price field — the 1942 Nash. A car so big, bold and dazzling, so massive in front, so clean and swift of line, that not even this picture can tell you what it's like.

But what this beauty *does* is even more thrilling. Right in line with America's need for lower motoring costs, it offers even greater savings than the record-breaking economy of last year's Nash.

- It goes *25 to 30 miles on a gallon* at highway speed . . . more than 500 miles on a tankful of gasoline.

So economical, you could drive all the way from New York to California with only *five* stops for gas! And save money on oil, tires and repair costs, every single mile you go!

And there's still more news! Steering is even *easier* than last year's Nash that owners claimed was the easiest car in the world to drive. In merely a short trip, the ease of Nash's new Two-way Roller Steering actually saves you tons of effort.

- Fleet as was last year's Nash, this new "Million Dollar Beauty" has even better pickup.

Never have you felt a car ride like it! Around sharp curves, it fairly grips the road. On a rutted country lane the bumps are smoothed away. Nash is the first low-price car to have soft coil springs on *all four wheels.*

From the very way it's built — body and frame *one* welded unit — it's a *new kind* of car. No other is like it, or offers so much.

You can have a "Sedan Sleeper" Bed for summertime trips . . . a Weather Eye Conditioned Air System to forever banish chills and dust and stuffy air.

- In design, in engineering, in features, this is the finest car ever to carry the Nash name. The car it will *pay you* to drive. The car that offers everything you want — and still costs you the *very least to own and run!*

See it today — the most beautiful car ever built for the *lowest-price* field. Then take a "million dollar" ride in this "Million Dollar Beauty". Better place your order *quick*—there may not be enough to go around!

New Engine Development in the 1942 Nash Ambassador "6" and "8"

Companion cars to the Nash "600", the 1942 Nash Ambassador "6" and "8" are greater than ever. See and test the amazing new engine principle that increases economy, pickup and speed as much as 11%.

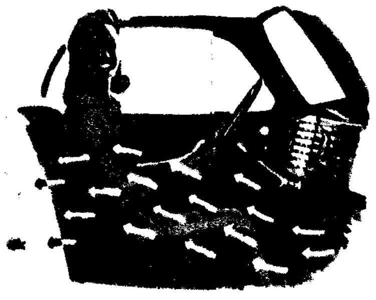
NASH

THREE SERIES

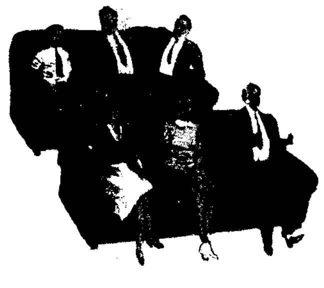
OF FINE MOTOR CARS

Sixes and Eights

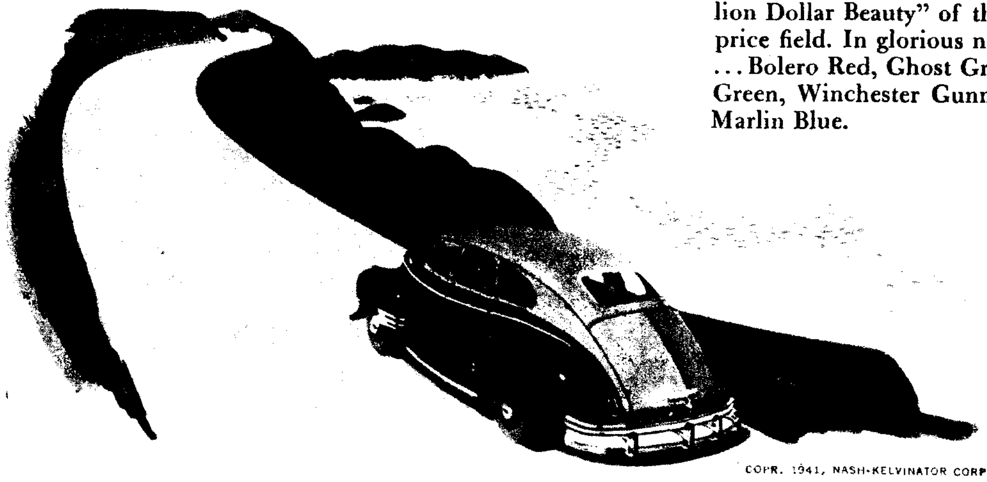
EST-PRICE FIELD OFFERS ALL THESE GREAT FEATURES !



Yes, you can drive a Nash in midwinter in a bathing suit, if you like. The world's first cars with Conditioned Air Systems, Nash provides fresh air comfort the year 'round . . . keeps you warm at zero, ends smoky, dusty, stuffy air.



You'll feel all the roominess and comfort of modern divans. The front seat's nearly five feet wide . . . and there's amazingly more headroom. The rear seat, in sedan models, can be quickly converted into a big double bed for overnight trips.



Coming *or* going, it's truly the "Million Dollar Beauty" of the lowest-price field. In glorious new colors . . . Bolero Red, Ghost Grey, Shoal Green, Winchester Gunmetal and Marlin Blue.

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Life begins with

VITAMINS PLUS

...is a cheerful, direct way of saying that science has now proved that buoyant health can follow the right selection of a well-rounded, nutritious diet plus additional vitamins in a supplementary form, such as VITAMINS *Plus*.

Don't take a chance on vitamin deficiencies which may lead to listless, under-par days that would rob your life of zest and sparkle. Edginess and nervous irritability caused by lack of vitamins are hard on you—*and* a definite handicap to your success.

Why not begin—today—to take VITAMINS *Plus!* The two tiny, pleasant-to-take capsules, which constitute the VITAMINS *Plus* routine, contain high potencies of essential vitamins A, B, C, D and G—especially high in all-important vitamin B_1 . . . with liver concentrate and iron for added effectiveness. Don't chance a lack of the vitamins you need. It's so easy to be sure. Ask for VITAMINS *Plus* at your drug or dept. store. Discover the difference...18 days' supply, $1.50; 36 days' supply, $2.75; and 72 days' supply, $5.00.

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thankful. "You're right, young'un, I will. But first I'll telegraph that chautauqua company and find out what town Strickland is in today."

The minute he got Mama on the telephone, he looked different. He told her—being careful of our Central, who was worse than Miss Lipscomb—that he needed her. Could she come home on the noon train? No, nobody was sick. Just a little—problem.

Mama knew it wasn't any *little* problem, because I could hear fast squeaks coming over the phone. Papa nodded and said, "I'll meet your train, Nettie."

It was almost time for her train when the telegram came from the chautauqua company saying that Gordon Strickland would be in Omar till after the night program, when he was through for the season. So if the matter was urgent, it would be best to communicate with his wife in Peoria.

Wife! All at once, everything stopped being exciting and started being awful. I remembered Effie Treadwell who had run away the winter before with a drummer, and he had turned out to be A Married Man. And when she got back, nobody but the minister's wife would speak to her. . . .

Papa wouldn't let me go to the train. So I waited until I saw him and Mama coming along the street.

I ran up and hugged Mama around the waist. But she unloosed my arms and hurried into the house. Papa had his watch case open. He said, "We couldn't reach Omar before morning by train, Nettie. But with a good two-horse livery rig we might do the forty miles across country before the evening performance is over. You be ready when I get back."

I had on my leghorn hat when Papa drove up. But Mama said no, I must stay home.

I watched them drive off, the horses kicking up the dust in soft little puffs. I felt lonely and sad and forgotten.

AFTER supper, when Della had gone to her room, I sat out on the front porch because it was empty and scary inside the house. My, but I was glad when I heard a chugging noise down the street and I knew it was Fred Tait's auto. Of course I realized he was on his way to see Alta; but I hoped that when he found she wasn't home, he'd take me for a ride.

There were only two other autos in Jeffersonville then—the banker's and the doctor's; though the doctor kept a horse, too, for bad roads and baby calls. Fred had practically made his auto himself out of bicycle parts and things. He said he expected to sell and repair autos as a business some day. Papa said he'd better stick to his last, that autos were only a passing fad, and couldn't Fred see that the only men in town rich enough to own autos already had them?

I went out to meet Fred. "Alta home?" he asked.

"No, she's—she's away," I told him.

"You mean she's gone out of town?"

"Well, kind of—"

"What do you mean by kind of?" He grabbed my shoulder until it hurt.

The way he looked at me scared me so that I forgot about illness in the family. The first thing I knew, I was telling him about Alta's note and how Papa and Mama had rented a livery rig at a dollar and a half an hour and gone to Omar, and did Fred think Alta would be like Effie Treadwell that nobody spoke to?

Fred was already cranking up the auto, and I climbed into the front seat. We went lickety-split out of town and Fred said if nothing happened, we'd do the forty miles to Omar in three hours and get there before the chautauqua program was over.

But twice something did happen, and Fred had to lie on his back under the auto and pound. Then we went all the faster, and the wind blew so hard my braids unraveled and I could hardly see. Fred slowed down when the lights showed a buggy just ahead.

"Looks like the livery-stable rig," he said.

"It looks like Mama's hat with the three bluebirds on it and the veil tied over them," I said.

"Their off horse is lame. They'll have to come with us."

He stopped his auto with such a chug and a roar that even the lame horse tried to stand up on its hind legs. I'd expected Mama to be surprised, or even mad, when she saw me. But she just passed me over and said, "Oh, Fred, I'm so glad you came! Maybe now—we can make it!"

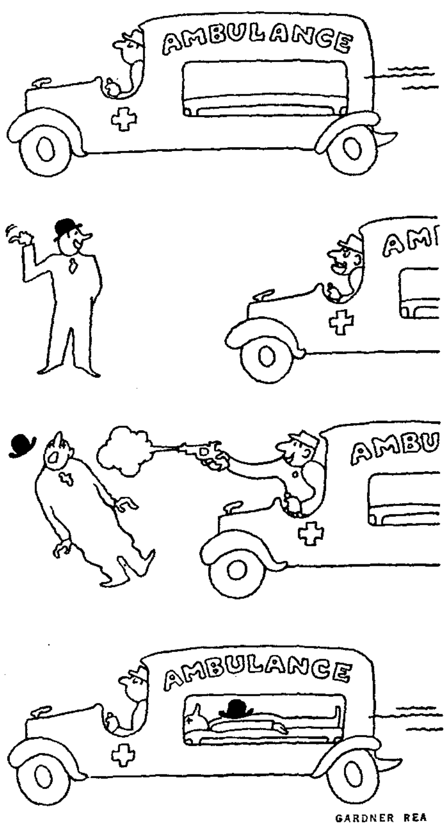
PAPA left the team at the next farm. When he got in with Mama he leaned forward and said solemnly, "So help me, Fred, I'll never again yell 'get a horse' when I pass an auto stuck in the mud!"

I climbed over into the back seat with Mama and Papa. Papa had his arm around Mama and she was crying against him. There was the sound of wind rushing and the feeling of the auto jouncing along. I went to sleep with my head on Mama's lap. But once in a while words came through my sleepiness . . . Mama's words: "Oh, Ira, this is a judgment on me! For making out you didn't understand me—that I threw myself away—" . . . And Papa's words: "But I never was good enough for you, Nettie. You deserved the best. I'm only a clumsy old—" . . . And Mama's words: "Hush—don't talk that way. I've always been happy, Ira. I just didn't have sense enough to make Alta realize it—and that being married to a good man is the sweetest thing on earth!"

Next thing I knew, we were stopping beside the chautauqua grounds in Omar, where the men were rolling up the tent.

Fred asked where the chautauqua folks were, and a man said, "They're taking the eleven-fifteen. You'll have to hurry. There goes her whistle now."

Everybody sat up straight and stiff. I was goose flesh all over as Fred raced the auto around the corner. We could hear the train. The depot was down at the far end of the street. Fred drove so fast over the bumps that I nearly bounced out. But we were too late. The train was already pulling out.



GARDNER REA

By the time we stopped beside the depot, the light on the back of the train was growing littler and littler until, finally, it went out like a firefly.

I remember how we sat there in the awful stillness. My teeth were chattering, and I could tell that Mama was shaking inside too. The light from the depot shone out the open door onto the platform. I could hear the telegraph ticking like a cricket on a lonesome night.

Then I heard something else. I heard crying. I looked at the rest! They were listening too. I said, "It's Alta!"

We all jumped out and ran up the bank toward the crying. Alta was sitting on the side of her suitcase, all hunched over. The depot light shone on her, and her hat was over one ear and her face was streaked from crying.

Mama and Papa reached her first. Fred hung back in the shadow, and I stayed with him. I felt around for his hand, and he held mine tight in his.

"My baby!" said Mama, which seemed strange to me then, as I was her baby. She put her arms around Alta. The new hat fell off and rolled a little way toward us, and Alta cried on Mama's best lace jabot, and Papa patted her shoulder.

"Oh, I was terrible—simply terrible—when I got up against real professionals—"

"Real professionals—" said Papa in a weak voice.

"Yes, I forgot my lines—and muffed my cues—and they couldn't hear me beyond the front rows. Mr. Strickland took me out of the play, and it went on without me. If only I hadn't been such a conceited fool! But I begged for the part when he happened to mention that there'd be an opening in the cast here in Omar—"

I remembered how Alta had looked up at Mr. Strickland that night on our porch and asked him question after question.

Papa was remembering too. "Play—part—Omar—? Why in tunket didn't you tell us?"

"Because—I was afraid you'd put your foot down and say it was all foolishness. I wanted to show you! I studied my part so hard—all that week I studied it. Then tonight after I made such a mess of it, Mr. Strickland tried to comfort me by saying that, after all, I had a very nice parlor knack that would be an asset in the young m-married set. He said I ought to be thankful I'd gotten it out of my system so early—and that my—my husband ought to be thankful too—"

Papa drew a long sigh and said "Amen," and I guess he was thinking that Alta's husband would never have to hear about women who threw their lives away—

BUT Alta didn't sound thankful. She said, "And all the time I was sitting here waiting for the train, I kept thinking about Fred and—and wishing I'd never stopped working on my hope chest. And now I've lost Fred—and everything—" She choked up and couldn't go on.

"I'm here, Alta," said Fred in a voice that sounded as if he were coming down with a cold. He went over to her. And even if he did sign his letters "As ever yours, Fred," there was something in his face. . . .

Alta lifted her head and looked up at him as if she couldn't believe it. Then Fred put his arms around her, not caring who saw them. . . . And Alta was crying and Fred was crying and Mama was crying and even Papa was crying. And I said to myself, "By tophet, what a lot of crying!" Then I remember feeling something splash down on my hand, and if I wasn't crying too!

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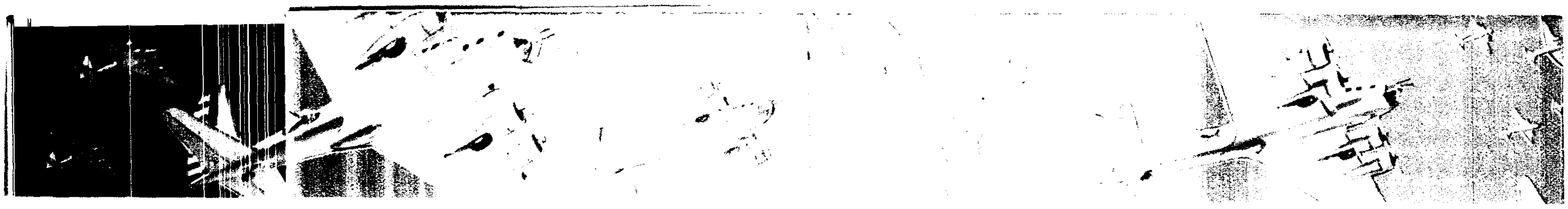

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NO CLUTCH-PEDAL NO CREEP NO CLASH

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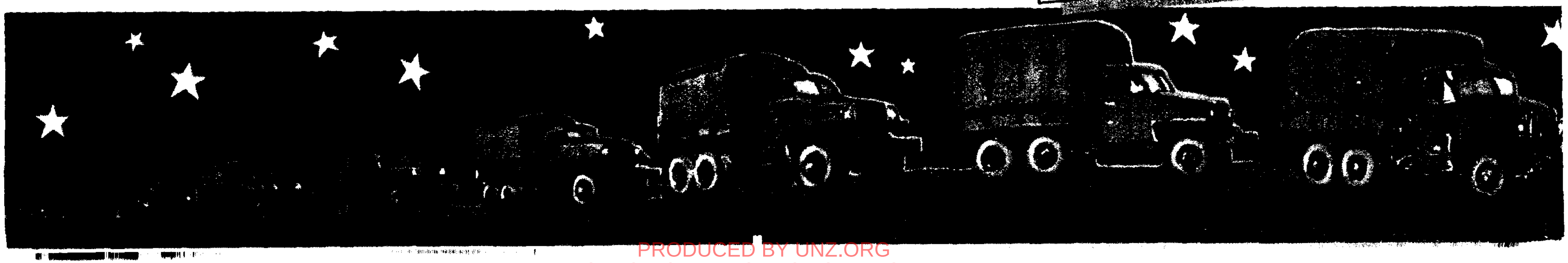


Booted Off the Lot

Continued from page 14

out and could be there next morning, they'd let her test for it. She took the last money she had, grabbed the night plane and was on the lot next morning before the make-up man could get the eggs out of his beard. The part was of a neurotic, psychopathic, losing-her-grip, prom-trotting post-deb who eventually commits suicide.

"The hell with the test," said the cameraman. "She *looks* like suicide."

She got that part and then went into Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President, where she played a dame who starts at sixteen and ends bedraggled at sixty. That was tough going because she had to age gradually but the technical men again bolstered up her morale.

"What a bag!" they cried admiringly.

There was a slight interlude in which she played another pretty girl in Irene at RKO but that was the clincher for her. She raised her right hand piously with the two front fingers pointing aloft, and cried: "May I spend the rest of my days working at a drive-in if I ever play another ingénue!"

M-G-M brought her back for twelve lines in Pride and Prejudice, in which she wore spectacles and sang an off-key version of Sweet Afton, but she got big notices for the performance.

A Job She Couldn't Refuse

She then did a crime short in which she played a pregnant woman, had the small role of a little dumb Southern girl in Flight Command, and refused a part in a Maizie picture because she wanted to play another eighteen-to-fifty woman in Cheers for Miss Bishop. That was when M-G-M woke up. When they couldn't get her, they started to holler. She'd either sign with them and stop this free-lancing nonsense or she'd never get a role on that lot again.

"What do you do," she asks, "when a man holds a pistol at your head and says, 'Take this pocketbook or I'll shoot you?' "

In the Trial of Mary Dugan she played a blond chorus girl from the reform school who testifies for Mary. That required a New York accent and that is where we get back to the beginning of the Hunt story. She was born in New York, acted all over town as a kid—in Sunday schools, summer camps, Elks lodges and neighbors' front parlors—and never had any doubt that she was to be an actress.

After high school she took a lofty attitude toward formal education and was placed in Theodora Irvine's school to study for the theater. On the side she did dress modeling for Bob and Sarah Mack, photographers, because she was tall and skinny and just right for the clothes of ten years ago. She got five bucks a session for that work and found that fashions never are photographed at the right season. Sports clothes are invariably done during the winter to be ready for the summer and among her worst memories is a February day on a Bermuda ship on the North River when it was so cold that she got carbuncles on her knees wearing shorts and froze so tight to a tennis racket that they feared that she might come away from the venture with catgut where her knuckles should have been.

Gabriel Pascal, who has been lately doing the Bernard Shaw motion pictures, met her at this period and cried to the heavens that this was the girl of all time for the movies.

He also entered her at the Royal Academy in London and then went off to Hollywood himself. She was too late for the current educational season and, while she was waiting, the Macks, who had also gone out to Hollywood, wired her to come on and take up her modeling again. She jumped at that.

"When I got off the train at Los Angeles, Bob and Sarah were there waiting for me, waving their arms frantically and rushing me off the platform before they bothered to say 'hello.' "

The Macks had an idea, a great idea. She was to go back to San Bernardino and wait for a signal. Then she was to sail in again in style. In the meantime they hired a press agent and he had reporters down to meet her. The idea in the Marsha Hunt case was simple: she was to be the New York model who *didn't* want a job in Hollywood.

It wasn't much of an idea but Hollywood doesn't require great ideas. She was met, she expressed the proper disdain, she was taken to a hotel and hidden. Matters were complicated by the fact that Marsha was the guest of an uncle who had lived in southern California for years and cordially detested all motion-picture people. When the newspapers carried the story and the phone began to ring, he handled the calls. To all approaches from such as Mr. Jack Warner and Mr. L. B. Mayer, he merely bellowed into the phone:

"By the laws of the Continental Congress, I warn you . . . Touch not a hair on the head of this fair young thing!"

When it reached a point where Marsha saw that matters were going too far, she managed to elude the protection of her genuinely devoted relative. By some effort she allowed the anxious talent scouts at Paramount to understand that she *might* listen to a real screen offer, none of this petty contract-player stuff. It was finally arranged and she started on a career that has probably had no parallel for ineptitude.

From the dozens of pictures she made with that company, she remembers only one with pleasure: College Holiday, in which she sang a song and was finally won by Lief Ericson. In this gluey masterpiece she was the sweet thing; in every picture she was the same.

Then She Was Washed-Up

At the end of her second year, she was signed for a third year—and never allowed to make a picture. She had obviously made the wrong answer to somebody. The pay arrived every week promptly but nobody spoke to her and she didn't work. This may seem like fun but when it plainly means that you are through, washed-up, a dead pigeon, the laughs come haltingly.

And, as if that weren't enough, there was the Melanie episode in Gone with the Wind, the real crusher. The whole story is too long to repeat but it can be said that the part was hers until the exact moment when Warner Brothers finally permitted Olivia de Havilland to do it. Miss Hunt made tests, she read for David O. Selznick in a way that brought tears to the eyes of everybody within hearing.

The contract was to be signed next morning and they were to send a car to bring her over to make final costume tests. She was up at seven o'clock waiting. She sat by the phone until noon but nobody called. Finally a friend phoned to ask if she had seen the morning papers: Olivia de Havilland had been signed for Melanie.

"To this day I've never had a call from the Selznick Studio," she says. "They never said I didn't have the part, they never explained—they simply never called."

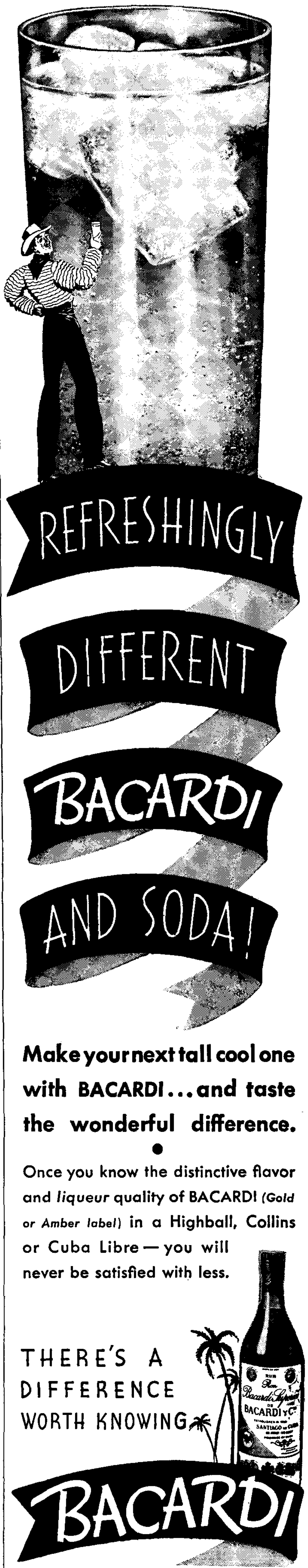
Anyhow things are all right now. Her role in Blossoms in the Dust was small but it won critical acclaim and brought her featured billing in Unholy Partners with Edward G. Robinson. She shudders a bit at the thought that she is doing another ingénue role but listens with attention when the M-G-M big shots tell her she's a wonder with a great future.

She hasn't been back in Ciro's since her bad days but she is looking forward to it. Will she snub the individuals of the little black book?

"Don't be foolish," she cries. "If they dah-ling me, I'll dah-ling them right back. I know *something* about Hollywood after being here four years."

Herb Williams

"Haven't you something I can't afford even more?" HERB WILLIAMS



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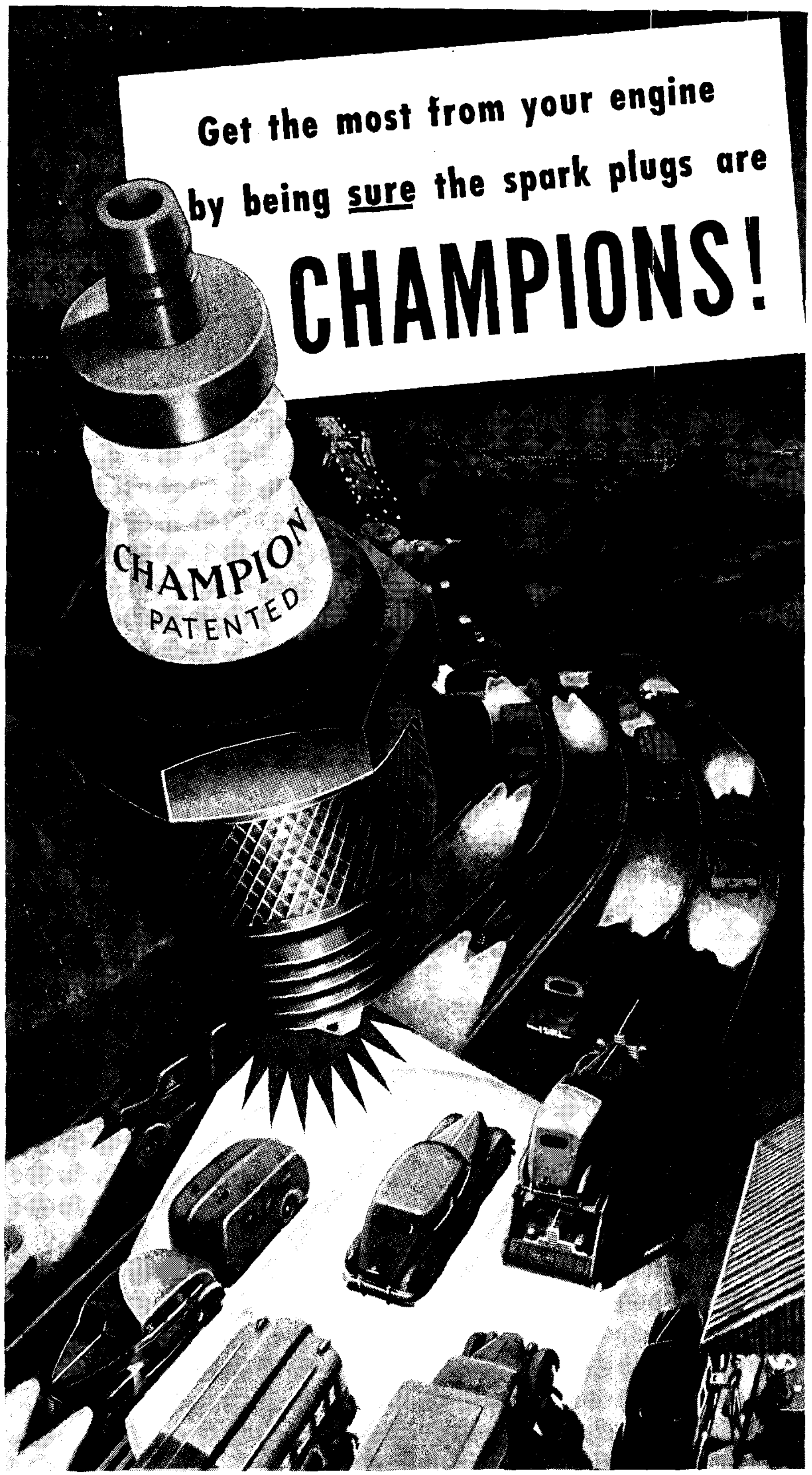
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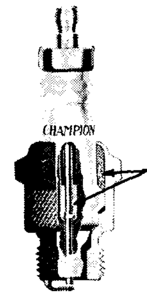


Champion's exclusive *Sillment seal is your safeguard against a widespread outbreak of engine troubles due to spark plugs. This patented seal prevents troublesome gas or compression leakage at these two vital points. When such leakage occurs it causes overheating, preignition, rough, sluggish and wasteful engine operation. Remember only Champions are Sillment sealed.

You're always ahead with Champion!
SPARK PLUGS

The Fight Goes On

Continued from page 17

conceded to be the aggressor nations in the world had been willing to co-operate in this armament and nonaggression in 1933, the present conflict could have been avoided; and any just grievances and fair demands which they might have had could have been worked out by international conference and negotiation.

It is now a matter of history that pleas for disarmament were disregarded; and that the race for further armament became accelerated year by year.

With respect, also, to breaking down the barriers of trade between nations, the government of the United States has, since 1933, taken the lead in the promotion of reciprocal trade agreements between the nations of the world. Year after year, the President, under congressional authority, has been entering into reciprocal trade agreements with other countries on behalf of the United States. By these agreements, the United States and other countries have permitted the importation of the products of each other on a fair and equitable basis. They have had far-reaching results in the stimulation of world trade, the reduction of unemployment and the establishment of international peaceful relations.

Unfortunately, however, the aggressor nations are never interested in a fair exchange of international trade on a just basis. They have shown that they much prefer to conquer weaker nations by force of mechanized warfare, and then compel their victims to trade with them on terms imposed by them unilaterally as victors of war.

The efforts of the United States to prevent war were continued year in and year out. It became evident, however, as the years went by, that although these efforts were having their effect in the Western Hemisphere, they were unable to overcome the insistence of dictators upon increasing their own mechanized armaments on land, on sea, and in the air. This small handful of ruthless men, it became more and more apparent, were determined to use force instead of the normal processes of trade and conference to attain their own ambitions of territorial and commercial expansion and domination.

The Mounting Threat to Peace

This trend of affairs, which became worse and worse after the Italian conquest of Ethiopia and the Japanese aggression against China, called forth repeated official warnings throughout the world. Here in the United States, it was clear to this administration and to a great many of our citizens in public and private life that events in Europe and Asia were heading quickly and almost inevitably toward war. There were, unfortunately, many Americans, however, as there were many citizens in other democratic nations throughout the world, who refused to believe that war was probable, or even that it was possible. Nevertheless, I deemed it my duty constantly to keep before the people of the United States the ever-growing menace of a general European war. Time and again, I called attention to this mounting threat, not only to the peace of Europe but to the peace and security of the Western Hemisphere as well.

For example, in my annual message to the Congress in 1935 I said, "I cannot with candor tell you that general international relationships outside the borders of the United States are improved. On the surface of things many old jealousies are resurrected, old passions aroused; new strivings for armament and power, in more than one land, rear their ugly heads." In my annual message to the Congress for the following year, 1936, I called attention to the "growing ill will . . . marked trends toward aggression . . . increasing armaments . . . shortening tempers—a situation which has in it many of the elements that lead to the tragedy of general war." I pointed out also that some nations "seeking expansion, seeking the rectification of injustices springing from former wars, or seeking outlets for trade, for population" instead of peaceful negotiations to attain legitimate objectives, had "impatiently reverted to the old belief in the law of the sword, or to the fantastic conception that they, and they alone, are chosen to fulfill a mission, and that all the others among the billion and a half of human beings in the world must and shall learn from and be subject to them."

An Epidemic of Lawlessness

The peace of the world was being jeopardized by a handful of relentless men who sought selfish power for themselves. American efforts to limit world armaments, to bring about peaceful settlement of disputes among nations, and to exert the moral influence of the United States against autocracy, intolerance and repression, in favor of the freedoms of the average citizen—these efforts were quite apparently not going to prevail in the world.

Although this conclusion was becoming almost irresistible, our government continued steadfastly to seek to assist in international movements to prevent war, and our work in this direction continued until the very time when the armed catastrophe broke upon the world.

In October, 1937, I suggested, in a speech at Chicago, that something be done about the then existing "reign of terror" and "international lawlessness" which had begun a few years before. I pointed out that the recent systematic violation of treaties, the indiscriminate bombing of civilians, the waging of undeclared warfare, were wiping away the very landmarks of law, order, and justice which had characterized our civilization. I warned that "if those things come to pass in other parts of the world, let no one imagine that America will escape, that America may expect mercy, that this Western Hemisphere will not be attacked." I called upon the peace-loving nations to "make a concerted effort in opposition to those violations of treaties and those ignorings of humane instincts which today are creating a state of international anarchy and instability from which there is no escape through mere isolation or neutrality." For the acts abroad were not only violations of specific provisions of treaties and international law. They involved the whole question of world security, world humanity—the whole question of world war and world peace. To meet that "epidemic of world lawlessness" I proposed that the community of nations throughout the world act the same as communities do when "an epidemic of physical disease starts to spread," namely, join in a quarantine "in order to protect the health of the community against the spread of the disease."

Unfortunately, this suggestion fell upon deaf ears—even hostile and resentful ears. The pronouncement became the subject of bitter attack at home and abroad. It was hailed as war mongering; it was condemned as attempted intervention in foreign affairs; it was even ridiculed as a nervous search "under the bed" for dangers of war which did not exist.

In spite of these attacks, however—including some bitter personal abuse—the government of the United States continued to call attention to the approaching danger, and to do what it could by example, by trade treaties, and by informal as well as formal discussions with representatives of foreign nations to ward off this growing threat to civilization. At the same time, however, the United States proceeded realistically and cautiously to embark on a program of increasing its own national defense. For it was becoming clear that the United States would itself have to rearm against this increasing threat of aggression.

In my annual message of 1938 to the Congress, I again warned of the menace of general war in Europe.

Peace That Couldn't Endure

During 1938 there came the Czechoslovakian crisis. On September 26 and September 27, 1938, I sent messages to Hitler and to the heads of the Czechoslovakian, British and French governments, seeking a peaceful solution of that threat of war. The crisis was averted, not by the round-table discussion I suggested, but by a yielding to threats and superior armaments. That is why I stated at the time, "it was [is] becoming increasingly clear that peace by fear had [has] no higher or more enduring quality than peace by the sword."

Three months later, at Lima, Peru, the twenty-one American republics, including our own, agreed to stand together to defend the independence of each one of us in the Western Hemisphere. That declaration at Lima was a further step toward continued peace and common defense in this hemisphere, but it did not have any effect on matters in Europe. In 1939 international affairs in Europe grew steadily worse.

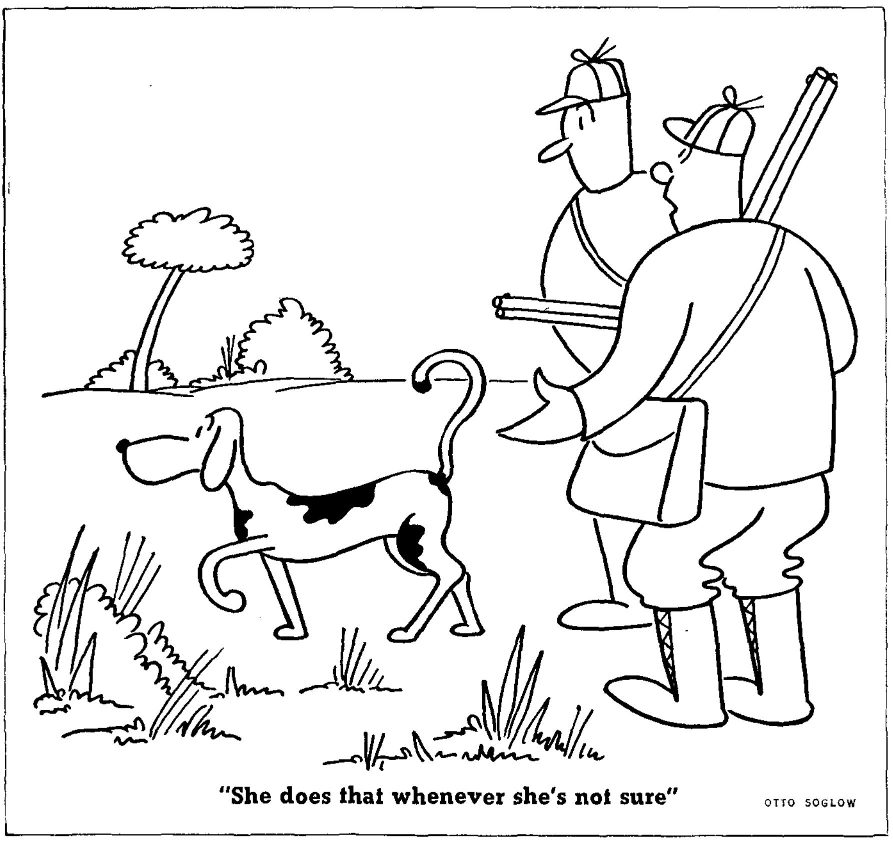
In my annual message to the Congress on January 4, 1939, I pointed out that all about us undeclared wars were raging, deadly armaments were growing, and now aggression was being threatened. Although we in the United States wanted peace, it was obvious that "no nation can be safe in its will to peace so long as any other powerful nation refuses to settle its grievances at the council table." I therefore urged again upon the Congress the necessity of increased national defense to protect ourselves against attack.

During 1939, on April 14th, on behalf of the American people, I again sent messages to Hitler and Mussolini, suggesting another approach to the solution of the problem of avoiding war and preserving the peace of the world. By this time three nations in Europe, and one in Africa, had already had their independent existence terminated by aggression from more powerful neighbors. Besides, vast territory in China had been occupied by aggression from a neighboring state. Further acts of aggression were obviously being contemplated against other independent nations. My suggestion was that the many existing international problems all be submitted at the council table for solution. As the head of a nation far removed from Europe, I offered to serve as a "friendly intermediary." I asked for assurances from Hitler and Mussolini, however, that their armed forces would not attack or invade any of the independent nations of Europe or the Near East for a period of ten years. I stated that I was reasonably sure that if such assurances were given, each of the other nations would give similar reciprocal assurances. I suggested that a peaceful discussion follow this exchange of guarantees, in which the government of the United States would be willing to take part—with two essential objectives in mind: first, reduction of armaments; second, opening up avenues of international trade. At the same time all governments—other than the United States—directly interested in territorial and political problems, could undertake to discuss those problems in this peaceful atmosphere.

In other words, to use a colloquial expression, what I was suggesting was a peace conference with everybody's guns "parked outside."

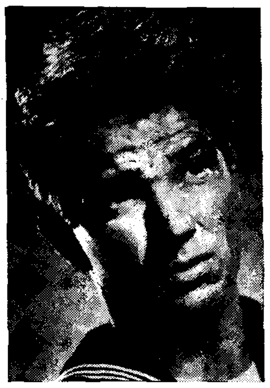
I received no direct answer to this suggestion for world peace from either Hitler or Mussolini.

A few days before, on leaving Warm Springs, Georgia, after a short vacation, I said: "I have had a fine holiday here with you all. I'll be back in the fall if we do not have a war." This remark by me was again attacked by many newspapers and politicians as war monger-

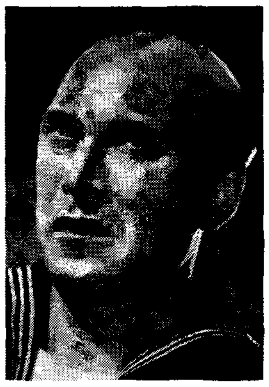

"She does that whenever she's not sure"

OTTO SOGLOW

THE FLEET'S IN
but only one "gob" made the grade


He Douses His Hair: So she dropped him. The fleet's No. 1 Gunner, but the lady said, "No". Because he soaks his hair with water. Leaves it looking like a mop. Should have used Kreml.

He Greases It: So she left him. Bosun's mate and best-liked by the men...but his hair—ugh! Sticky and gooey. A refreshing rub with Kreml and he'd have gone "full speed ahead."


He Shines It: So she spurned him. Simple seaman. He looks so old with his waning hair. Can't get a girl in *any* port. Too bad. Should have tried Kreml. It checks excessive falling hair.

He Uses Kreml: So She Hooked Him. She runs loving fingers through his handsome hair. Daily use of Kreml, the trusted tonic-dressing, keeps his hair looking naturally well groomed—without being greasy. Removes dandruff scales, too.

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REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES—
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Recommended Good Housekeeping Bureau

FOR everyday hair protection—use Kreml. Kreml checks excessive falling hair. Removes ugly dandruff scales. Kreml keeps your hair neat and *natural-looking.* Gives it a silky, soft sheen.

Women like Kreml, too. Find it wonderful before and after permanents.

Ask for Kreml at any drug or department store. Insist on it at your barber shop.

A fine follow-up for the daily use of Kreml is the once-a-week wash with Kreml Shampoo. It's made from an 80% olive oil base. Cleanses your scalp tingling clean. Leaves your hair soft and lustrous—easy to comb. Try Kreml Shampoo this weekend . . . try Kreml Hair Tonic *today!*

ing and unjustifiable apprehension. But it had become clear beyond question that war was on the way.

I mention this refusal on the part of many people, many newspapers and many public officials to believe that war was coming, and their ridicule of these warnings of war sounded by me, not in order to vindicate the position of the President and the State Department of the United States, based on the official information which they had received. On the contrary, I repeat these facts rather to explain the refusal of the Congress to adopt certain legislation, which this administration urged in 1939, to discourage and perhaps prevent the outbreak of the war or to place the United States in a more advantageous position if war should come that year. I refer to legislation repealing the embargo provisions of our so-called "neutrality" law.

I recommended the repeal of these arms embargo provisions in a special message to the Congress dated July 14, 1939. This recommendation was one of the last formal efforts made by the administration to prevent the war in Europe—which came only a month and a half later. I cannot say that the repeal of these arms embargo provisions would by itself have stopped the war. I do believe, however, that, at least, it would have been a strong factor in preventing the outbreak from occurring as quickly as it did. The refusal on the part of the Congress to repeal the arms embargo was based in part upon the belief by practically all of the Republican membership in the Congress and about 25 per cent of the Democratic membership that there would be no war in 1939. That is the reason why I mention the fact that the repeated warnings of war during 1938 and early 1939 went unheeded.

A Law of Doubtful Value

To discuss this question of repeal of the arms embargo legislation it is necessary to go back to 1935, when it was first adopted.

It was embodied in Senate Joint Resolution No. 173 (49 Stat. 1081), which was approved by me on August 31, 1935. It provided that, upon proclamation by the President that a state of war existed between two or more foreign countries, it should thereafter be unlawful for Americans to sell arms, munitions and implements of war to any of the belligerent countries. The Resolution provided also that it should thereafter be unlawful for American vessels to carry arms to belligerents; and that, if the President so proclaimed, American citizens could travel on the vessels of belligerent nations only at their own risk. It set up a system of national supervision and control of the manufacture and traffic in arms and munitions, in the form of an Office of Arms and Munitions Control in the State Department. It was later amended so as to prohibit, with certain exceptions, loans and credits to belligerent governments.

Although I approved this legislation when it was passed originally and when it was extended from time to time, I have regretted my action. I have particularly in mind that portion of the resolution which deals with the embargo on the export of arms and munitions and implements of war to belligerent nations. When I signed it on August 31, 1935, I pointed out that this portion of it would require further and more complete consideration; particularly since situations might arise requiring more flexibility of action than it would permit, and that its inflexible provisions might conceivably "drag us into war instead of keeping us out."

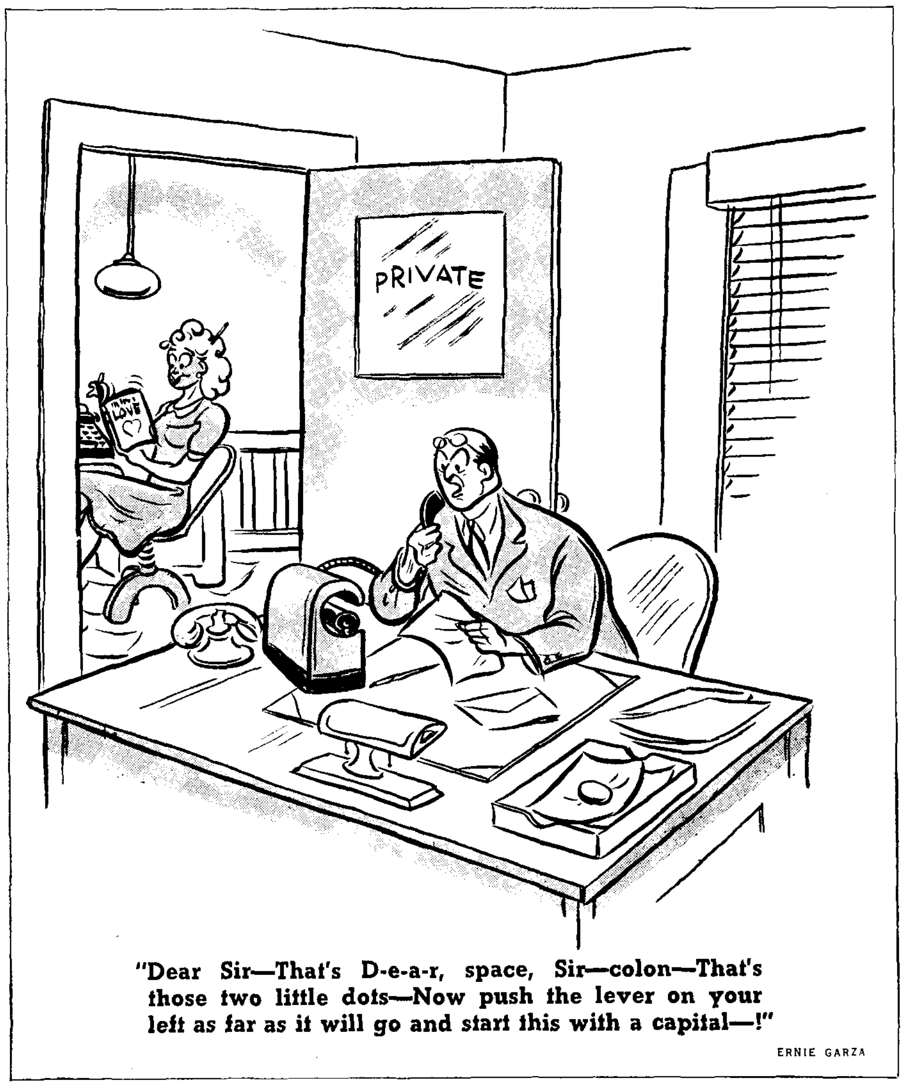
As time went on and as the provisions of the Act were studied further in connection with the Italian invasion of Ethiopia, the civil strife in Spain, and the Japanese aggression in China, and as the possibilities of a European conflict developed into probabilities, the executive branch of our Government became convinced that the arms embargo did not promote the cause of world peace, that it would not serve to guarantee the neutrality of the United States, and that it could be made to encourage the very intentions and objectives of the dictators and the aggressor nations. I had indicated my growing belief in these conclusions from time to time, as had the State Department.

The arms embargo was at complete variance with the old principles of international law governing the rights and conduct of neutrals in times of war. Under international law, neutrals had always been permitted to trade with belligerents, and belligerents with neutrals. The arms embargo arbitrarily prevented any such trade in any event; and its operation could easily result in a lack of neutrality. For instance, two belligerents, by reason of their relative geographic location, or their relative superiority on land or sea, or through other circumstances, might have certain relative positions of strength with respect to each other. By applying an arms embargo on both, the United States might very well create an overwhelming advantage for one rather than for the other. To take an example, if Great Britain has the superior sea power which enables it to carry war supplies to a greater extent than Germany, and if that sea power has been built up over the years with that end in view, the application of an arms embargo might destroy a major part of that relative advantage by refusing to sell Great Britain the necessary war supplies to be carried. In other words, far from being neutral, the practical operation of the statute would bring about a decided lack of neutrality by taking away from Great Britain the one great advantage which it had built up for itself to offset other advantages which the land and air power of Germany had created against Great Britain.

We had come to the conclusion also that the arms embargo provision would not be instrumental in keeping us out of war. In fact, the arms embargo did permit us to sell all kinds of raw materials which went into the manufacture of ammunition—such as cotton for explosives, and steel and copper for cannon and for shells, and gasoline for airplanes—although we could not sell the explosives or cannon or shells or airplanes themselves. As further examples, we could sell aluminum, but not the airplane wings made out of aluminum; we could sell brass tubing in pipe form, but not in shell form; we could sell motor trucks, but no armored motor trucks. Therefore, if selling raw materials were not going to get us into war, certainly selling the manufactured products would not get us into war.

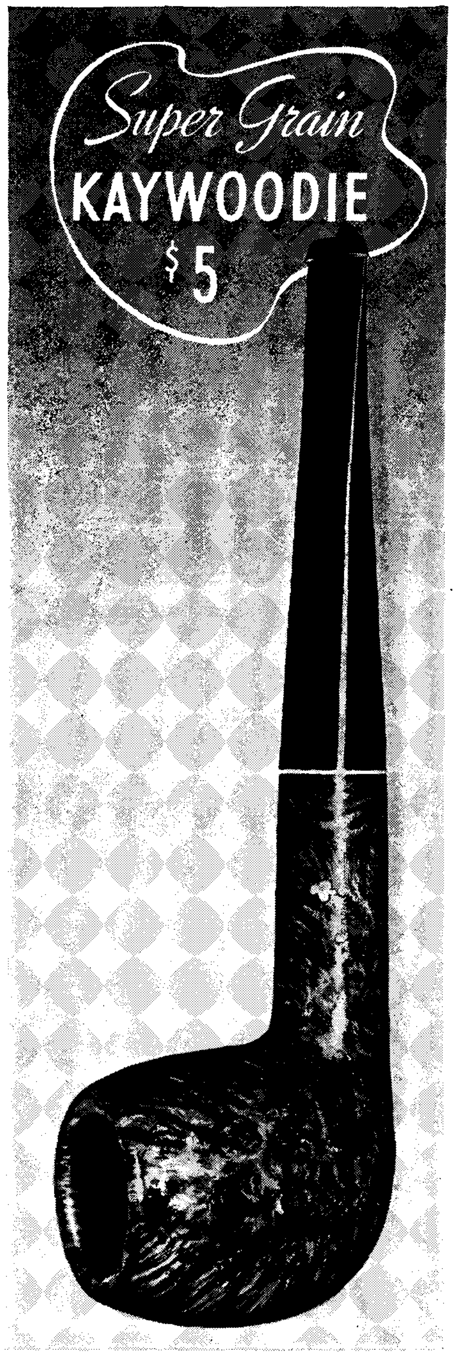
An Advantage for Aggressors

Above all, our arms embargo played right into the hands of the aggressor nations. The aggressor nations knew that under our arms embargo the peace-loving nations of the world, which had not piled up as much armament as the aggressors had, were prevented from buying any war materials from us. The aggressors knew that as soon as they would declare war upon their victims, their victims would be shut off from obtaining implements of war from neutral nations. Of course, the aggressors had spent many years and a large portion of their wealth in piling up armaments, and did not have to buy materials outside. The victims of their aggression, however, who had not built up armament to the same extent, would have to look to neutral nations to sell the implements of war to them. It was clear, therefore, that so long as our arms embargo statute prevented the United States from helping all belligerents, the



"Dear Sir—That's D-e-a-r, space, Sir—colon—That's those two little dots—Now push the lever on your left as far as it will go and start this with a capital—!"

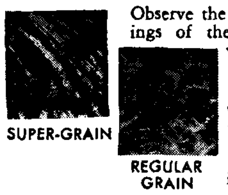
ERNIE GARZA



Nature gives a clue to your enjoyment

The beautiful graining of these pipes has been called Super-Grain, and the name is appropriate. It comes from briar that has been cut from the "prime cut" of selected, old imported briar burls.* Your enjoyment in smoking one will be whole-hearted, because the sweet smoking quality of the pipe is in direct proportion to the beauty of the grain: nature decided that. The Apple, shown above, is a chubby, agreeable shape that pipe smokers have long shown a predilection for.

*Kaywoodie briar is dug out of the ground years in advance; so the war has not interfered with our supply.



Observe the distinctive grain markings of the specimen briar from which Super-Grain pipes are made. Only the "prime cut" from fine *old* briar burls yields briar of this exceptional beauty. This is the clue to the sweet-smoking quality of Super-Grain pipes.

Yours for the asking: *The Kaywoodie Pipe Almanac which tells how to get the fullest pleasure from pipe-smoking.*

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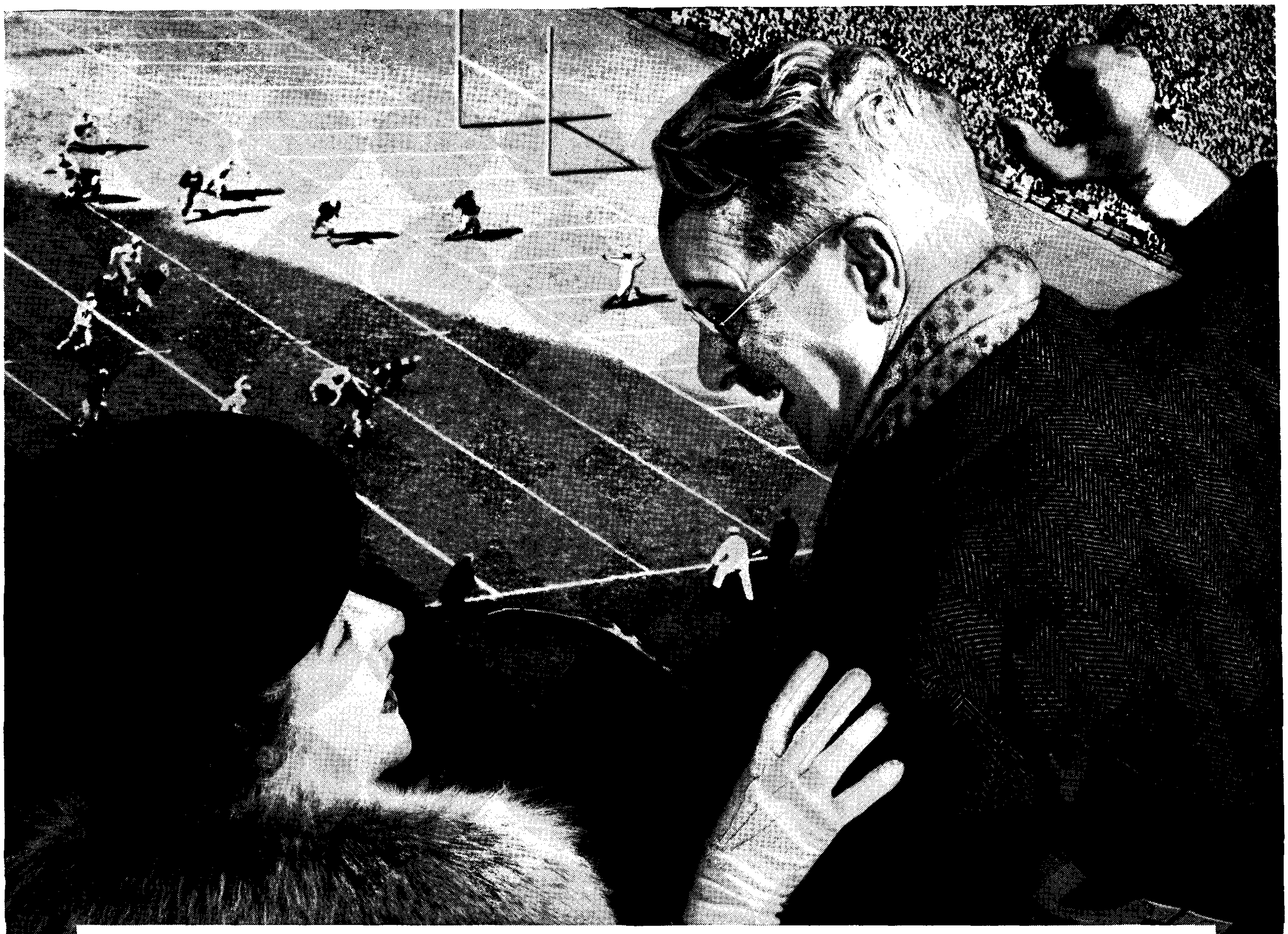

"That's Our Boy!"

To Bob's dad, this is one of the proudest moments of his life.

It seems only yesterday that his boy was a curly-headed little tyke, learning to take care of himself in childhood battles with the bully of the block.

Now he's 180 pounds of husky half-back, respected by classmates and faculty alike, as a man, an athlete, and a student.

But there's even more than pride in his father's heart today . . .

He's thankful for his foresight years ago when he promised himself his boy would have the opportunities of college . . . the day when, with his Prudential agent's help, he made sure that promise would come true—even if he were not here to take care of the expense.

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Men who already have life insurance to provide for the future support of their families, often take out additional protection to assure a special educational fund for each child.

In most such cases, The Prudential recommends a whole-life or term policy issued on the father's life. This will provide the necessary funds if he should be taken away before his children have completed their education.

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aggressor nations were given a tremendous advantage by it, and, to that extent, were actually encouraged by our laws to make war upon their neighbors.

Germany and Italy, both of which had spent so many years, and had sacrificed so much food and leisure and decent living and so many individual liberties to the task of building up vast stores of tanks and guns and planes, counted very heavily upon the fact that under our arms embargo law we could not sell a single plane or tank or gun to Great Britain or France once war was declared.

That is why I was so anxious in July, 1939, for the Congress to repeal the arms embargo provisions of the neutrality law. For such a repeal would, in effect, say to the aggressor nations that if they did declare war they would find that their enemies would be able to obtain the needed war supplies here in America. I knew that the sale of arms by the *United States could and would help the* weaker nations resist attack from those nations which had built up these vast offensive striking forces.

Accordingly, on July 14, 1939, I recommended to the Congress that it repeal the arms embargo.

At the same time that I recommended the repeal of the arms embargo, the Administration was endeavoring to have other amendments to the neutrality legislation passed which would go far to avert the occurrence of incidents likely to lead to war. For example, our proposals were that, if the arms embargo provision should be repealed, a statute should be enacted to provide: that title to any materials sold by us to belligerents should pass on delivery of the merchandise on this side of the ocean; that no American ships should be permitted to enter the danger zone; that the travel of American citizens in combat areas should be restricted; that the solicitation and collection in this country of funds for belligerents should be regulated; that existing prohibitions on credits to belligerent nations should be *continued; and that the licensing system* under the National Munitions Control Board should be continued.

Safeguards for America

The incidents likely to lead to war would not generally come from the sale of war supplies in this country, but would be the loss of American ships or American lives or American property while they were in neutral or combat areas of war. That is why the purpose of our proposals in 1939 was to make it impossible, or at least less likely, that American lives or property be lost. As long as title to the merchandise passed before it started across the ocean, and as long as American citizens and property were kept out of danger zones, and as long as loans of money to belligerents were prevented, the danger of being drawn into war was diminished. That was the attitude of the administration in 1939; and that was the attitude of the majority of the American people in 1939. Of course many things have happened in the two years which have elapsed since those days—and the American people's attitude toward strict neutrality has also greatly changed.

Congress was ready to adjourn in July, 1939, without passing the repeal of the arms embargo. We were convinced that the arms embargo was actually having the effect of hastening the war in Europe by the encouragement which it gave to the aggressor nations. I therefore called a conference at the White House of the Republican and Democratic leaders of the Congress to urge upon them further the necessity of the legislation, and to canvass the situation so as to learn whether such congressional action were possible. At that conference I pointed out how the arms embargo was encouraging to the outbreak of a general war, how it operated in favor of the aggressor nations of Germany and Italy, and how thoroughly it weakened the position and prestige of the United States as a motivating factor for peace. For we were hardly in a position to urge the aggressor nations to desist from attack, if we could not, under any circumstances, supply armaments to the threatened democracies of Europe.

It appeared clear at this conference, however, and was so stated by the Congressional leaders, that practically all of the Republican members of the Congress would vote against repeal, and that about twenty-five per cent of the Democratic members would. This opposition was based upon the belief that there would be no war in Europe before the following January, when the Congress would again assemble in regular session, and that, therefore, there was *no need for immediate legislation.* It was at this conference that Senator Borah of Idaho made the now famous statement that his own "private information" was more reliable than that collected by the State Department of the United States, and that his own "private information" was to the effect that there would not be any war in 1939.

Cause—and Effect

Of course, it was useless to insist upon the legislation under those circumstances. It should be borne in mind, however, that the responsibility for this action properly lies with those who refused to repeal the arms embargo in July of 1939. I made it clear to them at the conference that the opponents would have to take the sole responsibility for the results of their opposition.

The Congress adjourned without acting on the arms embargo. I am convinced that this fact had much to do with the coming of war when it did—less than two months later.

As our information indicated that the *prospects of war were becoming more* imminent, on August 24, 1939, I sent another message to the European powers in the interest of peace—this time to Hitler, King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, and President Moszicki of Poland. On the following day I sent a second letter to Hitler. These were, of course, all unavailing; and war was begun on September first.

In order again to try to repeal the unneutral arms embargo provisions of the "neutrality" law, I called the Congress into extraordinary session. On September 21, 1939, I sent a message to the extraordinary session recommending again the repeal of this legislation. In this message I detailed again the efforts which the United States had made to avoid war in the world, and the efforts which it intended to make in the future to avoid being drawn into the conflict. I expressed regret that I had ever signed the arms embargo legislation. I referred to my attempts to have it repealed a month and a half before, convinced that it had operated against peace and against real neutrality, and in favor of aggression by the dictators. I recommended that, as steps toward real neutrality and toward prevention of American participation in the war, legislation should be adopted carrying out the "cash-and-carry" principle, that is, providing that title to the merchandise should pass on delivery on this side of the ocean, that it should be paid for in cash by the belligerent purchasing it, and that it should be carried away in the ships of the belligerent at its own risk. I also recommended legislation restricting the entry of American merchant vessels into war zones, preventing American citizens

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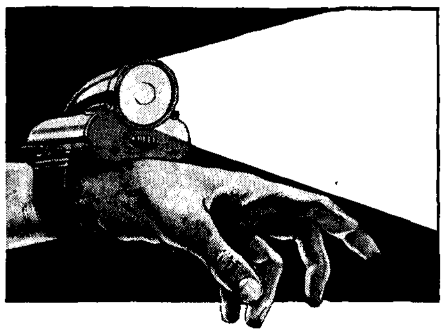

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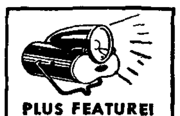

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from traveling on belligerent vessels or in danger areas, forbidding war credits to belligerent nations, regulating the collection of funds in this country for belligerents, and continuing the license system governing imports and exports of arms and ammunition.

This time, after a protracted debate, the recommendations were adopted, and a new neutrality law was passed on November 3, 1939—a month and a half after my appeal.

The adoption of these recommendations offered greater safeguards than we had before, to protect American lives and property from destruction and in that way tended to avoid the incidents and controversies likely to draw us into the conflict, as they had done in the last World War.

Pursuant to the new law, we were able to sell implements of war to the democracies of the world resisting aggressors, all during the year 1940, up to the time when the Lend-Lease Act of 1941 became effective and changed the method of transferring such war materials.

On the following day, November 4, I issued proclamations of neutrality under the new Neutrality Act of 1939, requiring compliance with its provisions which had to do with American vessels and American citizens traveling in danger zones, with the extension of war credits, the definition of combat areas, the collection of funds, etc.

This so-called "neutrality" legislation should not be confused with the general principles of neutrality under well-established international law. For example, on September 5, 1939, which was a few days after the war was declared, I issued a general proclamation of neutrality under international law. This proclamation was directed toward enforcing the rights and limiting the conduct of the nationals of a country which is neutral in war; that is, which takes no active part on either side in the war, direct or indirect. There is a long list of such rights and limitations included in the proclamation, and they are all a part of well-established international law.

The War as an American Concern

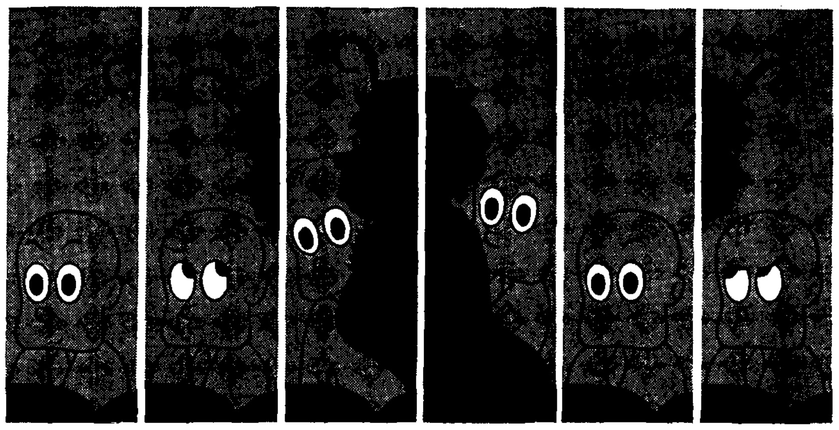
There can be no question that the people of the United States in 1939 were determined to remain neutral in fact and in deed, although they had very definite convictions as to where the guilt and responsibility for the war lay. I believe that the American people, however, during 1939 and 1940 became increasingly aware of the fact that although they did not want to become a part of the war, the war was, nevertheless, very strictly and emphatically becoming more and more a part of their business and concern. They became gradually conscious that the war, as it developed in its true colors, was not merely a European conflict which meant nothing to them. The acts of the Nazis in attacking and invading neutral countries, their violation of all principles of international law, the subjection of occupied countries to the persecution and brutality of their secret police, their ruthless domination of small and defenseless nations—all showed clearly that the Nazis had embarked on a definite program of world domination which was an immediate and serious threat to the United States and to the Western Hemisphere. This domination, it became clear, was not to be merely a domination of military might but a domination of ideas, in which the whole world was to be bent to the Nazi philosophy of force, of slavery, of antireligion.

The American people have gradually come to the realization that this is not exclusively other peoples' war, but that it is approaching dangerously close to their own shores. The modern type of lightning attack on land and in the air has brought the area of conflict physically so close to us that we now realize that we are the subject of potential armed attack as soon as the Axis powers come within striking distance. In other words, it is now clearly seen that it is no longer safe to wait until the enemy planes are overhead to start physically repelling the attack upon us. The attack has really been made as soon as any base is occupied from which the swift bombers can be let loose upon us. It is with that realization and with full appreciation of the true nature of the Nazi design upon the world that the feeling of strict neutrality and aloofness which influenced the American people in September of 1939 and during the beginning of 1940 has completely disappeared as of July of 1941, as this is being written.

International events have happened so quickly within the last year, within the last few months, within the last few days, that it is impossible to tell exactly what the relationship of the United States and its people to this world conflict will be next week, or tomorrow, or, indeed, even before the ink on this page will have dried.

With full appreciation, however, of the grave danger to the United States, to the Western Hemisphere, and to civilization itself, our people have resolutely determined to arm themselves to the teeth, and, at the same time, to help to the limit those nations which are still resisting the aggressors and which still stand between us and a Nazi attack. To that end, the people of the United States, clearly thinking their way through, have dedicated themselves—with all their resources, their industry, and their man power.

In next week's article, War—and Aid to the Democracies, the President discusses America's foreign policy after the outbreak of the war and the events leading up to the Lend-Lease Bill

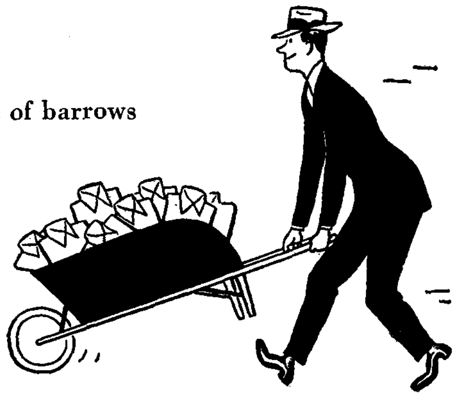


Exciting Movie

CROCKETT JOHNSON

FUNNY about Herb:
He never believed an ad or a plug or a blurb!
He would read about Arrow Shirts in his favorite periodical
And say, "Pish-tosh, all shirts are peas-in-a-pod-ical!"
He grumbled that the body of *any* shirt gives your abdomen
Too much room to roam in.
He kept maundering
About laundering
And thinking
Evil thoughts about shrinking.

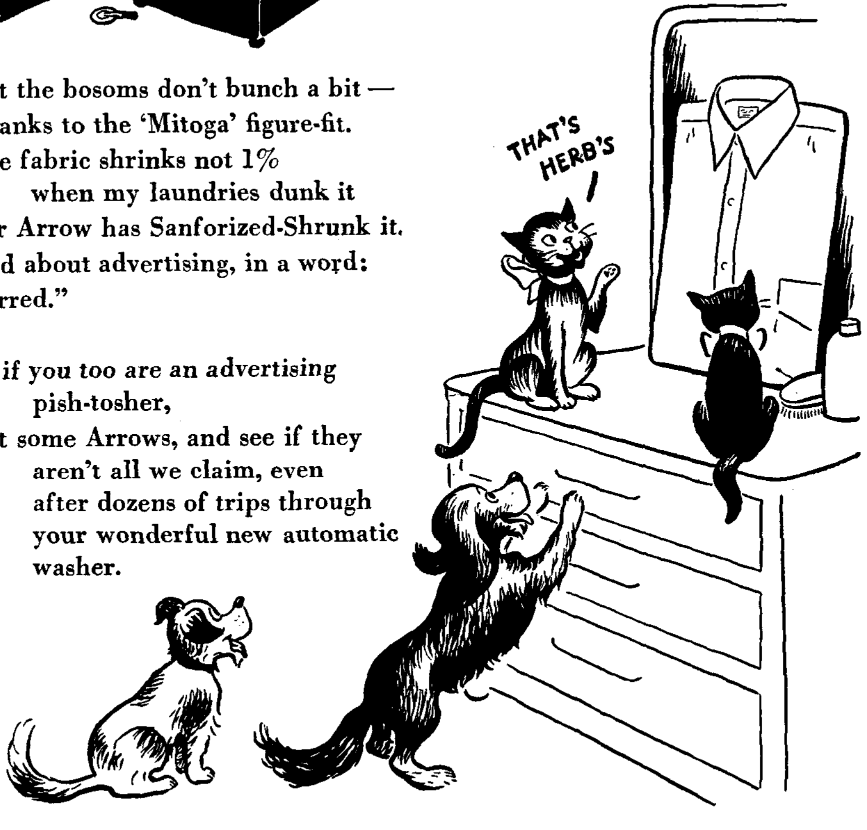
Well, we sent up a man with a couple of barrows
Of Arrows
And a note, as civil as you please,
Saying, "OK, Herb, try these."



Months pass. We get a letter from Herb,
(Who never believed an ad or plug or blurb.)
We open the first page an' see
He's working for an advertising agency!
We quote: "Forget what I said before.
Not only are those Arrows the best-looking shirts I ever wore,

But the bosoms don't bunch a bit —
Thanks to the 'Mitoga' figure-fit.
The fabric shrinks not 1% when my laundries dunk it
For Arrow has Sanforized-Shrunk it.
And about advertising, in a word:
I erred."

So if you too are an advertising pish-tosher,
Get some Arrows, and see if they aren't all we claim, even after dozens of trips through your wonderful new automatic washer.



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If you're like most men, something goes wrong almost every time you shave. Either your beard doesn't 'come clean', or your face feels raw and tender and irritated.

And like most of us, you probably blame your blade. But blades today are really good. Did you ever realize that it might be a matter of getting the *right cream?*

● **That's why you ought to try** Listerine Shaving Cream. Just to *prove* to yourself how important good cream is . . . how good *this* cream is . . . try it with the *same blade you were complaining about.* We're positive Listerine Shaving Cream will give you a close, comfortable shave . . . even if your beard is tough, your skin sensitive! And that economy tube lasts over 3 months.

But if you don't feel like risking a cent, just print your name and address, send it to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., Dept. C, St. Louis, Missouri, and we'll *give* you a 15 day tube of Listerine Shaving Cream.

That's how sure we are of what this *different* shaving cream will do for you!

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When you over-indulge in food and drink and delayed elimination distresses you, try this first thing in the morning. Take Pluto Water. Its swift, gentle, osmotic action creates a fluid bulk that quickly flushes the intestines of delayed digestive wastes, usually within one hour . . . Pluto Water, an agreeable saline mineral water, is not absorbed, passes through the stomach without disturbing its normal functions, and acts only in the intestines. Pluto acts swiftly . . . gently . . . pleasantly. So why tolerate upset stomach, dizzy spells, bloating, gas, when caused by over-indulgence and stubborn bowels? Seek relief . . . try Pluto Water. The new, handy two-dose bottle is only 10 cents. Larger economy sizes, too, are featured by druggists everywhere. French Lick Springs Hotel Co., French Lick, Indiana.

Remade By Ruel

Continued from page 21

in a bank? Get out in the sunshine and live. Dykes."

Ruel couldn't resist; he stayed on and on, and by the end of the '39 season he knew, once and for all, that he would never take that bank job. By that time he knew that the teaching of baseball was his life. He must play out the string to the end. And so he thanked the bank and told them to take away that vacant chair for good.

It was Grabiner who first wanted the aging Ruel around to steady the team, but it was Dykes who first saw Muddy's unrivaled talent for making old lamps burn like new.

There was the case of Clint Brown who, after years with Cleveland, had sunk to the point where he was allowing opponents to earn around 6 runs per game. Ruel and Dykes, however, saw in him just what they needed, a veteran who could go in and save games which were being lost by the wabbly Sox pitching staff. So Dykes picked up Clint for a song, and he and Ruel explained to him just what he was to do—never start a game, and nearly always finish them. He must be the doctor, the fireman. Ruel handled him like a baby, never letting him work too much but seeing to it that he worked a little every day. Each noon he sent Clint out to pitch to four men in batting practice, then brought him back to the bench to stay until the sixth inning when, with a catcher (often Muddy, himself) Old Doctor Brown repaired to the bull pen, unlimbered his operating arm, and waited until Dykes, back on the dugout's edge, waved him to come in.

The result was that Brown became the most effective and celebrated of modern relief pitchers, appearing one season in the astounding total of 61 games.

Last year Dykes traded Brown for Johnny Humphries of Cleveland. Ruel had seen Humphries toiling in the Indian bull pen and noticed that he had a great fast ball when it was controlled. He thought he saw what made Johnny lose control: Humphries was trying to imitate Bob Feller and was copying Feller's big rear-back and high-kick delivery. When Humphries came with the Sox, Ruel worked him in the bull pen and in practice.

"We eliminated the peculiar sway he had been using at Cleveland," explains Ruel. "He was using it because the Cleveland squad kept telling him he wasn't a big-leaguer, wasn't fast enough and would never make the grade. His delivery was therefore desperation stuff. We talked him out of that, got his confidence back and when he went out as a starting pitcher he was a different man."

In the middle of the season, when the Sox made a temporary climb to second place, Humphries turned in sensational work. He pitched three straight shutouts, an amazing performance for the greatest pitchers and a fabulous deed when the former Humphries record is taken into consideration.

Then there is the case of Edgar Smith, who was merely a chunky thrower whom Connie Mack was apparently about to discard when Ruel whispered to Dykes that something might be made of him. Dykes got him for next to nothing and Ruel began working with him. Asking questions and planting suggestions without issuing orders is Ruel's technique with all his pitchers, but especially did he use this method with Smith, who had fire in him, even if Ruel was the only man who had detected it. Ruel had seen Smith, in the Athletics uniform, flash a great curve upon occasion, but never use it effectively, so, when he got Edgar into white sox, he began asking him, "Aren't you afraid the batters expect too many curves from you? Wouldn't they be more surprised if they saw it only now and then, always after you'd made them look at a fast ball and change of pace for quite a bit? And aren't you turning the ball loose when your hand is too far away from your body? I don't know, but let's try and hold it a little longer so it will sneak up on the batter with your body as a moving background for it."

Smith listened, snatched at everything Ruel hinted, and is now one of the best southpaws in the league.

And there is the case of Thornton Lee, who was merely a second-string, wild, awkward and undeceptive pitcher on the Cleveland staff when Ruel told Dykes, "That Lee's a victim of hard luck. Nobody's ever told him to put his body behind his pitches. He gets licked right along but he's got a heart in him. He could be quite a pitcher if . . ."

It's a Confidence Game

Dykes maneuvered to get Lee in an inconspicuous little trade and Ruel began his reconditioning program. He stood behind big Lee in batting practice saying, "Try that pitch over again with the left foot an inch farther around as it hits the dirt, don't you think?" or "Hold that curve a little lower down in your hand as you let go, and see if that helps any."

Endlessly Ruel suggested to Lee things worth trying and Lee, in his turn, noting how firmly Ruel believed in him, got to thinking of himself as a pitcher who could go anywhere he wanted.

Today Thornton Lee stands second only to Bob Feller in the American League.

"We work it out together," Ruel explains when asked how he brings old pitchers back and young pitchers up. "If they merely obey orders, they'll never get to believing it in their hearts. They've got to convince themselves of the rightness of each pitch and fix it in their minds so they will instinctively use it when the time comes. The main thing is to encourage them to trust themselves when they're out there on the mound. Almost anybody of the right physical stature can be taught to throw a curve. The body is the least of the problems in baseball. What makes stars is application—application of the mind to the body.

"Two pitchers in my time have been conspicuous for ownership of the one most important trait of all—pride in every ball that is thrown. Walter Johnson and Dizzy Dean both had absolute confidence that anything they might throw up there was better than anything any batter could do to it. Both applied their minds to their bodies till they developed perfect pitching motions. They threw with such command of their muscles that the ball was on top of the batter before he knew it. Johnson never depended upon mental deception at all. He always threw two fast falls, then a curve, then two more fast balls and another curve if the batter lasted that long, which wasn't often. Every hitter knew what was coming, but Walter didn't care.

"I caught him for years and used to argue that if he'd vary this routine nobody would ever get so much as a foul. He'd listen, think and then conclude, 'Oh, I guess we'll go along like we have been.' "

Incidentally, it was Johnson's conclusion at the end of his career that Ruel was the best catcher he had ever had.

"This Dizzy Dean," continues Ruel, "added deception to his speed. He never quite reached Johnson's effectiveness, as I look at it, but he could at times become the perfect pitcher. Once—it was in the 1934 World Series—I saw him do a thing that shook me clear to my toes—made me open my mouth in admiration. He was young then, just a cotton-picking kid from the Southwest, and he was on the mound when Charley Gehringer came up to face him. Now this Gehringer had been hitting like mad all season, and it was a byword in the whole American League, 'Don't throw him a slow ball. He'll murder it.'

"Well, I knew the St. Louis Cardinals had scouted the Tigers ahead of the World Series, and that Dizzy Dean knew all about Gehringer's strength. They met in a pinch when Gehringer could bat in the deciding run, and Dizzy knew that too. But I saw him look Gehringer right in the eye, and then deliberately throw him a slow ball, right over the plate—right where Charley liked it. Gehringer bounced out weakly.

"George spends all his spare time notifying the draft board of his changes of address"

KIRK STILES

"And then in another tight place that same game I saw Dean do it all over again. He reared back and gave it to Charley just the same. And again Gehringer dribbled out.

"Dizzy had defied the old rule about always pitching to a batter's weakness. He challenged Gehringer's strength, and beat him."

Monty Stratton, whom Ruel was ripening into one of the greats of the game when a hunting accident cut short the boy's career, was what Ruel calls "a theoretical pitcher" when he came under Muddy's instruction.

"Monty knew that the low outside pitch is the hardest of all to hit," Ruel explains, "so he took great pains to throw it hard and true. The trouble was the hitters could see him take aim and get set for it.

"One day in batting practice I saw a chance to open his eyes. He was throwing this pitch free and easy, and it was going right past the hitters. He turned to me, standing behind him, tossing him balls, and asked, 'Why can't I do that in a game?'

"I said, 'I wonder if it's because you're nonchalant in batting practice. Maybe you're too perfect in a game.' The next day in a game he fired in that low outside hard one with a don't-care swing and nobody ticked it.

"Monty's theorizing, too, told him that the pitch that cut the corners was ideal, and he clung to it in spite of the fact that umpires missed a lot of them. He cut it too fine, but he knew it was the right theory just the same. My chance on that came one spring in California during training. I said to him, 'Monty, if I were you I wouldn't shave the corners so close this early. Those umpires are still slow; they haven't got their eyes opened yet after their winter's sleep. Get more of that plate under each pitch till the umpires get in condition.' By summer Stratton was so accustomed to making the corners good that he never went back to the close-shaving again."

Jack Knott, whom Dykes obtained from St. Louis in a cheap trade, had nine deliveries when he came to the White Sox, and a plentiful lack of control for each of them. After a few weeks with Ruel, Knott had cut him down to three and a new effectiveness. The Browns, staring at him, said to Ruel, "Why, he used to walk 70 to 90 men a season. Now he's going at a 40-per-season clip. What'd you and Dykes do to him?"

In Bucky Ross, that newest piece of mediocrity whom Dykes has obtained, Muddy detected a thing that Ross' manager, Connie Mack, had either not seen or been unable to correct—a habit of pulling back just at the moment of delivering the ball. Today Ruel is drilling into Ross a "follow-through" motion that will, he feels, give the Sox another starting pitcher soon.

One of the many things that Ruel has done to make John Rigney the pitcher he is has been to make him pitch in batting practice. Now, no other club risks its regular pitchers so often in these pre-game bombardments, and Dykes bellows loudly against it. But Ruel answers him, "The danger is there, Jim, but it's slight compared to the benefits. You aren't fair to a pitcher when you let him see the plate, the batter and the catcher's mask only once in every five days. He needs to feel the rubber under him every day. He needs to keep the feel of the distance to the plate in his mind all the time. A pitcher must get out and throw a little the day after he's gone nine innings. He's got to break up the adhesions that come after a long, hard workout."

The Perennial Sand Lotter

At this Dykes throws up his hands, says, "What can I do?" and grins that wide, ironical, mischievous grin at whoever is standing near.

"Ruel can talk you out of anything," Dykes will say, gesturing toward the coach who, so serious, so devout, so gray, looks anything but a "con man."

"Good heavens, you should have heard him talk back when he caught for the Senators and I was with the Athletics. I'd be batting and hear him, the big lawyer, pleading his case with the umpires. And, boy, how he'd work on 'em!

"Say it was Tom Connolly who was there behind him in the mask and protector. It would be, 'Now, Tom, that wasn't a ball. That was a strike. He caught the corner. Give one, once in a while, to that kid out there. Tom, that pitcher out there on the mound is eating his heart out every time you won't give him his share of the corners. His whole future is at your mercy!' "

What Dykes fears is that some club will eventually persuade Ruel to become a manager and cost the White Sox their "reconditioner of pitchers." So far Muddy has turned down such offers. It makes small difference to him what title he holds so long as he can teach younger men to play the game he worships.

"Really, I'm still the sand-lot kid in St. Louis, thirty years ago," says Muddy, summing it all up. "It's true I caught over 100 games a season for eight straight years—149 with Washington in 1924—but I never got over the wonder that I was in the big leagues. I never quite believed it. There never was a time in all my playing days that I wouldn't look at stars and wonder how I got up there among them. You know when both teams crowd through the runways after a game on their way to the showers? Well, I'd find myself marching between big-shouldered fellows like Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig, or Tris Speaker and Walter Johnson, and I'd say to myself, 'What are *you* doing here?' "

Wing Talk

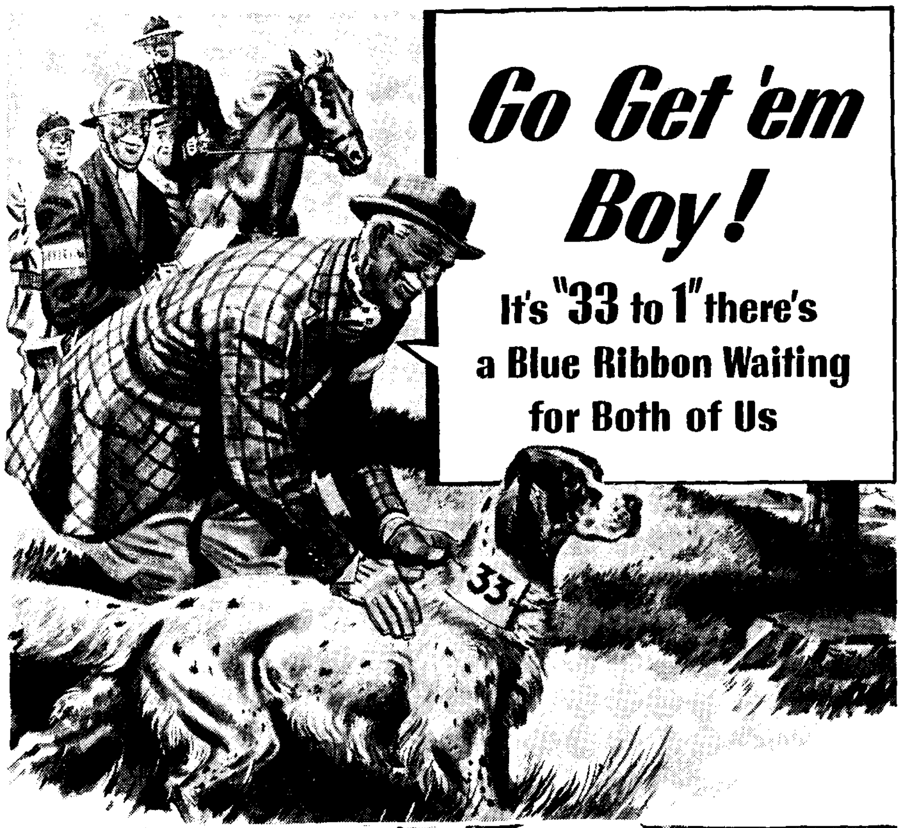
Continued from page 6

from which they are coming. When the navigator of the clipper wants to check his course, he tells the radio operator aboard to get a bearing. The operator calls the island station, then sends a steady dash for one minute. A few seconds later the island sends a code message meaning "Your direction from the island is 235 degrees." As a double check, the clipper has a direction finder of its own, a loop antenna that it can swing on any transmitter the receiver can tune in.

ONE night one of the clippers was flying from San Francisco to Honolulu and the radio operator heard the Pan American station in Manila, about 7,000 miles away. Being positive of his position, as he had just taken a shot on the stars, the navigator asked Manila for a radio bearing. Manila took a reading, flashed back the bearing, and when the navigator plotted it on the chart it was exactly right. That's a long-distance record that isn't made every day but it is a satisfying demonstration of the capabilities of direction finders under ideal conditions.

THE American-made four-engined bomber was ferrying back a load of British and Canadian pilots when it encountered a terrific storm in mid-Atlantic and in the middle of the night. The going was so tough at one point that the pilots were confident the ship would break up. It could not be expected to hold together under such a beating. But it did and when the landing was made on this side the pilots asked the navigator, an earnest little Canadian, how he liked the trip.

"Well, sir," he replied, "this is my second round trip. The first was very pleasant, but after this I don't think it's wise to keep more than ten dollars in the bank." F. R. N.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It's "33 to 1" there's a Blue Ribbon Waiting for Both of Us
33

THAT WIDE-RANGING SETTER'S A WONDER--BUT HE'S PLUMB WORN ME OUT!
LOOK AT SIR VALIENT HOLD THOSE BIRDS, JUDGE! AND IT'S HIS 3RD COVEY IN THE LAST HALF-HOUR!
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THANKS, JUDGE! AFTER THAT CHASE WE DESERVE A BLUE RIBBON, TOO --LET'S SCORE OURSELVES "33 TO 1"!
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Sub Conscious

Continued from page 12

He added slowly, "I have never understood how a man can reconcile his conscience to discharging a torpedo at an unwarned passenger ship. It violates the rules of war. Watch 'em, gentlemen, but remember: we are not their judges."

"An' we ain't goin' to be their victims," said Mr. Lott. "They're headin' for a Portuguese internment camp pretty peaceful, it seems to me." He looked intently at the old man. "We're tellin' the world at once we got 'em on board, aren't we, sir?"

"I have already advised the line and the American consul at Lisbon," said Captain Gilmore.

Mr. Lott repeated brusquely the course Mr. Paley gave him and indicated the second mate was relieved of the bridge watch by a jerk of the thumb.

Mr. Paley retreated. Mr. Lott's hostile and plainly suspicious eyes followed him as he encountered and was heartily greeted in passing by Lieutenant Erlich. The Nazi officer was coming from the neighborhood of the starboard lifeboat.

Mr. Paley moved along slowly in the direction of the radio shack.

Alf Renick, the radio man, eagerly awaited the coming of his friend in the door of his room, at the nearest distance permitted by the connection of his headset. He started talking now as soon as Mr. Paley got within reasonable hailing distance.

"Y'know those Nazis?" he said. "Well, the last guy out o' that sub must ha' been the operator, because I heard him talking till your boat was near alongside."

Renick lowered his voice and backed into the shack as Rob Paley reached the door: "He was hooked up with another Nazi—prob'ly another sub—an' they were talkin' some code—fast. The other fella sounded close but I don't mean just over the hill." He lifted a hand to indicate the horizon. Rob Paley involuntarily paused to sweep the blue sea with his eyes. He saw nothing. "That was fast sendin'," said the operator. "What I mean, those guys were jerkin' lightning. But this bunch would never ha' abandoned if there was a chance o' being picked up by another sub."

Mr. Paley nodded. "A man came out of the conning-tower hatch as we pulled alongside," he said. "Probably the radio operator."

THE conversation was interrupted by Mr. Lott's arrival from the bridge whereon he was supposed to be standing the watch. "Are the British onto this, Sparks?" he asked, ignoring Paley.

"The limeys are no slouches on their job," Alf Renick said. He glanced at his log. "It wasn't seven minutes after I'd sent the old man's first message that I had a destroyer—H.M.S. Snapdragon—askin' our position an' course."

Mr. Lott nodded in great satisfaction. "Seven minutes," he said. "That's fast—for a navy. Well?"

"The old man give 'em the dope," Sparks said. "I'd say, guessin' on signal strength, that the Britisher was as close as the Nazi. I figure the skipper wouldn't mind havin' a destroyer around in case this other Nazi sub stuck up ahead an' got tough with us."

Alf Renick looked at a long, low swell as if he expected a conning tower to thrust up into view. "We got a day an' a half to go for Lisbon, ain't we, Mr. Lott?"

The mate nodded. He was frowning in the intensity of his thought.

"If a British destroyer stopped us and took off these Nazis over the protest the old man would be sure to make, it wouldn't be too good," Rob Paley said. "The roar from some people at home would do more damage to the British cause than Erlich could do to British ships and American cargoes."

Mr. Lott turned his frown Paley's way. "You think the British ought to let Erlich and his talented crew trickle out of a Portuguese internment camp and get back to Germany to drown more seamen, hey?" he said. "Sort of pally with Erlich, ain't you? Also with that Nazi oiler—Knupple."

"Knupple's no Nazi," said Rob Paley.

"An' neither are you," said Mr. Lott, turning on his heel. "You just like 'em—that's all."

Alf Renick stared at Rob Paley with narrowing eyes.

Mr. Paley retreated to the afterwell. There he busied himself with an examination of the sheaves of the cargo gear under his care. While he was at it Lieutenant Erlich came strolling out onto the deck.

"You vork all the time, my friend," he said to the second mate. "There should be a law."

Of a sudden Mr. Paley raised his eyes from the wire around the barrel of a winch. To his ears had come the familiar, distant thunder of a plane. He glanced at Erlich. Already Erlich had spotted the plane above the barrier of the poop, flying many thousands of feet high.

The throb of the motor quickened. The plane was coming down—diving. The thing grew big and detailed. Paley watched tensely.

When the plane was only a few hundred feet above and astern it pulled out of the dive. It roared past on the starboard hand. It circled the ship several times. Paley caught a glimpse of the crooked crosses on the under side of the wing. A Nazi plane—a single-motored seaplane of moderate power.

Erlich jumped up on Number 4 hatch, snatched off his hat and waved it vehemently. "My friends," he said to Paley. "They want to know I am safe. See, they are reading your name from the counter."

The plane circled far astern and then approached again, throttled down to what was probably bare flying speed. It was flying exactly the same course that the Ernestine was on.

In lining up the Ernestine Hobart's course the plane made four or five runs and reverses over the ship. Then, quite distinctly, the pilot revved up his motor and waggled his wings.

Lieutenant Erlich grinned broadly and waved again as the plane headed off to the northwest. "See!" he said. "All the way from Germany my friends fly to see that I am well."

He watched Mr. Paley's face and laughed suddenly. "You think that plane is a spotter from a surface raider," he said, and squeezed the second mate's scrawny arm. "Your face tells me."

"Does it tell you I know the raider's too far away to start anything?" Paley asked. "That plane took a long time to get here. And I'm betting you haven't got a sub much nearer."

"You are smart!" said Erlich. But he was not to be tempted to talk.

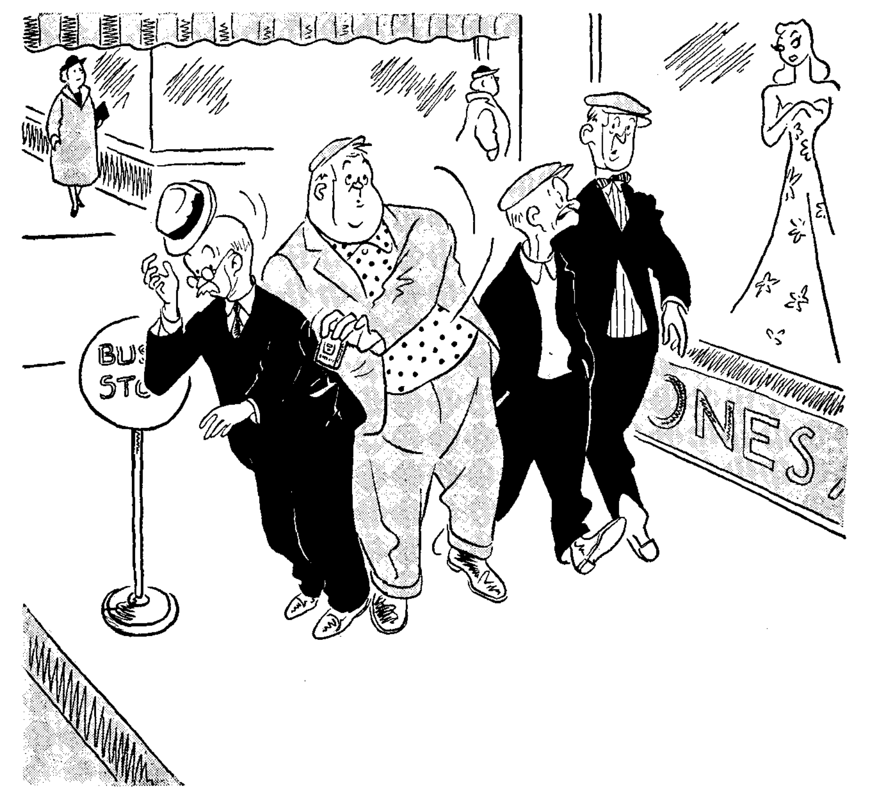
MR. PALEY, too, was content with silence. He shook off Erlich's fingers and glanced upward.

At the break of the bridge house Mr. Lott was standing looking blackly down at Mr. Paley. His scowl was as punishing as a blow. Erlich laughed softly, deliberately patted Mr. Paley on the shoulder and strolled away.

Mr. Paley continued work on the cargo gear. Of a sudden the piece of waste on which Mr. Paley was cleaning off his greasy hands dropped to the deck, unregarded. With a rush, Mr. Paley started for the fiddley deck. He made for the starboard lifeboat, resting in its chocks but still uncovered. He climbed into the boat, dropped to the floor boards and searched, not neglecting the locker,

BUTCH

By Larry Reynolds



"Butch is constantly switching from one brand of cigarette to another, depending on who he bumps into" the water breakers, the big canvas cone that was the sea anchor, the sail and other equipment.

"Lott searched the men and the bundles they brought aboard," he said softly. "But nobody searched the lifeboat. That mob could have bunked guns under this stuff while they were milling around in the boat."

His efforts brought nothing to light. But as he was climbing out of the boat a gleam of brass caught his eye. He bent and picked up a heavy-caliber pistol cartridge.

"Well?" said somebody.

Mr. Lott, with Captain Gilmore a few paces behind him, was beside the boat. The mate again carried his automatic strapped to his belt.

"First I catch a glimpse of a Nazi sneakin' out o' this boat," said Mr. Lott. "Then I find you in it. What you got there?"

Rob Paley showed him the cartridge. Lott grabbed it. "German—or I'm Hitler's double," he said, and passed it on to the old man.

"I should have searched the boat as soon as it was back on the davits," said Rob Paley sadly. Mr. Lott snorted.

Captain Gilmore nodded and dropped the cartridge into his pocket. His face was bleak and grayer than usual. "Mr. Paley, you will relieve Mr. Lott on the bridge," he said. "Mr. Lott, you will quietly assemble a search party, arming them with such guns as we have. There are two revolvers in my room. Then gather all these U-boat men on the well deck under guard. Keep them there while our party looks for weapons. Do a job, Mr. Lott. The safety of the ship depends on it."

"Right!" said the mate. He jerked a finger at Rob Paley. "An' keep that—keep him on the bridge out o' harm's way, sir. I've heard o' Quislings."

"Never mind that, Mr. Lott," said the old man, but his voice was not emphatic. "Get your search party together."

At the first sign of a search Lieutenant Erlich assembled his men on the well deck. He lined them up in double ranks and then politely requested Captain Gilmore to receive him.

"Come up," said Gilmore.

Ostentatiously Lieutenant Erlich produced an automatic pistol from a pocket of his dungarees and handed it to Muhlen, his engineer officer. Muhlen promptly put it away in his pocket. Then Erlich ascended to the bridge. The old man, the hard-eyed Mr. Lott and Mr. Paley, very unobtrusive, awaited him in the chartroom.

THE submarine commander started talking at the very door. His manner was most confident. "You see the situation, Captain," he said. "We are now well armed and we are well trained to fight. But," he smiled broadly, "we compromise. You leaf us alone and we leaf you alone. You do not use the radio. We go peacefully to Lisbon. Is it—a—a deal?"

"A deal!" shouted the red-faced mate. "It's a blasted—"

"One moment, Mr. Lott," said the old man. "Please wait outside, Lieutenant Erlich."

The mate hardly waited until Erlich had gone. "We've got thirty-eight men, sir," he said. "All but a couple"—he glowered at Paley—"are spoiling to take these Nazis apart. You ain't going to let 'em take you over without a fight, sir?"

The old man's eyes were troubled. He looked at Rob Paley. "What is your opinion of this situation, Mr. Paley?"

"We're on our course and making knots," said Mr. Paley. "No good getting trimmed till we have to be. They've got more than an edge on us. I suggest—"

Mr. Lott turned a thick shoulder to Rob Paley and addressed the master. "I'd like to speak t'you privately, sir, concerning the safety of the ship," he said, coldly official.

"I have an idea of how we could get rid of these Nazis, sir, without violence—" Rob Paley began again.

"I've been watching this man, sir!" Mr. Lott said, stabbing his finger at Paley. His anger was bursting out from under his momentary coolness. "I tell you he's been—"

"Mr. Paley, please take the bridge," Captain Gilmore said without expression.

Mr. Paley left the chartroom. Lieutenant Erlich joined him promptly and walked with him toward the bridge. Eyes in the chartroom followed them.

Lieutenant Erlich did not mount the bridge. Feet apart and hands clasped behind his back, he surveyed his close-ranked men down on the well deck. Then he glanced aft and Mr. Paley, looking, too, saw that Lieutenant Reichert was standing outside the radio shack with both his hands out of sight.

Lieutenant Erlich laughed softly. "I don't believe your captain will try to disarm us, Mister Second Mate."

"There's no need to disarm you," said Paley. "Our job is simply to land you at Lisbon."

Erlich nodded and turned away a little too late to hide the smile broadening on his face.

CAPTAIN GILMORE, walking with a heavy, wooden stride, came from the chartroom and faced Lieutenant Erlich. "It is not my intention to permit any British force to take you off this ship," he said. "That would be illegal."

Erlich smiled again with a derisive twist of the lips. He said nothing.

"You and your men will not be required to surrender your arms, Lieutenant Erlich," the old shipmaster said. "If, however, you attempt any aggression against the ship I promise you a bloody fight."

Lieutenant Erlich bowed and clicked his heels, a facile gesture strange on that merchant ship.

"The radio will not be used and the ship's course will not be changed and her speed will be the same, Captain," he said quickly. "Also, we are permitted to make sure that these things are so? It is agreed."

Captain Gilmore hesitated. That added condition made him a mere prisoner on his own ship.

"No reasonable alternative exists, Captain," the submarine commander said. He smiled.

Gilmore did not reply. He looked like a very tired old man as he turned away.

Lieutenant Erlich ascended the steps to the bridge. Ignoring Paley, he took a turn from wing to wing on that high platform of command. Then he leaned over and hailed his lieutenant, Muhlen, on the well deck, in German. Muhlen relayed his words to the men in sharp command.

Half the men broke ranks immediately. The others grouped themselves in small units, each with a leader. Three men moved toward the radio shack, another group headed by Muhlen himself disappeared into the working alleyway from which entrance to the engine room could be had. Four men came up and stood by on the lower bridge. Erlich remained on the bridge.

The third officer relieved Mr. Paley for supper. Captain Gilmore, the chief engineer and Mr. Lott stood in the messroom. Lott, red-faced and breathing hard, swung around on the second mate. "How about you, Paley?" he said. "Will you fight?"

"No," said Paley. "I won't."

The rumble of the engines, the vibration of clinking glasses, became steadily more unbearable.

Paley looked at Captain Gilmore and

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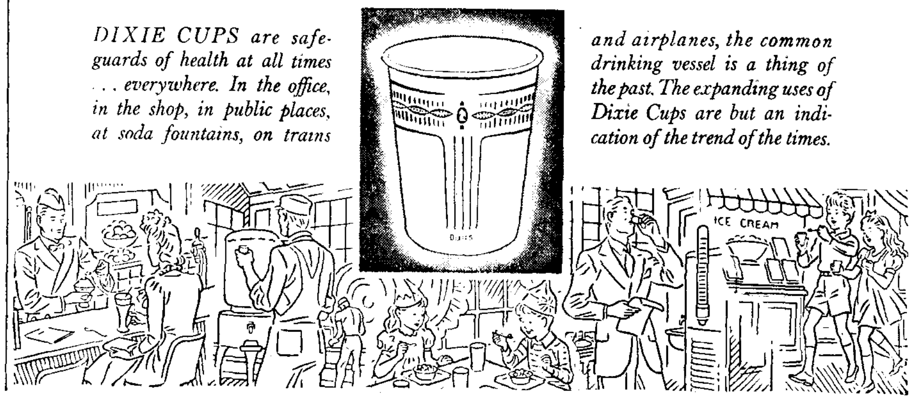


spoke rapidly, as if fearful of being silenced. "Sir," he said, "Erlich's insistence on course and speed confirms what we know—that there's a submarine intercepting us to take off these men. We also know that the British destroyer Snapdragon is about as close to us, and probably faster. Now—"

"What is all this chatter?" Mr. Lott cut in. "A cover for not bein' willin' to fight?"

Somebody knocked on the door with something harder than knuckles. The door opened almost at once and Lieutenant Erlich stepped in. He had his automatic on his belt now. He stood to one side of the door, revealing three of his men, all similarly armed. All three had their hands on the butts of their pistols. Two focused their eyes on Mr. Lott, the third on Captain Gilmore.

Lieutenant Erlich bowed to the master. "I haf come to suggest, Captain, that during the night you, Mr. Lott and the chief engineer remain in this room," he said curtly. "We rely on the junior deck and engineer officers to work the ship. In that way there is less danger of a misunderstanding arising. Also, Mr. Lott will surrender his pistol for the same reason."

Lott was no fool. He looked from one to the other of the men watching him and licked his lips.

"May I?" said Erlich. He stepped toward Lott, avoiding the line of fire, and drew Lott's gun swiftly from its holster. Without another word he and his men left the room.

SILENCE hung over the messroom like an impending explosion.

When Captain Gilmore moved to the opposite door he was confronted by a cold-eyed guard who motioned him back.

At midnight Muhlen escorted the third mate into the room and beckoned to Mr. Paley.

"Your vatch," he said, and walked with Paley through the mild, black night past a motionless guard to the bridge. There Erlich, buttoning on a watch coat and waking himself up with draughts of coffee, repeated the same words and added, "No change of course."

Mr. Paley took over for the middle watch. Stars, no moon, no lights, little wind and an easy swell. In the wheelhouse the regular quartermaster of the watch was standing behind the binnacle. His sullen face showed vaguely in the light reflected upward from the compass card.

"They got Knupple, that heinie oiler," the helmsman said without moving his lips perceptibly. "Clubbed hell out o' him when he cussed them out in German. Nobody else has been touched."

Rob Paley nodded and lifted his eyes from the compass. Outside, Lieutenant Erlich had recovered from his nap. He had taken the night glasses from the box and was sweeping the sea slowly.

On this black night the illumined American flags painted on the sides of the ship cut down fine vision somewhat except ahead. There the sable curtain hung over the sea unrelieved save by star glints on the swell.

An hour of the bridge watch passed. Lieutenant Erlich continued his search. Of a sudden Mr. Paley stopped beside him and chuckled softly. Erlich jerked his head around. Paley was staring past him at the sea.

"You ought to eat more carrots," said Rob Paley. "There's nothing where you're looking, Lieutenant, nothing but the sea."

"No?" said Erlich. "You have good eyes?"

"At night I can see like a cat," said Paley. He nodded toward the western sky. "Can you pick out the beehive in Cancer even with those lousy glasses?" He stabbed upward almost at the zenith. "How many stars in Hercules can you see?"

"We will dismiss the stars," said Erlich. "You understand you are to report to me every"—he hesitated—"everything you see during your watch."

Mr. Paley grunted and turned away. Erlich's head followed him. Again they resumed their separate watch keeping.

The moment came when Paley's eyes, probing the blackness to starboard, focused on something more solid than the night sky close above the water—a distant and blacked-out ship. A ship—not a submarine. Then, quickly, as Erlich looked toward him, Paley pivoted and faced ahead. He stared past the staff at the Ernestine's bow into empty seas.

"Let me use the glasses, Lieutenant," he said in a thin voice. "I think I see something ahead."

Erlich handed him the night glasses. The submarine commander was tense and wary.

Rob Paley took the glasses, raised them to his eyes and let them fall. They hit the rail and bounced off. They crashed loudly on the steel plates of the well deck.

DANIEL ALAIN

"Sorry," said Rob Paley.

"You did that with a reason," said Lieutenant Erlich.

HE TOOK a step toward Paley and his hand dropped threateningly toward his automatic pistol.

"You sighted—something—with those sharp eyes of yours, Mister Second Mate," he said. "But it was not ahead. No! It wass on the port quarter that you saw something. Yes!"

He stopped. He turned his head and stared with the utmost effort out over the black night to port. Mr. Paley stood still, facing woodenly forward.

Lieutenant Erlich turned toward him again. "What wass it you saw?"

"Forget it!" said Mr. Paley in an abruptly loud voice. "I've got good eyes at night. But my imagination's better'n my eyes. It didn't even look like a running light."

"No!" said Lieutenant Erlich. He drew close and towered over the short figure of the mate. "It didn't look like a running light. It was not the right color to be a running light, wass it? And it was not a fixed light. No! What did you think you saw?"

Mr. Paley was sullenly silent.

Erlich laid hands on him, big hands that knew their strength and used it momentarily on Paley's throat.

"I give you ten seconds," said Erlich. "What color?"

AS ERLICH'S grip relaxed to allow Rob Paley to speak, Rob suddenly thrust up his fist in an uppercut that landed solidly on Erlich's heavy chin. Even as his fist jolted against the bone he wrenched his neck out of chancery. Ducking, he tried to lunge past Erlich toward the ladder.

But Erlich was not out. His hand darted at the fleeing officer and his fingers closed on Paley's coat collar. His grip jerked Paley off his feet. He sprawled on his back.

Erlich dropped on him with one knee on his chest. His fingers gripped Paley's scrawny throat.

"Now tell me!" Erlich panted. "Tell me! What color light?"

"Blue light," croaked Paley. "Blue. Don't choke—me! Blue! Don't—"

"Ha—blue!" cried Erlich. His voice was triumphant: "Blue!" He leaped to his feet and called sharply to the guard below. The man came bounding up the steps.

Erlich stopped him with a burst of guttural words and waved him away. The man ejected two quick syllables of assent and ran.

"Come with me," said Erlich. "No noise, now." He shoved the limp Paley ahead of him down the ladder. With impatient speed he forced Paley aft to the starboard lifeboat.

Some of his men were already there. They were swinging the davits and preparing to lower.

Of a sudden the shudder of the engines stopped. Then the Ernestine shook violently as the screw began going hard astern. Her way was checked.

The voice of Muhlen, quickly calling the roll of the submarine's crew, cut through the subdued noises of the launching. Men answered. More men, panting from the long climb from the engine room, joined the party. Muhlen spoke to Erlich.

"We leave you," Erlich said jubilantly to Paley. His voice flowed like a brook. "We leave you, smart American, and you haf from us no excuse for war. A little impoliteness perhaps—what is that? We go now not to Lisbon but under the sea to Germany where another submarine awaits me. Perhaps some day, Paley, I see you again—through a periscope when your ship shows against the cross wires. Who knows?"

"You'll remember me—if you do," said Paley. He fondled his fist.

"Your ship even now is under German guns and torpedoes," said Erlich. "So—as you say—be good!"

He climbed into the boat and gave the word to lower away.

Mr. Paley pelted toward the wheelhouse. He got to the engine-room telegraph and slapped it over to full ahead.

Feet came thudding up outside. Mr. Lott burst in and, a few paces behind, Captain Gilmore.

"What's— They've gone?" the mate gasped.

Mr. Paley nodded. "Yes," he said. "With a little persuasion they left to be picked up by a British destroyer." He nodded again. "Instead of by a Nazi submarine that isn't there."

"A sub that isn't there!" said Mr. Lott.

"We'll need the searchlight to spot the lifeboat for the Snapdragon," Rob Paley added. "Maybe we'd better keep out o' pistol range while we're doing it. I have an idea that Lieutenant Erlich is going to be mad at me when he doesn't find that submarine or any blue lights to port."

IT WASN'T until after the men of the Ernestine had watched H.M.S. Snapdragon cool Lieutenant Erlich's martial ardor with a couple of careful near misses that Mr. Paley got around to talking.

"Why get your skull shot at unless it won't think you out of the hole?" said Rob Paley, looking at Mr. Lott.

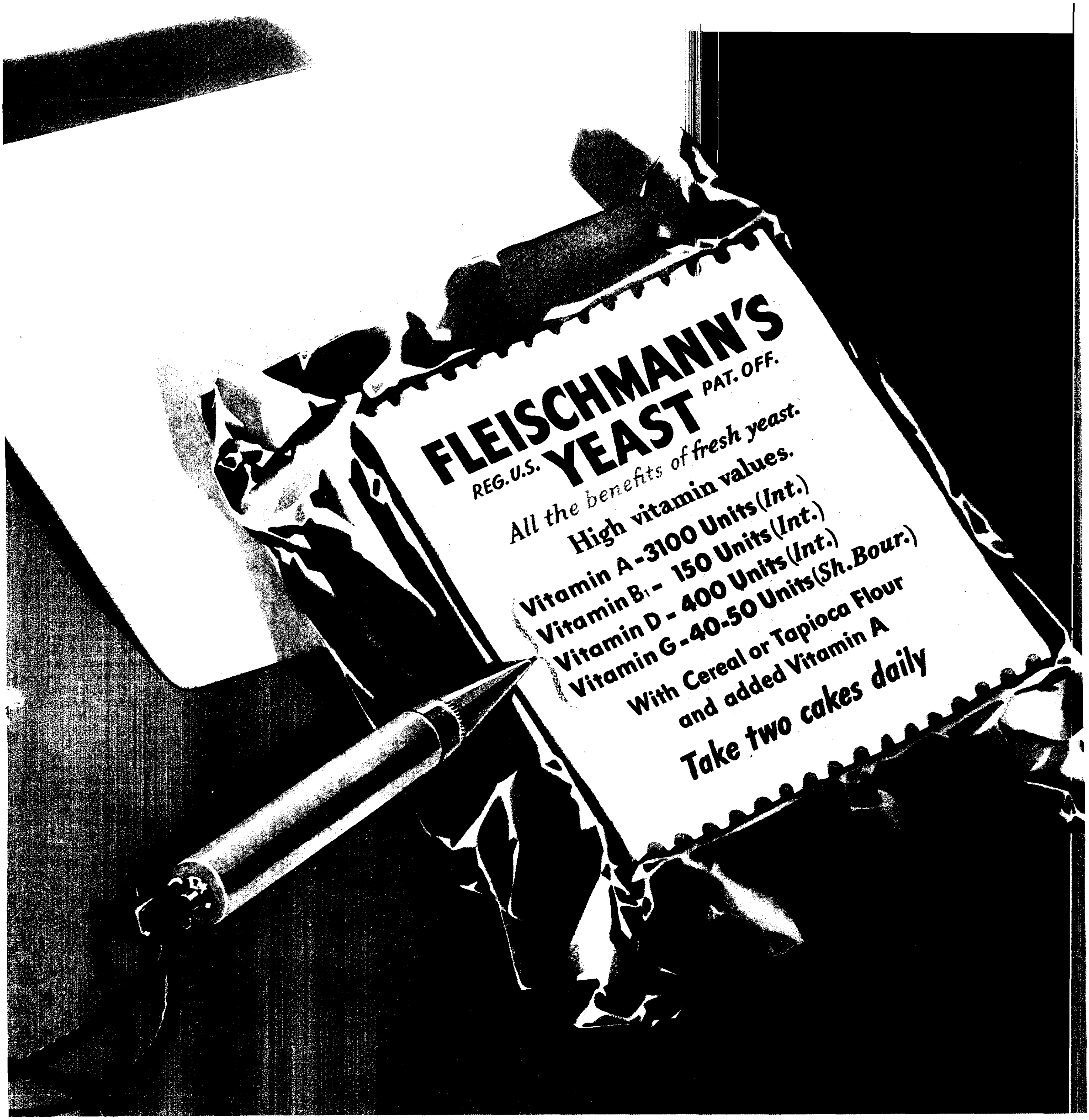
"Erlich would have had to arrange by radio for the rescuing submarine to make some surreptitious signal," said Captain Gilmore slowly. "I see that. Erlich couldn't tell whether he'd be able to smuggle arms aboard to take command of us or would have to make a surprise rush for the boat."

"But how did you know it was a blue light Erlich was watchin' for?" Mr. Lott pressed Paley with lingering suspicion.

"It wouldn't be the color of a running light because Erlich might mistake some other boat for the sub," said Rob Paley. "That eliminated yellow, red and green. What other color have you got to pick but blue? That's what Erlich wasn't bright enough to realize."

"If Erlich had found out how you were working him he'd—" Mr. Lott stopped suddenly to visualize that picture. "Paley, I guess I got you all wrong."

Mr. Paley looked across the vividly illumined water to where a lifeboat flying a strip of white cloth from an oar was pulling sullenly toward a destroyer. International complications were out. He sucked the cut knuckles of his right hand contentedly. "You got me even more wrong than Erlich did," he said. "You thought I wouldn't fight; he thought I couldn't fight much. It took real will power not to knock him out and ruin the whole works."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Say It Isn't So

Continued from page 15

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third. He hadn't meant to lay that one in there, but some rift in his concentration had done the damage. You couldn't expect control when you went woolgathering.

"Three-bagger with nobody down," Magee was growling at him. "What to hell, you lunkhead? I told you not to give that big bum nothin' across the letters. What happened?"

"Just I laid it in there," Buford confessed unwillingly. Your catcher was like your doctor or your priest. You didn't lie to him.

"All right," Magee said not unsympathetically. "It can happen. Bear down now."

Buford brooded as he went back to pitch. Again his thoughts were shattered. A Panther had hit deep to shortstop and the run went over. Buford waved back Beany Magee, who had started to the box. "Beany—nuts! I don't go for that good-guy stuff. It makes me sick the way those writers build us up together. Who throws this thing past the hitters—me or him? I could pitch to any catcher—sure I could."

He took the signal from Magee and settled down. In ten more minutes the game was over; and later, riding downtown in a taxi, Buford read the headlines: "Buford Baffles Panthers." That, he thought, was all right too. He'd rather have a shutout but 3 to 1 was plenty good. His eighth straight win in series competition. Hell, you got lots more than money out of the game. You got plenty.

A crowd of autograph hounds mobbed him in the hotel lobby. In the dining room he joined his teammates over beefsteak and baked potatoes. On each napkin lay a telegram reading: "Congratulations on a notable victory. Three more in a row. Martin Flack."

A PITCHER named Joe won the second game and Lefty Thorne took a ten-inning thriller on the opening day at Panther Park. That evening Buford went to an early movie with Monte Bates, his roommate, and the manager Luke Burnham. They came out and walked together, three abreast, through the dark, murmuring streets of this strange city. They were in hostile territory, a long way from their separate homes.

"Be tough tomorrow," offered Monte Bates.

"Yeah," said Buford.

The manager said, "You feel okay, Dipsey."

"I feel good."

"That's good," said Monte Bates.

They reached the hotel where the Eagles stopped. Earlier at dinner there had been the telegrams again. "Congratulations . . . Martin Flack." This seemed a little odd since Mr. Flack was stopping at the same hotel. Not with the players, of course; but up in the penthouse suite. Martin Flack did things grandly.

The three men went to the elevator well. The indicating arrow of one car pointed at the penthouse digit. The other car was at the tenth floor, but the penthouse lift descended quickly, picking up no passengers. The iron door opened and Beany Magee emerged. He was alone.

"Goin' to bed soon?" asked the manager. "Better had."

"Soon as I get some air," said Beany Magee.

Buford would have thought nothing of this except for remembering his own need of air that time he talked to Martin Flack in the office building. Next morning he stayed late in bed. He always did so on a pitching day, eating a late breakfast and no lunch. When Monte Bates had left, Buford put on a bathrobe and dealt a hand of solitaire on the table by the window. A lot of hokum, he thought, got said and written about ballplayers. The club owners only paid as big a salary as you shook them for. The way things were you had to get it while you could; the rest of your life you couldn't be sure.

He played the jack of diamonds on the queen and dealt himself a ten-spot. You had these chances, now and then, to be your own dealer—in baseball. Not very often—but now and again; and mostly it wasn't worth it.

"But five, six grand," Buford murmured. "Cripes, I might have a family one o' these days! Now what would Magee be doin' up in Flack's room last night?"

Magee did have a family. He had five dependents.

A knock sounded on the door. Buford got up and admitted Martin Flack. The door was closed, and Mr. Flack moved stiffly to the table. He shook his head as Buford motioned to a chair.

"I heard you were still in bed," said Mr. Flack. "I got worried. You're not ill?"

"No."

"I'm glad of that," said Mr. Flack. "I've been looking forward to seeing you go today. There'll be a great crowd—all of thirty-two thousand with the outfield roped off for standing room. It'll make tough pitching as you said before."

"Yeah," said Buford.

He reached for the doorknob and turned it quickly. That pitcher named Joe could maybe win the fifth game. Or Lefty Thorne could take the sixth. Just to stretch the series out a little wasn't the same as what had been done by Joe Jackson and them. But the time to say it wasn't so was now, and that was what Buford meant by jerking the door open the way he did. He stood there scowling while Martin Flack, very red about the jowls, went past him into the corridor. Buford repressed a strong desire to plant a swift kick where it could be felt but would not show. He thought he'd have done so, only he didn't have his shoes on.

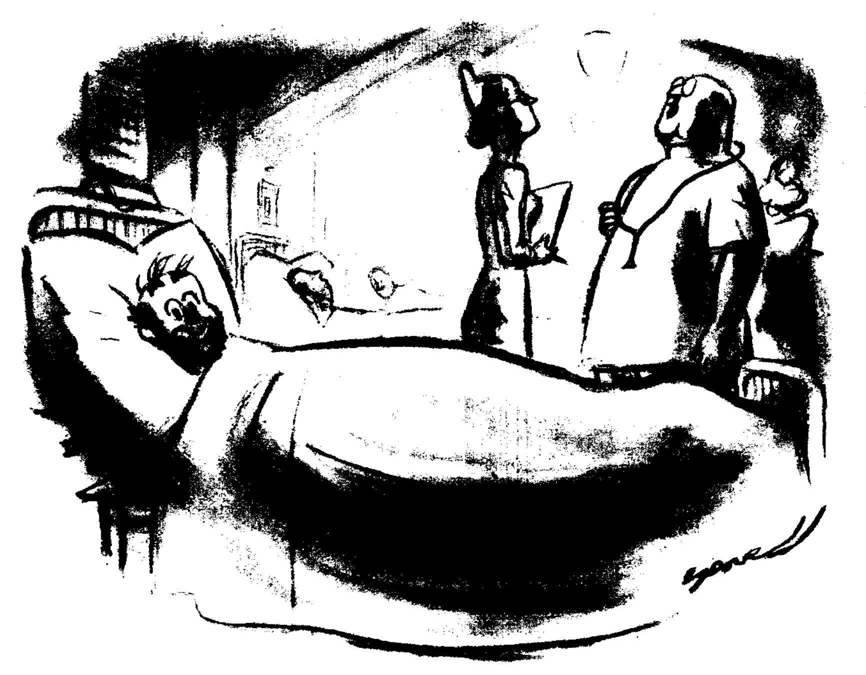
"Hi, there," someone said; and Buford turned to see Magee coming down the hall. Buford nodded a greeting and retired into his room. He took a shower, but it wasn't any good. With a towel around his middle he threw the window open and let the cool morning air go into his lungs. Downstairs in the dining room, he found he wasn't hungry. He drank three cups of coffee, but let the beefsteak grow cold on his plate. It was the wrong way to begin the day, he knew; so he was standing wet and naked by an open window. When he reached the park at one o'clock, his shoulder hurt him.

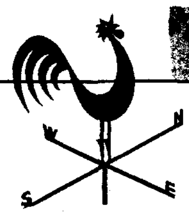
"You don't have to work today," the manager said as Buford warmed up. "It's only that the boys got their hearts set on making it four straight. You're our ace, Dipsey, but I could shoot with a southpaw if you need more rest."

"I feel good," said Buford. "Somethin' tells me I'll be hot today."

HE PITCHED to ten men in the first three innings. It would have been nine if Monte Bates hadn't stuck his finger in an easy grounder. Luke Burnham had said a lot of things in those few words before the game. The boys "had their hearts set." They wanted this grand sweep, and Buford understood about that. The feeling he'd had last night while walking with Bates and Burnham was a good deal sharpened by belonging to a club like the Eagles. They'd won the pennant by eighteen games. The Eagles hadn't lost a world series since the Cardinals took them—back there when Old Pete did that famous relief job. It meant something to wear this uniform, and four straight was in the tradition of great championship teams. He ran his hitless innings through the fifth. The Eagles led by 4 to 0. His arm ached only a little bit.

The Panthers hit him in the sixth—two scratch singles. All the same it was enough to arouse the bitter crowd. These people liked their home-team boys. The Panthers hadn't won their pennant by any eighteen games as had the Eagles, but by an inspired drive up the September stretch. It had given them delusions of grandeur. Now the crowded park reverberated with cheers and stompings. Two men on base . . . nobody down. Buford took a long stretch and a moment later the uproar reached crescendo when the base runners pulled a double steal. That didn't


"Just keep him on liquids for the first few days" LEONARD DOVE



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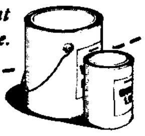

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often happen against Beany Magee. The catcher walked out to the mound.

"They could have stolen Brooklyn Bridge while you took that stretch," he said to Buford. "Cut it down some. Want to walk this guy or pitch to him?"

"I'll pitch," said Buford. "What's he like, bonehead?"

"High and hard," the catcher said. "Don't tighten up, showboat."

They talked this way to each other—these famous battery mates. The papers might call them Inseparables, but it wasn't any secret around the dugouts that Buford and Magee didn't get on. Professional jealousy, maybe. You take a pair of prima donnas, and they aren't apt to like a double billing. But in this case, as Buford always remembered, there was a special grudge. He'd come up to the Eagles twelve years ago when Beany Magee was already a three-year man. And there was that grapefruit game against the A's when the rookie was sent in for relief with the bases loaded. Magee had met him as he reached the box.

"Now, kid, this Foxx—"

"Cut the gab," young Buford said. "I'll break it past that broadsides."

"Listen, busher—"

"Yah!" jeered Buford. "Ain't you never learned to read? I had a strike-out record with the Orioles last season—and it's a hitters' league. I got a dipsey-do ball this Foxx will never see."

BUFORD didn't like remembering. It wasn't a thing you could easily forget. Foxx homered on him—a grand slammer. Simmons homered. So did Cochrane. So did Haas. Luckily it was an exhibition game and didn't go into the records, but—four straight homers off the same pitcher! Buford knew why the manager had left him in there— a fresh kid to get his lumps. Thereafter, he'd always let Magee call signals, but the nickname stuck—Dipsey Buford. He didn't mind it any more, but its use helped him to remember.

"Come on, Dipsey," yapped Monte Bates. "Pour it down the line."

He poured it down there and the Panther hit. Out in right field the Eagle picket man dove over the ropes into the crowd. He came up with the ball in his gloved hand, but the umpire waved the base runners on. A ground-rule double—! The infield gathered to console their pitcher.

"Never mind, Dipsey. It's still a two-run lead. Mike would've camped under that pop-up at Eagle Stadium. Yeah, this damn' hatbox."

But there it was just the same, thought Buford. His shutout gone. He walked around to let his nerves settle and spied Martin Flack in the box just over the dugout. He was standing up staring at Beany Magee. Magee was staring back.

Buford took a new ball from the umpire. Funny! The infield had come to the box to talk and soothe him. . . . Magee hadn't. Buford rubbed the ball between his palms, trying to remember. What pitch had Magee called for? "High and hard"—and the batter lammed it. Of course, a thing like that could happen. Still—that double steal! Magee riding down from the penthouse last night!

"Nuts," thought Buford. "A fellow who's worn this uniform for fifteen years—it ain't possible. He might think it over like I did, but when it comes to a showdown—"

He stretched and took his signal. The habit of the years set his fingers on the stitches. His fist shot down; his wrist revolved. He stepped in line with the throw as he released it. Magee had taught him this way of supplying a white background for the ball. It was spinning as it left the bat. The Panther hadn't hit it squarely but there was "top" on his grounder. You couldn't blame Monte Bates when the ball hopped over his shoulder for a blooper hit. The crowd went lunatic as the runner from second slid home. The game stood 4 to 3.

That was all that inning—it was plenty. Buford sank down on the bench and swabbed a wet towel on his face. Luke Burnham said something about relief, but Buford shook his head. He was going to finish—had to finish! He didn't believe that thing about Magee, but the firing line was the place to see what went on. His arm still ached as he trudged back to the mound, but not as much as his throbbing head. The thoughts there were knocking at his temples.

"It ain't possible," he kept telling himself. "I don't like the guy, but he's all sorts of a ballplayer. Gosh—so was Joe Jackson and them!"

Suddenly the air was split apart. Sirens, catcalls, tinpans, whistles—it was the seventh inning! He tried to work calmly on the Panther batsman. Seventh inning—and delusions of grandeur. You couldn't tell what a gang like this would do to you. He tried his downer on the 3-and-2 count. It was outside and the batter walked. The tumult grew deafening as the man was sacrificed to second—to scoring position. Buford hesitated as he caught the signal for a fast one across the letters. Hadn't Magee told him in the first game: "Don't throw him nothin' letter-high?" Was this the same hitter? Buford wasn't sure. He thought so. But he threw the fast one.

"Mike's trying to see what's the matter with his hook" AL ROSS

WELL, you couldn't be sure. You really couldn't. He stood and watched the ball drop among the standees in left field — another double — another run. Magee had walked out. The catcher's face was pale beneath its coat of sweat.

"You ain't right today," he said to Buford. "I'm askin' Luke to take you out."

"Like hell you are," Buford answered in a cracking voice. "You called for that pitch and you got it. A fast one letter-high—"

"Fast? Jeepers, Buford, that's the trouble—there wasn't steam enough on that one to blow a whistle. You got arm trouble?"

"No, I ain't. And if you ask Luke to yank me, I'll tell him why. Get back where you belong, little man. From now on I call my own pitches—see?"

The catcher's mouth came open, and there was more than surprise in his glance. He seemed about to speak, but Monte Bates came trotting in and the conference ended. Buford set himself to throw and Magee had laid a signal in the mitt—a pitchout. Yes, it was sound strategy. With first base open you might as well walk the man and set up a double play. But Buford remembered that double steal just an inning ago—the beginning of all his trouble. He wouldn't give Magee another chance. He had lied to the catcher about his arm, but maybe Magee had something there. The hop goes off your fast ones when you favor an aching shoulder. You couldn't always tell when you were doing so. Buford stretched to get plenty of height and came down with everything he had. He saw it go through—inside and wicked—and he was down on his knees with a pulsing agony down his right arm from collarbone to fingers.

He struggled up and laughed aloud as Monte Bates ran in.

"Fell over my feet," Buford chortled. "I got my stuff back, Monte. Just relax."

LATER, when it was possible to think it over, Buford guessed this seventh inning was the greatest stretch he'd ever pitched. Out here on his own—with a sore flipper and a ground-rule outfield. There wasn't much you could do about it except strike them out. He fanned three men and strutted to the bench. He'd never in his life found it so hard to strut.

It was like that again in the eighth—only worse. He fanned the first batter and hit the next one in the ribs. The sweat, supposed to lubricate his muscles, wasn't hot and greasy anymore. On this warm afternoon his teeth were chattering and he had to puff on his pitching fingers to give them feeling. He wild-pitched the base runner all the way to third. Luke Burnham came out to the box.

"I better lift you, Dipsey."

"No, Luke. Please."

Maybe all the moisture on his cheeks wasn't sweat just then. Burnham stared at him and cussed and walked away.

"What am I doin' this for?" Buford wondered. "I'll rook my arm, and then what? Why don't I just tell Luke what's up, and get both of us out of the game?"

But he knew all the answers, and they weren't a bit complicated. Walking last night with Bates and Burnham . . . the feeling you had for men you'd been through the wars with. Sure, a guy could make a mistake, and that's what this feeling was all about. You'd crawl out on a limb for a fellow who wore your uniform. Buford glanced toward the box where Martin Flack was still standing up and watching intently. A high hopper went past a swinging bat and Buford gasped. What was the crowd clapping about?

"Hear that?" yelled Monte Bates as they walked to the dugout. "Even the wolves had to give you a hand, Dipsey. Say, bo, you've fanned six men in two innings."

And that would be all right, too, if there wasn't another inning coming up. Just one? More maybe. This tie game could stretch on and on. He had to bat this time. Taking his stick, he went up to stand on deck behind Magee. Both men glanced toward Martin Flack. The fellow was still standing—for good luck, Buford guessed; showing off, like sending those telegrams. Suddenly Buford had to say it. He grabbed Magee by the sleeve.

"Look," he said. "I lied about my arm. It'll drop off if the game goes extra innings. And look—a guy might deal himself a crooked hand, but it ain't too late to kick the table over. Say it isn't so, Beany! Say it with a loud base knock."

The nickname had slipped out of him. He had never used it before. Magee's mouth seemed trying to swallow itself. Salt water stood out on the leathery face.

"Yeah," he said; and then he added: "Gosh, Dipsey."

It was next to impossible to hit a triple in this park, but Magee's liner banged against the scoreboard in center field, and the way he went into third base was a caution. He stood up and flapped the dust out of his pants, and then lifted both fists toward a field box over the Eagle dugout.

ONE could only guess what Mr. Flack thought of this gesture, and Dipsey Buford hadn't time to think. He was at bat and the squeeze play was on. Buford didn't miss the signal—he missed the ball. He just couldn't get his arms up in time, and Beany Magee was charging down the base line. You couldn't tell which catcher was hurt the worse as they came together. Something like this had happened before in a world series. The Panther hindsnatcher was every bit as big as Lombardi. He rolled on his back—lost the ball, and Beany Magee lay across the plate with his face in the dirt.

"Beany," said Dipsey Buford. He knelt supporting the fellow's head. "It's nothin'—just an ankle. You'll be back next season. A guy might make a mistake—but if he changes his mind in time—"

"Aw, hell," the catcher panted. "I seen him comin' out of your room this mornin', but I knew you'd never. Not when it came to a showdown. Gosh, Dipsey."

Buford gulped. So that was it! He thought that Beany—and Beany thought that he!

"Him with his busted ankle. Me with this arm. Ain't we a pair of inseparables, though?"

He didn't fan three men in the ninth, but he fanned two with the bases loaded. He'd never have got into the jam, he thought, with Beany behind the bat. And he mightn't have got out of it, either, but looking toward the bench he saw Beany Magee squatting there with the injured foot in a bucket of water and his fingers flicking signs against the skin of a catcher's mitt. After that it was easy.

"Here's all I don't understand," said Buford in the hospital room that evening. "That heel propositioned us both, and there ain't a mark on him. We should've kicked him in the teeth."

To which remark Beany grinned and answered, "Did you take notice? Flack stood up the whole game. He never did sit down in that box seat of his."

"Then you—?"

"Yeah, I kicked him, Dipsey. Only it wasn't exactly in the teeth."

Folks draw closer together over good food and Wine

With dinner, serve a light California red or white table wine—such as the *Burgundy* you see here, or a golden *Sauterne*. Between meals the refreshment wines like *Port* or *Muscatel*. And as an appetizer, *Sherry*. Your wine dealer will be glad to help you with your selections

NATIONAL WINE WEEK, October 12-19

The wine that comes to dinner helps everybody to relax the moderate way

IT'S SOMETHING we all feel nowadays. We want to spend quiet evenings with those near to us. Over the dinner table and by the fireside, to ease up and enjoy our families and friends.

This is one reason, maybe, why wine serving has grown so popular. For wine is made to give everyone a chance to relax a moderate way. Wine is made for friendship.

An interesting new booklet on wine serving is available now. Your copy will be mailed free, if you will write the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco. The Board represents every wine grower in California.

You will find California wines are well-developed, sound and reasonable in price. Connoisseurs will tell you these wines of our own country are good by any standard in the world.

When friends and family gather together, try serving wine. You'll see why so many people are finding it a considerate thing to do.

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FALSE TEETH

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Glorify STEAKS with WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE By HEINZ 57
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Makes Good Meats Taste Better

Gateway to War

Continued from page 13

Until a few days ago Thailand was still the land of free men. It was one of the handful of truly independent nations in all Asia but its future as a sovereign state was dubious. As I cable this I don't know whether I'm writing a timely biographical sketch of an amazing country of fantastic porcelain pagodas that seem to have been designed by some distant Disney, of peace, prosperity and "happiness," or an obituary. I don't know, but when I think back to the day I registered at the Oriental Hotel in Bangkok and saw what names were written there above mine and looked into the bar and saw smug yellow men with eyeglasses and fatuous smiles and cameras slung around their necks, I think that perhaps this is an obit. Those buckos were the Mikado's tourists. In show business they precede circuses and carnivals and they "case the pitch" and put up posters and wherever necessary they put in the "fix." In show business they're called advance agents. In diplomacy they're called tourists.

The tourist technique is German. It was employed effectively in Europe and the Balkans. German tourists in the Middle East and Arab countries were so numerous you were struck by the stimulus war seemed to have given to travel and to the intellectual curiosity of the German people. They had an enormous advantage over the Japanese. Germans could travel with Hungarian, Czech, Rumanian or Bulgarian passports. The Japs can't disguise themselves. Anywhere in Asia a Jap's a Jap and he can't pose as an Arab, Indian, Chinese or Malay. He stands out among his fellow Orientals like a Texas cowboy at a ladies' club tea party.

So Japan's Broke?

You spotted them easily in Bangkok. They filled the shops where they bought Niello ware trinkets, old lace and jade jewelry. They paid asking prices, which shopkeepers upped a hundred per cent. Honorable relatives back in Kobe and Yokohama ought to see their honorable sons and cousins throwing yen about in shops and night clubs.

After all you've heard about how Japan is going broke it's amazing to see the amount of money Jap tourists have to spend in Thailand. I saw one large, burly Jap hand a hotel desk clerk a packet of Thai *ticals* large enough to choke a sacred elephant. "Here," he said. "Put these in the safe." Tourists always spoke English in the presence of Americans or Englishmen. The manager later told me there was the equivalent of $2,000 in the packet the Jap handed him and that he received such a wad every two or three days. He said he didn't know what his guest did with the money but he added, "Well, he entertains a lot."

The Japanese population of Thailand has increased steadily since 1935, when statistics listed 67 Japs residing in Bangkok, none elsewhere. Bangkok's Japanese census by the end of last August ranged between 300 and 3,000. Concerning the exact number there were many rumors, some completely false such as the one which insisted that Japs were buying or renting houses on streets and corners so they could dominate the streets with machine guns when *Der Tag* arrived. But it was true that Europeans had difficulty renting houses. The Japs would pay double the normal rents to obtain living quarters. They had also taken over the old Hotel Royal, comprising sixty rooms, where Japs lived two and three to each room. A partial reason for the increased influx of Japs into Thailand is the fact that with world markets and credits closed to Japan, Tokyo has had to turn increasingly to Thailand for money and raw materials and food. This has meant the expansion of the staffs of Japanese trading firms operating in Thailand. These include Mitsui & Co., Toko Mining Co., and the powerful firm of Mitsubishi. A number of new agencies selling machinery and manufactured goods of all kinds have sprung up and along Bangkok's business streets can be seen Japanese signs freshly painted with the invariable English translation underneath the Japanese legend and often a reminder that the above company was previously a Swiss, French or some other foreign firm.

Among the new employees, however, there is undoubtedly a large proportion of strong-arm boys, fixers and propagandists. At least six of Thailand's seventeen newspapers have come under the direct "Axis influence." They receive German Transocean news and Domei Japanese wire services and try as it might the British Reuter's News Agency can't compete with the enormous volume of pro-Axis propaganda which the Axis pours into newspaper offices free of charge. On the reading-room table of the swank Bangkok sports club you will always find the latest Axis literature. There was the July 9th Italian *Illustrazione Italiana* there. A glance through it indicated very strongly that Italy was winning the war. The newest British magazine was dated early in April and consisted largely of pictures of military weddings in London.

To meet the Japs in Bangkok is to receive an object lesson in how Japanese have spread themselves in the Far East since democracy walked Nippon to an imperial first base in Manchukuo in 1931. In Bangkok, Japs are 3,000 miles from home as the Japanese air service flies. The Japs, by the way, maintain a daily passenger-plane service into Bangkok from Tokyo and daily it dumps from twelve to twenty-four new arrivals. Always the passengers are Japanese. Rarely a Tokyo plane brings in a German or an Italian diplomat or a businessman. An American can't get passage on the plane. It's always "full up, velly solly." The best the British and Dutch can do is two services weekly.

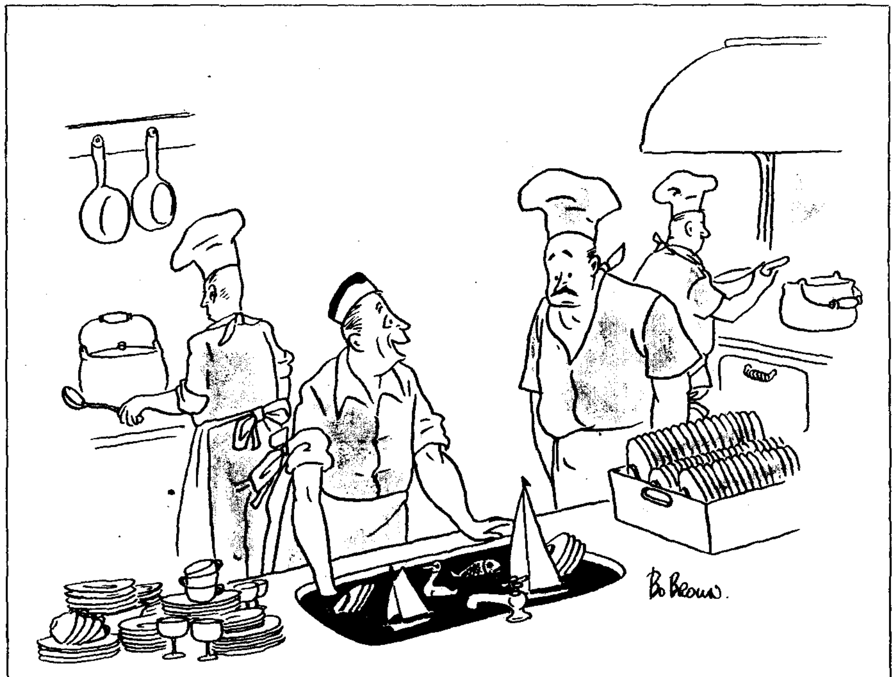
From Thailand the Japanese obtain rice, rubber, tin and teak. They also obtain money in cash and credits. Thailand produces an exportable supply of 1,600,000 tons of rice yearly. Added to a 1,200,000-ton supply insured by the occupation of neighboring Indo-China, Japan will have all the rice it needs to feed its far-flung armies and its people at home. Thailand's 40,000 tons of rubber will at least help to keep Japan's armies shod, while there is ample teak in Thailand's hills to cover the decks of whatever warships Nippon intends to build for the rest of time.

Tin's the Thing

Whether Japan will be able to obtain all Thailand's tin is another matter. Most of the country's tin mines are owned by British capital. Only one mine is owned and operated by Japanese. Thailand's tin output is worth about fifteen per cent of the country's total exports which are valued at about $80,000,000, more than fifty per cent of which is accounted for by rice. Tin is Thailand's second most important export but while the country controls rice production and export the tin that is dredged up from river beds is British property. The rice industry is nationalized and the tin industry is not. Japan can be deprived of Thailand tin by the simple process of the British refusing to sell to Japs.

So far that's the way it has worked out. But in precisely such situations advance agents demonstrate their utility. By "influencing" the right people in Thailand's government it is possible that decrees will be forthcoming nationalizing the tin industry. In that event the Thai government would seize the tin output and pay the British mine owners what it pleases for ore, selling to the Japs at a huge profit as it does now with rice and rubber, which is purchased by the Japs at from twenty to forty per cent above normal market prices. Thai rubber, for instance, which is of inferior quality, is so high-priced on Thailand's rigged market that American buyers won't even look at it.

Should Thailand nationalize the tin industry it is probable the Japanese will be receiving what is technically British tin. British officials in Bangkok foresaw precisely that probability only a



"It takes the monotony out of the work!"

BO BROWN

few weeks ago. It won't be the first time that's happened. There is plenty of theoretically British oil from Rumania's wells which goes to Germany. So far only the Russians have had the decency to bomb those wells, except for a few which were sabotaged by American engineers. The British waited too long in their reluctance to protect invested capital.

But the importance of this distant and little-known country in southeastern Asia called Thailand goes beyond the economic significance of its rice-rich bogs, its teak-timbered hills and its wealth in rubber and tin. All its commodities could disappear from the world's markets and they wouldn't be missed. Not even the rice would be missed by anybody except the Japanese. It would work a little hardship on some 15,000,000 people who live there, but you could lift Thailand out of the map and toss it away like a piece out of a jigsaw puzzle and the lives and the way of life of the people of the rest of the world wouldn't be changed at all.

In other ways, too, Thailand is a candidate for the world's least important nation. Its contribution to art, literature and science equals zero. Measured by such yardsticks as power, wealth and prestige, Thailand fails to come up to the dimensions of a bush-league Balkan nation, although in area it is as large as Florida, Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia combined. Its army is puny, its navy a marine absurdity and its air force wouldn't cause a potential enemy like Japan any great concern. What modern planes (fifty souped-up 1936 Curtiss seventy-fives) Thailand possesses are Japanese built. Thailand's wealth is gauged by the total of its citizens' deposits in the country's savings banks, equals about $9,000,000, and works out at roughly sixty cents cash per person.

As to the prestige Thailand enjoys in international councils—well, it's doubtful whether any other power would ever ask Thailand's permission before undertaking an alliance, trade pact or war. Bangkok was traditionally in a diplomatic tank-town league and for the diplomats of such nations as the United States, France or England an assignment to Bangkok meant an assignment to oblivion.

Poland of the Far East

Nevertheless, the country that was once Siam and remembered by our grandparents almost exclusively as the birthplace of the famous Midway freaks may be known to us as the birthplace of war in the Far East. Economically Thailand is important only to Japan. Geographically Thailand is vitally important to the entire world, for geography has assigned to this "distant and little-known country" a potential heroic role. The Prince of Appeasement, Neville Chamberlain, once referred to Czechoslovakia as "that distant and little-known country." In the Far East Manchukuo was worthy of that designation nine years ago. Thailand might be the Poland of the Far East.

Thailand lies wedged between indisputable British Burma and theoretically French Indo-China. On the map it is shaped roughly like a crudely drawn, floppy-eared elephant with a long trunk dangling southward between the Bay of Bengal and the Gulf of Siam toward the South China Sea. The trunk dips into the Malay Peninsula below which is Britain's fleetless fortress—the Singapore base. So long as Indo-China remained indubitably French, Thailand was a spring between the jaws of the Franco-British pincer of Western imperialism in southeastern Asia. But one jaw of that pincer broke when France fell and Vichy capitulated to Berlin and Berlin's partners in Tokyo. The Japanese replaced the French in Indo-China. They poured up to 150,000 troops into Indo-China, acquired air bases deep in Cambodia from which they can strike at the Burma Road at Bangkok and at Singapore and the Dutch East Indies.

Thailand overnight became the Western civilization's frontier with the Eastern imperialist. It became the fulcrum whereon the balance of peace in the Far East seesaws precariously. British diplomats such as astute Sir Josiah Crosby, his Brittanic Majesty's minister to Thailand, at the end of August counted "in weeks" the period of peace remaining to Thailand and the Far East. American observers were less hurried. They put it in months. "Three months, maybe, maybe six months."

Thais themselves—I talked with undersecretaries of the ministries of foreign affairs and propaganda and with businessmen who were growing richer daily by trading with the Japs—felt insecure. They resented the inroads of the Japanese but felt powerless to prevent their country's economic absorption by Tokyo. A few were interested only in profits. These traded actively with their potential enemy and deplored that they had to.

The Kiss of Death

The common people didn't seem to have the foggiest notion that they lived under the shadow of death's wings. Meanwhile, in Thailand, as in those countries now dead, advance agents burrowed and bribed and browbeat and flattered their way into positions of power over their victims. The Japanese legation was raised to the status of an embassy. Pro-Japanese Thais suddenly were injected into the cabinet. Japan demanded and obtained a loan of ten million *ticals* and a few weeks later prepared to ask more credit from what was until then one of the few if not the only nation in the world with a balanced budget and no external debts.

"We've got to give in at least economically," an undersecretary of foreign affairs told me. "What else can we do? We need machinery, oil, certain foodstuff and jute sacking. We need spare parts for such American and British machinery as we own. We cannot obtain these items from Britain, which hasn't ships to spare for such cargo and we cannot obtain them from the United States which forbids American exporters to ship merchandise without export permits. These export permits are granted under your priorities system only for such goods or materials as are vital to Anglo-American defense.

"We have had to buy new machinery from Japan for our industries and our railroads so as to be certain of obtaining spares for repairs. They're willing to take our rice, rubber, tin and teak in exchange and pay us an advantageous profit above the market prices. Tell me what would you do if you were in our shoes?"

Japan's grip on Thailand closed when the Thais embarked on their "war" to regain from Indo-China territories taken by France by force in the late nineteenth century. Altogether Thailand lost 467,500 square kilometers of land to the French, which compares to Thailand's total area of 513,447 square kilometers.

Thailand needed arms and munitions. They ordered ten patrol bombers from the United States. The order was accepted and Thailand paid the United States government $1,500,000 on account, but the bombers got only as far as Manila and Thailand was informed the bombers couldn't be sent any farther because they were needed elsewhere. This of course, together with brass-knuckle demands that Thailand refrain from upsetting the "status quo in the Far East" washed out what prestige

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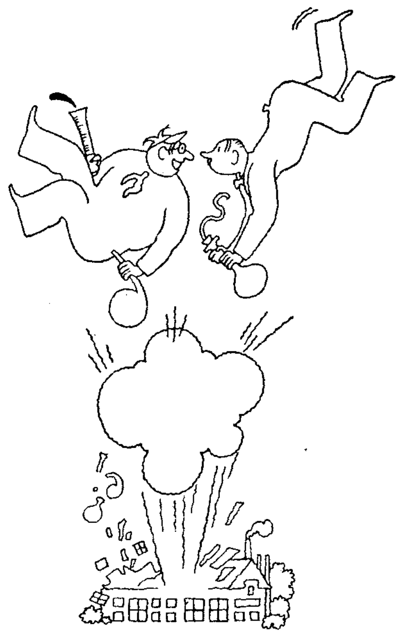
America enjoyed in Thailand. Thais are very logical people. They couldn't see why they couldn't grab theirs while the grabbing was good in view of the fact that the territorial readjustments they desired had been promised them anyway by France and that Uncle Sam hadn't done anything effective to maintain the "status quo" in the Far East anyhow, and had been selling oil and scrap to Japan and assisted in making Japan the potential ruler of the Orient.

Moreover, one of our former ministers to Thailand, whose principal qualification for his diplomatic post was the fact that he had once been associated with a person now holding high office, offended Thai by arriving late for formal functions and directing the Thai foreign office never to invite legation subordinates to social functions, no matter how private they might be, unless he had also been invited or they had obtained his approval. The Thai government strongly suspects that if its point of view had been differently presented at Washington, those bombers would have reached Bangkok and Thailand would have been spared the necessity of purchasing Japanese weapons. Injudicious handling of the legation's affairs wiped out, in a short while, twenty years of good will built up by sound diplomatic policies and by American businessmen whose advice was frequently sought by members of the Thai government on everything from building railroads to what might be the best kind of refrigerator to buy for the prime minister's house. Such loss of good will is a wonderful footnote on what happens to American prestige abroad when political appointees are assigned to delicate tasks.

Economically Thailand is a small market for American goods. The country buys about six million dollars' worth of stuff from us yearly. But right now its strategic importance surpasses whatever profit value a country might have. Every admiral, general, politician and diplomat I've talked to who knows anything about Thailand agrees that if the Japs move into Thailand, Burma and the Burma Road, Singapore and the Dutch East Indies are threatened. One look at the map and the air distances between Bangkok and Rangoon and Mandalay and Singapore proves they're right. The least the Japs could do from Thailand is so to harass the road that runs from Rangoon into China—and which is the main intake for the supplies that keep China fighting Japan—that it would become useless.

British diplomats assured me that Britain is ready to fight for Thailand, whose occupation by Japan would bring the Japs right up to India's flank as well as in a position to threaten Malaya. American authorities demonstrated instead an inclination to regard Thailand as too little and unimportant to fight about. The Britishers almost unanimously felt that Thailand is "America's show, old boy" and that if war comes we ought to take on somehow the task of defending Thailand. The least the British ask is a joint American declaration with British government saying something to the effect that "England and the United States stand together for defense of the rights of small nations in Asia" or otherwise indicating Anglo-American naval military unity in the Far East. They figure this will scare the Japs stiffer than when they've had three whiskers—which is very quick, for Japs can't drink.

Whether Thailand will fight if invaded neither the British nor anybody else seemed to know. Within that small privileged clique that rules Thailand—most cabinet members are also directors or large shareholders in Thai business firms—pro-Jap Thais said, "Who should we fight?" and pro-British Thais said "Yes, we will fight."



"Now, if you can only remember just what you did, Mr. Hoskins, we might be able to sell it to the Army"

GARDNER REA

To oppose Japan's formidable war machine Thailand has thirty or forty thousand troops who have never held maneuvers and who believe that their red undershirts will make them impervious to bullets. Its navy consists of three submarines which have never submerged because its crew aren't certain they will return to the surface and a number of small, poorly armed old sloops and gunboats. Thailand's best weapons are its new Bofors antitank guns. These are better than their personnel. Thais have never permitted foreign instructors in their country and though they have sent a few men to West Point and several to Berlin, Paris and Tokyo for military instruction, they are woefully weak in officers.

Their tanks are old British three- and seven-tonners. Their artillery moves on wooden wheels. They have few guns equipped with high-speed axles. They own several old Vickers Armstrong armored cars and their air force consists of those fifty Jap-built Curtisses and a hodgepodge of machines of other makes—British, American and French—which won't cause Japan much damage. If this may seem a hasty underestimate of Thailand's military strength I am sorry. But shortly before I arrived in Bangkok two Thais were executed for giving information to foreigners concerning the nation's army and I didn't want to get any Thais executed. They're such nice people living in a little dream world where the cereus blooms nightly, filling that world with an amazing fragrance.

Our New Army

Continued from page 23

them a slip of paper bearing a San Bernardino girl's address. "It's my sister," the kid gulped. "She wants some soldier to write to her." Nine of the guys have already received identical answers. Each starts: "My name is Bonnie Mae. I am six years old. I—"

SANTA MARIA. This prosperous and attractive agricultural and oil town, about midway between San Francisco and Los Angeles, is enjoying a boom and preparing for a lot of clanking. The first armored division in the West will be stationed within a few months at the new $24,250,000 Santa Maria-Lompoc cantonment, one of four recently authorized. (The others will be at Fort Smith, Ark., Neosho, Mo., and Augusta, Ga.) At the peak of construction, 6,000 workers will be employed on the camp, which also will have an antitank battalion and ordnance, quartermaster and other personnel. On its 90,000-acre site the cantonment will be able to handle 16,200 officers and men upon completion, but will be built to allow for expansion to house 35,000. Santa Maria's 10,000 citizens, making plans for playing hosts to members of the new division, are experienced along the recreation line, for Santa Maria isn't far from Camp San Luis Obispo (40th Division), Fort Ord (Seventh Division) and rambling Camp Roberts (Replacement Center). Civilians visiting the layout get an idea of what a job it represents when Construction Quartermaster Lieut. Col. Harry D. Stetson informs them that a complete set of plans and specifications weighs 160 pounds.

CAMP SEELEY, Imperial Valley. "We're the lowest cavalry outfit in the Army," says Pvt. Arthur Redelsheimer, Troop B, 11th Cavalry, "but our efficiency is the highest." By lowest he refers to camp's altitude, which isn't, because the place is below sea level. Has it been hot there? "Well," says Pvt. Redelsheimer, "Cooks Carl E. Johnson and Walter C. Miller whipped up a cake a while ago, then set it out in the sun to bake while they crawled into the ovens for a siesta."

CAMP HAAN. There's only one way to do anything in the Army, so Corp. Wallace Guido, former professional gardener, was in quite a fix. Ordered to create a smart, sharp lawn for camp headquarters, Corp. Guido requested seed and was told that the Army buys seed only for Army cemeteries. The corporal might have buried a few mascots in the plot and transformed it into a cemetery but the purchasing officer helped him out by ordering the seed anyway. So now the Army has one more cemetery than it knows about. Corporal Guido is proud of his handiwork but squirms a little every time somebody calls him the Italian Gravedigger.

THE fastest hockey on the West Coast has been played in an open-air rink about fifteen miles from Haan, by members from three antiaircraft regiments here from Minnesota, the home of tough hockey players. Local teams are still wondering what up and hit them.

TEXAS

SAN ANTONIO. To take care of the increasing personnel at Brooks and Kelly fields and at Fort Sam Houston, the government got busy with defense-housing projects in San Antonio. Five hundred units went up; 100 near Brooks, 200 near each of the other two posts. With rental tags of $1.15 a day—the exact amount of the quarters allowance for master, technical and staff sergeants—the new four-room homes were offered to married enlisted men of the top three grades. A month later Landlord Uncle Sam found most of his For Rent signs still out and only eighty tenants on his hands. Reason was that inexpensively built and cut-to-pattern defense homes are without such gimmicks as garages, front porches and adequate landscaping. Though some rents in San Antonio have been hiked slightly, no acute housing shortage has yet developed, and many Army sergeants found they could rent better-looking quarters from private landlords for the same money. The defense-housing men went into a huddle and the houses are now being offered to civilians under a graduated rental charge, based on the income of the renters. For those drawing $800 or less per year the rent will be $13. For higher pay brackets the rental charges are increased until a charge of $50 per month is set for civilian employees earning $3,000 per year. Civilian renters must pay for their own gas, water and electricity. Third priority in renting the houses will go to enlisted men below the three higher grades—to sergeants and men of lower rank. In case all the houses are not rented to men of the first two groups, soldiers in the third group will be permitted to rent them on the same rental scale as that set for civilian defense workers.

GENERAL

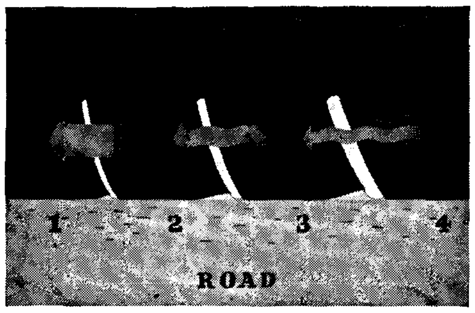
MORE slang. Snow Whites are nurses, Attic Cleaners are aspirin tablets. The Iron Inn is the hoosegow, a G. I. Mickey Finn is castor oil and the Zombie Meat Wagon is a military police truck.

SERGEANT GEORGE RUSSELL, of the Panama Canal Zone's France Field, started something when he appealed through this department for letters from girls in the States. More than two thousand letters fluttered down his way for distribution among his buddies in the 6th Headquarters and Headquarters Squadron, and all those containing names and addresses (many didn't) were promptly acknowledged. Two other groups in Panama seem to be all set for a similar enterprise. Raymond Torin writes: "As badly as Sgt. Russell and his gang need help, we need it even more. Rio Hato is a flying field about eighty-five miles from Panama in the interior of the jungles. The only real break in the monotony and heat of the day is the soul-inspiring Mail Call. There are 4,000 men here who would be in the heights of delight if they had the opportunity to correspond with the girls back in the States." His address is Headquarters and Headquarters Squadron, 9th Bomb Group, care of Albrook Field, Rio Hato, Republic of Panama. Corporal Eugene D. Peterson, Battery G, 4th C.A. (HD), Coast Artillery Construction Group, Rio Hato, and his pals are ready, too. And the only thing we can say to the lads at Fort Knox, at the U. S. Naval Academy and at other posts from which we've had pleas for letters from girls is that this column can't hope to cope with the correspondence problems of soldiers who, although they may be hundreds of miles from home, are still within the continental limits and just around the corner from somebody's sister.

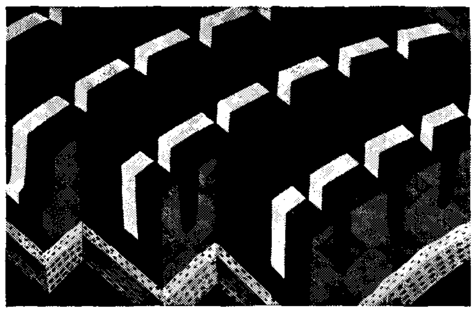
NOW that we've instigated a potential riot we're clearing out for the comparative peace and quiet of the Louisiana maneuvers—and chiggers. G. W.

Striped for Action

SUREFOOTED and husky as a star ball-carrier is the new *Fisk Safti-Flight Tire.* Hundreds of tread blocks in the *Safety Stripe Tread* are always ready to go into action to help you stop, start, and hug the turns—while the smooth, silent ride of its continuous 7-rib design gives you many more miles of safe driving.

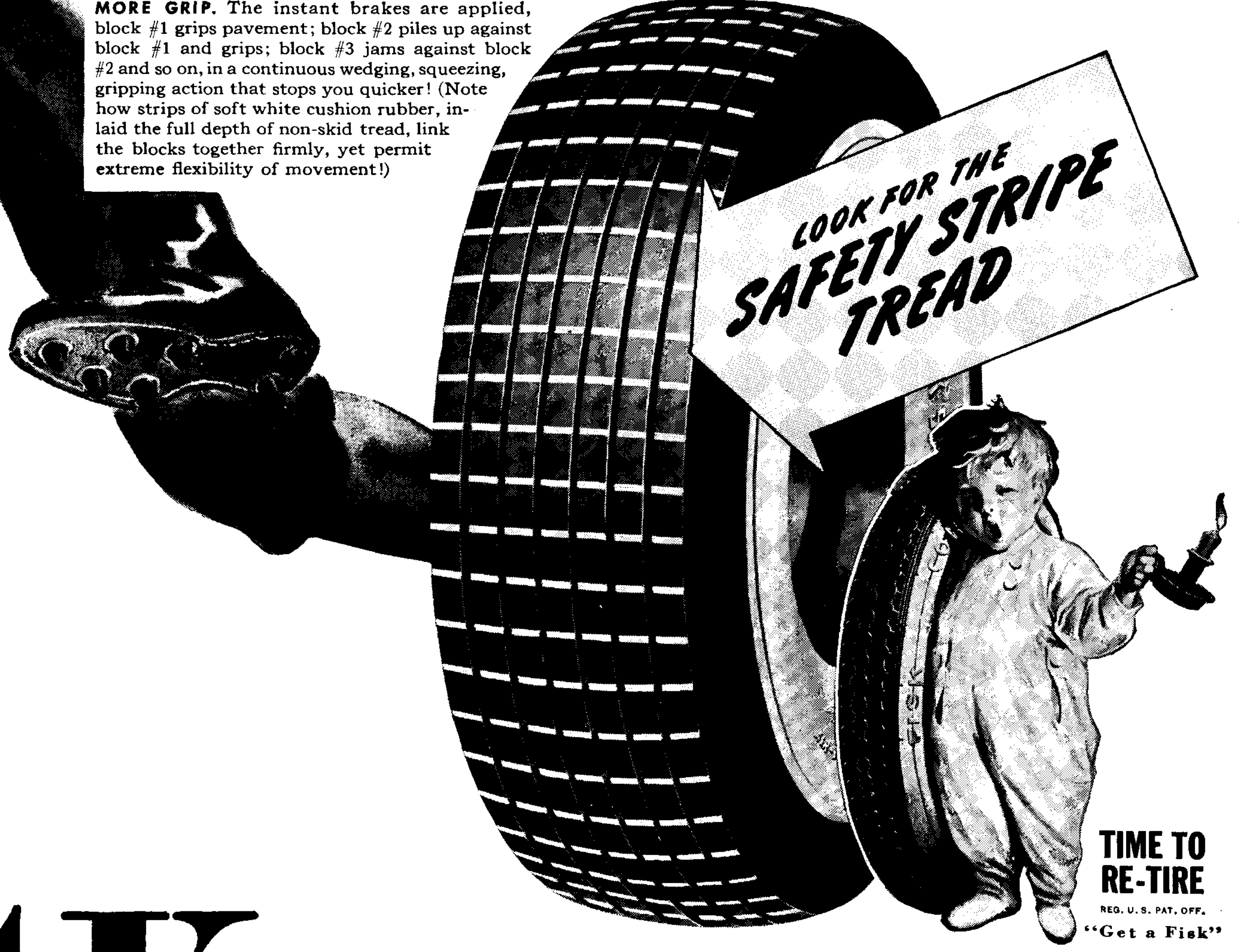


MORE GRIP. The instant brakes are applied, block #1 grips pavement; block #2 piles up against block #1 and grips; block #3 jams against block #2 and so on, in a continuous wedging, squeezing, gripping action that stops you quicker! (Note how strips of soft white cushion rubber, inlaid the full depth of non-skid tread, link the blocks together firmly, yet permit extreme flexibility of movement!)



MORE STRENGTH. The independent spring action of each tread block, absorbs small road bumps, protects against outside bruises. Inside the tire, antifriction cotton cords, safety-sealed in pure latex, resist high temperatures generated by constant flexing; give greater protection against blowouts! (The Safti-Flight Rayon, at extra cost, runs even cooler, is even less vulnerable to blowouts at high speed!)

MORE MILEAGE. Smooth-rolling, silent Fisk Safti-Flight Tread puts more rubber on the road, (see foot print above), distributes weight over a larger area to give you a big gain in mileage. Fisk's thicker under-tread makes possible effective regrooving after the original tread has worn down—important when you are looking for tires that will last safely for a long, long, time.



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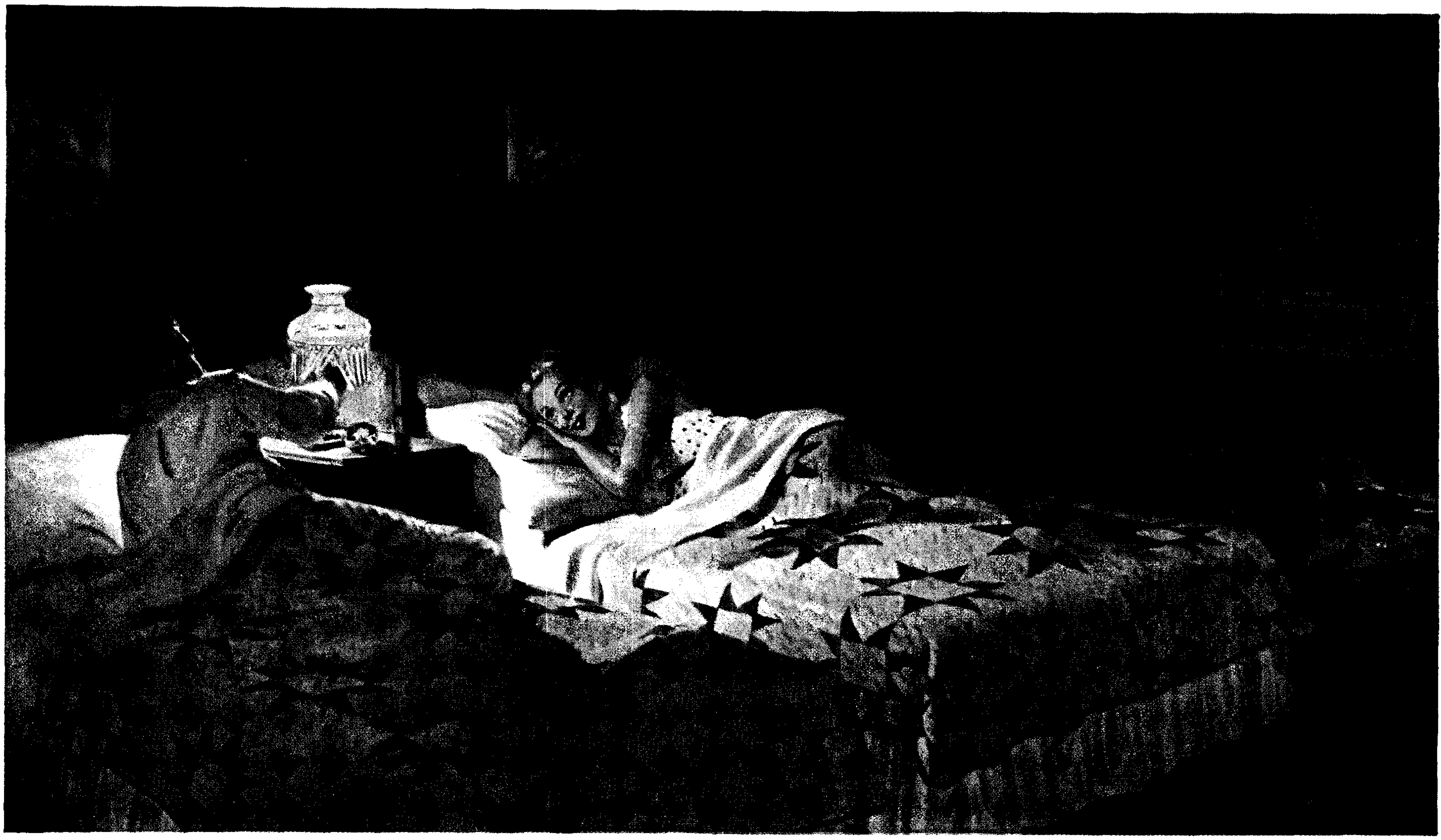

THERE IS NO SENSATION ON EARTH quite like that when your tired body sinks gently into a Beautyrest. Your aches and weariness seem to float away . . . you become instantly, completely, *blissfully* relaxed. No wonder the buoyant support a Beautyrest gives you has been called the "supreme thrill of *luxury* comfort."

Things you probably never knew about a mattress

1. Springs are joined in the ordinary mattress.

Mattresses may look alike—but there's a vast difference in the *comfort* they give. That's because comfort depends on the kind of "*insides*" it has. And there are two main types of mattress insides.

This is the "ordinary" type. As you see, the springs are joined together. When you push one down, others around it must go down, too. Thus, the mattress must *slope* toward the spot where your greatest weight lies—give you "sag" support.

2. But Beautyrest's 837 coils act separately.

Each one of Beautyrest's 837 coils is like a tiny mattress in itself. Set in its own cloth pocket, each coil yields separately and independently to every whim of your body. That's because it's *not* joined to its neighbor.

And that's why Beautyrest gives you *buoyant* support. However you may lie or turn, your body is *cradled*—evenly, completely, naturally. That's the secret of Beautyrest's *luxury* comfort!

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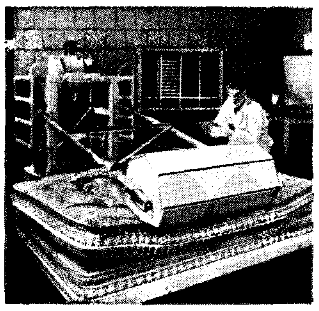

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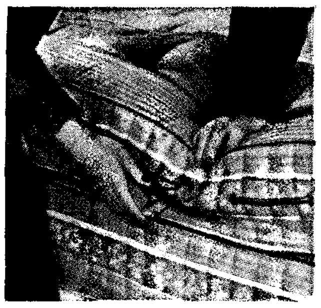

5. Why Beautyrest stays "fresh" inside.

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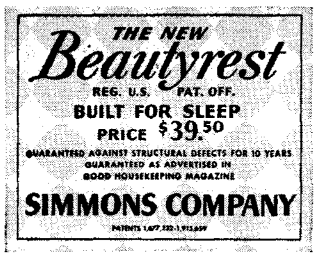

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Mercator Island

Continued from page 20

comes good old Oscar. Help him with the picnic hamper, will you, Bob?"

Oscar was coming up the path from the beach, grunting and puffing beneath a heavy load. He carried a canvas packsack on his back, filled with canned goods and bottles. There was a rifle slung over his shoulder, in one hand he had a heavy suitcase and in the other a picnic hamper.

"Why," Mrs. Kingman said, "Oscar looks like Santa Claus."

"Good old Oscar," said Mr. Kingman, "just like Santa Claus. Not that bag, Bob, the other—the picnic hamper. We'll try the house first." Mr. Kingman peered at Oscar's canvas packsack. "Ah, three bottles of Ruedesheimer. We can cool them in some spring. They may make us sleepy after lunch, but then 'what is so rare as a day in June'?"

THEY were all in a little group in that clearing near the pier, and Bob Bolles remembered later, when he tried to reconstruct the scene, that Mr. Kingman's eyes had been fixed on the tangled vines and bushes in front of him, until he had examined the wine that Oscar was carrying. When he had turned to look at the wine bottle his head had moved sideways away from the beginning of the old road which led from the dock. The road was nothing but a grassy trail that wound beneath a gigantic candlewood whose heavy roots ran through the grass like enormous hands. Suddenly Bob Bolles saw Oscar's body stiffen.

"Achtung," Oscar said sharply, "ach—" and Bob remembered later that Oscar had never spoken a German word before. Suddenly Oscar was not a Swede but a German. Mr. Kingman whirled about before Oscar could finish and Bob Bolles turned too, moved by that sudden urgency in Oscar's voice. A moment before there had been nothing on the path but now beneath the cool black shadow of the candlewood, not twenty feet away, a small man in a grass-stained white suit was standing, holding a short, blunt automatic pistol.

"Please," he said sharply, "Mr. Kingman, please." His last word ended in a gentle persuasive hiss, and before he spoke Bob Bolles recognized him. It was the Japanese from Kingston—Mr. Moto.

There was a silence—a strange, shocked, stony silence. Bob Bolles was standing just a pace behind Mr. Kingman, so that Mr. Kingman's silk coat, his pith helmet and his shoulders were like the foreground in a picture beyond which were the glade and the candlewood and Mr. Moto. He could see Mr. Kingman's muscles beneath the coat taut and absolutely motionless. Mr. Kingman was holding his rifle ready at his hip, but the line of its slender, dark barrel was a little off the mark, although an instantaneous flick of Mr. Kingman's wrist would bring it bearing straight on Mr. Moto's body. An almost imperceptible motion, a pressure on the trigger—and there you were.

Yet Mr. Kingman waited and Bob Bolles knew what he was thinking, as he watched the back of Mr. Kingman's head. He saw a little bead of perspiration roll down Mr. Kingman's neck. He could not see Mr. Kingman's eyes, but he knew that they were boring into Mr. Moto's eyes and Bob knew that any moment something might break that perfect equilibrium of time. Mr. Kingman was standing there, figuring it to a hairbreadth. He was estimating his chances if he moved and fired and Bob Bolles was completely sure that no consideration was disturbing Mr. Kingman, except the possibility of success. Then Mr. Moto spoke again.

"Please," Mr. Moto said, "no reason for this now. Later perhaps, but not now, please," and suddenly he smiled. "If we start it will be so very, very difficult. So few of us will be left."

"Oh," Mr. Kingman said, "do you think so?" His voice was unshaken, almost unchanged.

"Oh, yes," Mr. Moto said, "I think so. It is so nice when number one people meet on missions. You and I we are first class. We are thinking of the end. I was so relieved when I knew it was you, Mr. Kingman. Please, it is better to wait, for now so few of us might be left that nothing could succeed for any of us."

"Oh," Mr. Kingman asked, "what makes you so sure?"

The gold in Mr. Moto's teeth glittered again. "There was a combination so very like this in Singapore," he said, "an associate of mine was so impetuous. He shot before he thought, so much better to think."

Mr. Moto paused, but he had not moved his dark, narrow eyes from Mr. Kingman's face. "I have been waiting for some minutes for this chance to talk. I could so very, very easily have shot you from cover, Mr. Kingman, but I think this way is better."

"Oh," Mr. Kingman said, "why is it?"

"I am not an airplane mechanic, Mr. Kingman, and you are," Mr. Moto said. "So much better that we work together."

"Oh," Mr. Kingman said, "so that's it, is it?" But neither of them moved.

"Yes, please," Mr. Moto said. "I should be so sorry. If you move now I think that I should kill you before you have your rifle pointed. In the meanwhile the other man with the bags, he would have a shot at me of course. It is so very dangerous. Do you see? We might be so very much hurt that there might be no result for any of us. So too bad, Mr. Kingman, after so much trouble."

THE tension about Mr. Kingman's shoulders relaxed. "I can see your reasoning," he said. "What do you suggest?"

"That is so nice," Mr. Moto said. "I was so sure it would all be so happy. It would be so much nicer if we could make some arrangement for a little while. I should be so honored to take your word—to do nothing for ten minutes."

"Well," Mr. Kingman said, "all right. There isn't any hurry."

"So nice to be working with nice people," Mr. Moto said.

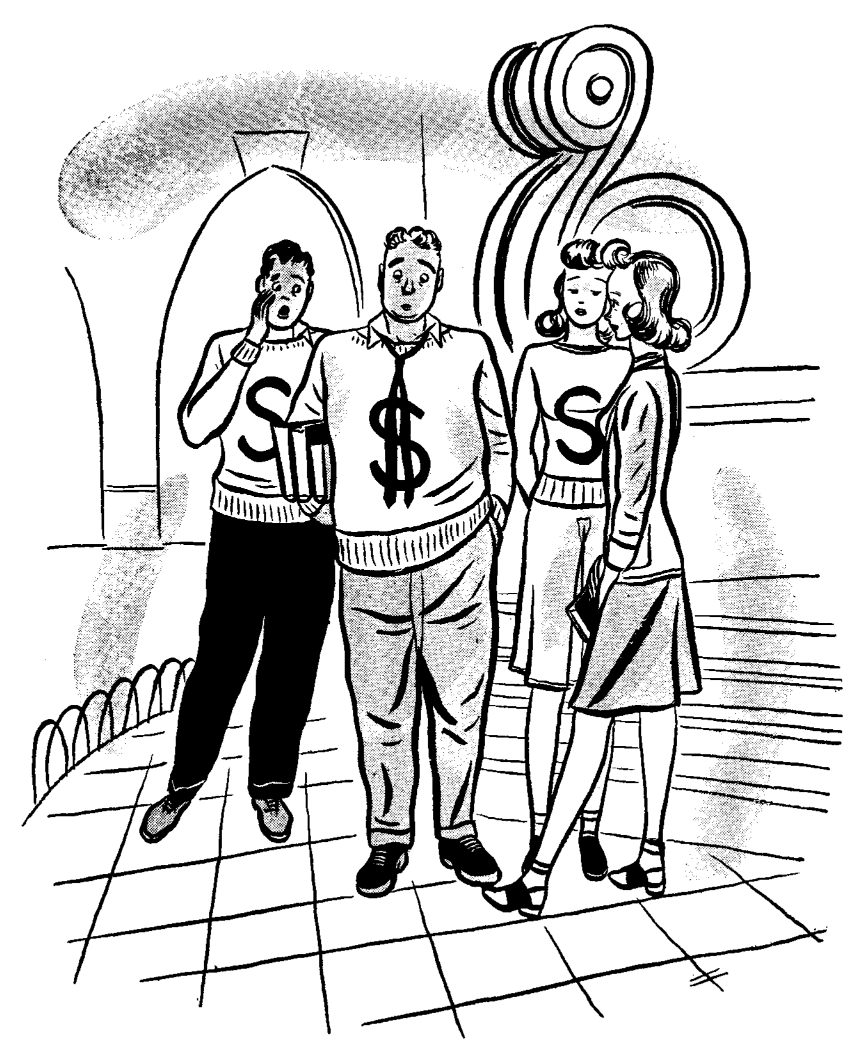
Mr. Moto put his pistol in his pocket and Mr. Kingman put his rifle in the crook of his arm.

"It was careless of me," Mr. Kingman said. "I should have seen you. I thought I was better in the bush. All right, Oscar. So that was you on the boat last night? She wasn't anchored here."

Mr. Moto took a purple handkerchief from his breast pocket, took off his Panama hat and wiped the band. "Excuse, please," he said. "So very hot, I think."

Mr. Kingman also took off his sun helmet and mopped his forehead. His eyes were coldly blue, but his voice was unruffled and agreeable.

"I was looking for that confounded motorboat," he said. "You did it very



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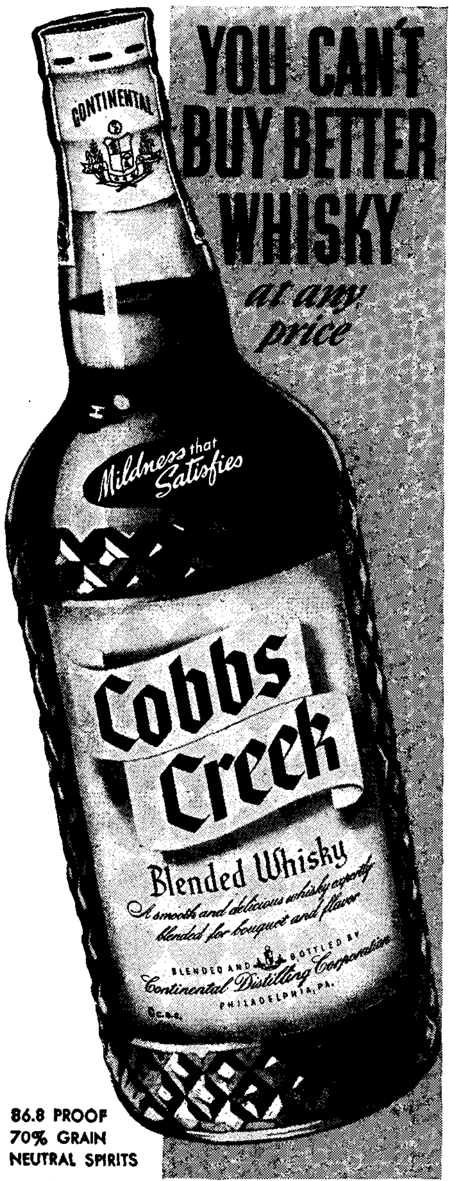
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well. I'm not generally so easy to—to get a drop on. I knew you were on the job, of course. You Japs get nearly everywhere these days, don't you? You almost picked Mrs. Kingman off in Kingston, too, didn't you? I wasn't quite ready for that either."

Mr. Moto gave the crown of his hat a gentle pat.

"It was an effort, please," he said. "You were recognized when you got off the boat. The English police were quite stupid, I think. But, please, it was not to pick Mrs. Kingman off. Simply to extract the location. We knew she had it, please."

"I see," Mr. Kingman said. "I wonder if you tried the factory in the States."

Mr. Moto nodded. "Just as you did, Mr. Kingman. It was too well guarded, was it not?" He walked toward them, fanning himself with his Panama. May I introduce myself, please?" he asked. "So much nicer," but Mr. Kingman looked puzzled.

"Have I ever seen you anywhere before?" he asked.

"So sorry," Mr. Moto said, "only for so little time. Ha-ha, the Japanese they look so much alike—Vladivostok, in 1934, and then in '38 in Berlin."

Then Mrs. Kingman spoke. "Why, Mac," she said, "that year—what were you doing in Berlin?"

"My dear," Mr. Kingman said gently, "never mind it now," and Mr. Moto bobbed his head.

"I am Mr. Moto," he said. "So very honored to represent the interests of my government, so glad to be acquainted, Mr. Kingman, and the lady—she is German? So sorry she is here."

"German?" said Mrs. Kingman sharply. "We're French from the Vichy government."

"Oh," Mr. Moto said, "I understand. I had always heard that Mr. Kingman worked for himself—not for any government—and then sold. So very businesslike—" and he bowed again, and Bob Bolles found himself wishing that he would not keep bowing. "I am sorry, very, very sorry you are here, Miss—" Mr. Moto paused and waited. "So much better if you had stopped in the silk shop." Mr. Kingman shrugged his shoulders.

"She is Mrs. Kingman—just at present," he said, "and that's my man Oscar working with me, and this is the skipper from my boat," he jerked his head sideways toward Bob Bolles. "Now you've got us straight, if you hadn't before."

MR. MOTO was still smiling, but there was no humor in his eyes when he looked at Bob Bolles. "An American," he said. "Yes, we've met. So very sorry he is here. We are searching for the same thing, of course."

Mr. Kingman's voice was suddenly sharp: "You haven't found it yet?"

"Not yet," said Mr. Moto gently, "but I am very sure it is here."

"Look here," said Mr. Kingman, "would you mind telling me how you found this island? I thought our information was exclusive."

"Yes," said Mr. Moto, "no reason why I should not tell you. I was sent to watch for you in Kingston after we tried the factory—so unpleasant at the factory. When I saw you take your boat I took a plane and watched your course. When I saw where you were pointed, I was so sure, please, where you were going. There was no plane to charter for the distance, without disturbing the police. I hired a motor cruiser in Kingston. It took me two days. The English are so very suspicious. We landed here early this morning."

Mr. Kingman drummed his fingers softly on his rifle stock. "Where is the crew now?" he asked.

The smile died out of Mr. Moto's face. "So sorry," he said. "It was better to send the boat back. I wanted no inside interference please. I am a scientist searching for butterflies."

"All right," said Mr. Kingman. "How are you planning to get back?"

"I shall arrange it later," Mr. Moto said.

Mr. Kingman laughed. "You don't think I'm going to take you, do you?"

Mr. Moto sighed and shook his head. "It is what I say," he answered, "this is so very serious. My trouble is that I am not a mechanic, Mr. Kingman. I am hoping so very much that we can work together to find an airplane which the French vessel the Aquitane left here. Mrs. Kingman, I think, brought you the information it is here. I hope to take from it the important new appliance and to find from you or Mrs. Kingman exactly what it is."

Bob Bolles rubbed the palms of his hands carefully on the sides of his duck trousers and he felt his heart beating in his throat.

"I see," Mr. Kingman said, "there is only one trouble Mr.—Mr. Moto."

"Yes," said Mr. Moto, "what is that?"

"I want it myself. I'm on a specialist job—you see."

Mr. Moto shook his head sadly. "So sorry," he said. "But one of us will have them, Mr. Kingman, in the end."

"And you're here all alone?" Mr. Kingman said. "You—you think you can tackle the whole lot of us?"

"So nice," said Mr. Moto softly, "so nice you understand."

"Well, thanks for telling me," said Mr. Kingman heartily. "You're a damned—damned cool customer." Mr. Moto looked slowly at the four of them, and then his eyes rested on Bob Bolles again.

"I can see," he said to Mr. Kingman, "why you brought the lady, for she no doubt has special information, but for this man who sailed the boat—I do not think it was wise of you. I am surprised to see him here, very much surprised."

They were all looking at him and never in his life had Bob felt so entirely alone. Mr. Kingman was half smiling, half frowning as though the remark annoyed him. Oscar licked his lips as though they were dry, but what alarmed him most was Mrs. Kingman. For the first time that morning Mrs. Kingman looked afraid.

"Mac," she said quickly, "you promised me. There isn't any need."

"Of course there isn't," Mr. Kingman said heartily. "Bob here is as right as—as rain, and Bob will back me up. It's four against one, Moto."

MR. MOTO'S face was wooden and expressionless. His voice was monotonously precise.

"So sorry," he said. "I think the lady might walk away for a moment. It would be nicer, I think."

"What do you mean?" Mr. Kingman asked. "No need to go, Helen."

"I say again, so sorry," Mr. Moto said. "Do you not know this man is formerly a lieutenant in the Navy of the United States?"

"Of course he was," Mr. Kingman said. "I know that, Mr. Moto. And he was—was busted out of it. He's a—a harmless drunk, excuse me, Bob. He's being paid enough so he'll be happy for two years. It's all hunky—hunky-dory."

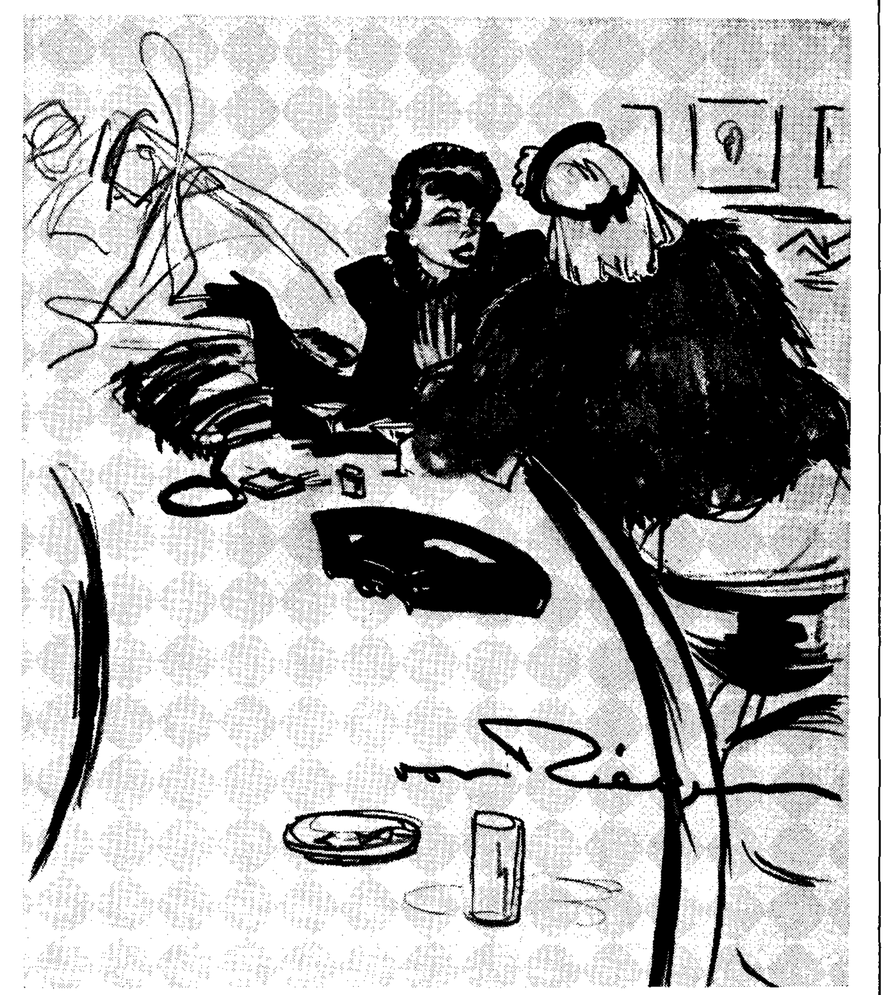
"What is that word, please?" Mr. Moto asked.

"Hunky-dory," Mr. Kingman said. "American slang. It means everything's all right."

"Thank you," said Mr. Moto. "Your English is so very good, Mr. Kingman. I have studied at an American university and I do not speak so well. I am so sorry."

"For Pete's sake," said Mr. Kingman, "don't keep on saying you're sorry. You're sorry for what?"

"So sorry for Mr. Bolles," Mr. Moto said. "Excuse me, you were not very



"They hired a detective to guard their wedding presents, and then all they got was doilies"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

careful. Do you know where Mr. Bolles went after you saw him, Mr. Kingman? It is why I am sure it will be so much nicer for us to work together."

"No," Mr. Kingman said. "Where did he go?"

Mr. Moto rubbed his hands together softly.

"He went," Mr. Moto said, "straight to the hotel. So sorry for you, Mr. Bolles. And there he called on the officer of the United States destroyer the Smedley, and that is not all, please. The Smedley is inquiring for the French vessel the Aquitane. So sorry."

THE wrinkles on Mr. Kingman's face deepened. He did not speak for a moment, and Bob had never been so conscious of every personality.

"Mac," he heard Mrs. Kingman say, and Mr. Kingman shook his head at her and Bob saw Mr. Kingman's fingers move toward the lock of his rifle.

"Please," Mrs. Kingman said, "*please*, Mac."

"Helen"—Mr. Kingman's voice was still genial and pleasant—"you know me well enough not to say 'please.' You are quite right, Mr. Moto. You're a nice guy, Bob, but it's the—the game, isn't it? You today, Mr. Moto or me tomorrow. Helen, go down to the beach. We will call you in a few minutes. Who shall it be, Mr. Moto, you or me?"

Mr. Moto pulled out his purple handkerchief again. "Since it was your oversight, please," he said, "it would be so much nicer for you, Mr. Kingman, unless of course you are too friendly."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Kingman, "I was damned stupid. Go down to the beach, Helen. You wanted to pick up shells."

But Mrs. Kingman still waited. When she spoke again Bob had a feeling of gratitude that shook him, but it made him for the first time really believe in what was happening.

"But both of you were wrong," she said. "Look at him. He isn't one of us."

"Oh," Mr. Kingman asked, "what makes you say that, Helen?"

Even then, when all sorts of thoughts were running through his mind, Bob Bolles was impressed by a discordant quality in her voice.

"How can one explain a matter like that?" she said, and even her accent was different. "One can tell if one has been in the profession. Why, one can pick out the others like us in a crowded street. I saw it in your face even before I met you. Why, anyone can read it on this Japanese."

"Madame has so very much intuition," Mr. Moto said.

"It's the everlasting lying," she went on as though she had not heard, "the everlasting trying to laugh and to smile when you're afraid, the watching and the danger. I have talked to Mr. Bolles and he hasn't it in him, not the personality nor the capacity."

Then Bob Bolles spoke for the first time. He must have been afraid—he was certainly afraid—but he still could not get it through his mind that he was the person who was standing there.

"That's right about my personality. The experts say there's something wrong with it."

Mr. Kingman smiled sympathetically. He seemed politely, mildly interested.

"So very nice to talk so," Mr. Moto said. "It shows your personality is very nice."

"No," said Mrs. Kingman, "it isn't that. Can't you see he's too honest?"

"My dear," Mr. Kingman said, "this isn't like you, Helen, to give away to emotion. Or are you emotionally interested in Mr. Bolles?"

Her face became a dull red. "No," she answered, "of course not."

"Then you had better go down to the beach," Mr. Kingman said, "—unless, of course, you want to stay."

"No," she said, "I don't want to stay," and she turned quickly, as though she did not want to look at any of them, particularly at Bob Bolles, and walked past the palm-leaf huts toward the beach. They stood there waiting until she was out of sight.

"Too much emotion," Mr. Kingman said. "She is very good, but it is the difficulty with women. You are to be congratulated, Bob. You seem to have got further with her than I have."

It was only when he saw her walking away from them that Bob Bolles felt his first wave of panic. He had a sudden choking desire to run, to take the chance and to plunge into the bushes, and perhaps they hoped he would. He always thought that he would have run for it if Mr. Moto had not spoken.

"If you have any messages, please," Mr. Moto said, "we should be so very glad. So customary with all of us."

Mr. Moto's voice steadied him. He put his hands in his pockets so that no one could see that they were shaking and he cleared his throat. He had the most absurd desire that no matter what happened he wanted Mr. Kingman and Mr. Moto to think that he had done it well.

"There's just one thing," he began.

Mr. Kingman looked sympathetic and kindly. "Yes," he said, "go ahead, Bob. We don't want to hurry you."

It might not work, but if he could make them understand that they needed him, he might get out of it. He tried to keep his mind on that single point, although it was very hard to do, because his thoughts seemed to dart in all directions.

"This is all rather new to me," he said. "I guess everyone's been doing a lot of thinking. But have you thought who's going to sail that boat? You and Oscar can't do it, Mr. Kingman. You'll need a navigator to get out of here."

Bob Bolles felt his heart beating in his throat. There was no way of telling from watching them whether the idea was new or not. Mr. Kingman glanced at Mr. Moto. Mr. Moto's eyes grew narrow.

"So fortunate that I know navigation," Mr. Moto said.

"Perhaps you do," said Mr. Kingman. "That changes it a little. Perhaps you won't be going with us, Mr. Moto."

SUDDENLY Mr. Moto began to laugh. "It is funny," he said, and Mr. Moto laughed again. It was the perfunctory laughter of his race, which did not have much humor in it. It appeared to annoy Mr. Kingman.

"What in—in hell is funny?" Mr. Kingman asked.

"So amusing," Mr. Moto said, "how all life hangs on little threads, so very, very delicate. Let us put it this way, please," Mr. Moto raised one finger. "I did not kill you, Mr. Kingman, because you understand the airplane. You did not eliminate me, because there is as yet no chance. Besides if the Americans are coming we must all work together."

"If they were coming," Mr. Kingman said, "they would have been here before now. How about it, Bob?"

Bob Bolles shook his head. He had not the least idea where the Smedley was, but he could tell that things were looking better.

"I'm not telling, of course," he said, "even if I knew."

Mr. Moto raised another finger. "So serious," he said, "so very serious."

"Oh," Mr. Kingman said, "damn—damnation! I'm trying to think!"

"Yes," Mr. Moto said, "it is time to think. I am so sorry that I do not need him."

"Wait a minute," Bob Bolles said.

"Yes," said Mr. Moto, "yes?" And Bob Bolles grinned at him.

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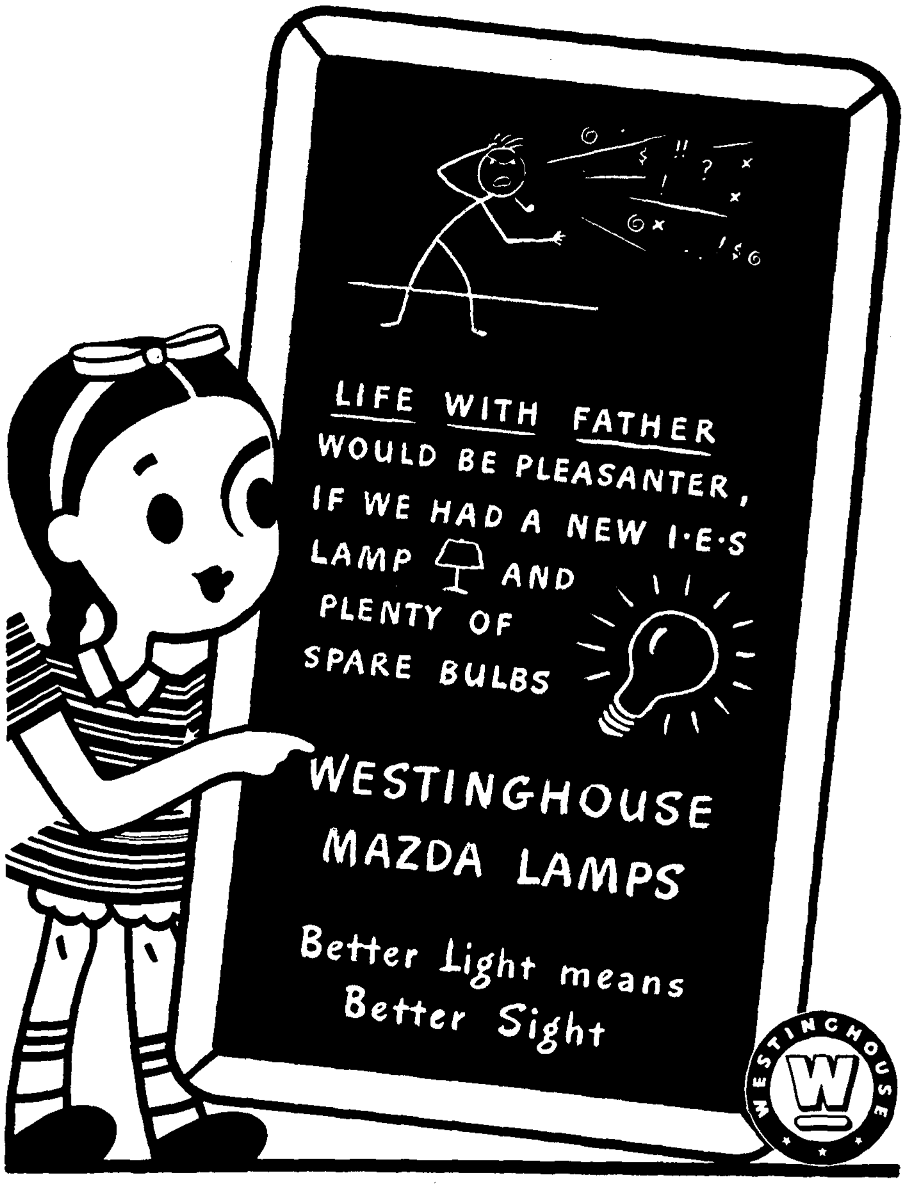

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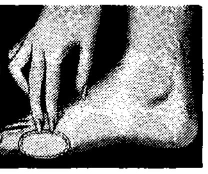

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enough to get away if you're chased? I know nearly every harbor, Mr. Moto, in these waters. I know where to hide."

Mr. Moto expelled his breath softly between his teeth. "No," he said. "I had not thought of that—if the destroyer is on its way—"

Mr. Kingman moved impatiently. "Moto," he said, "maybe you and I'd better talk for a few minutes in private."

"Oh, yes," Mr. Moto said, "yes, I think it would be very nice."

Mr. Kingman beckoned to Oscar. "Take Mr. Bolles down to the beach with Mrs. Kingman, Oscar, and keep an eye on him," and then he smiled. "Goodby, I'll see you later, Bob."

"Please," Mr. Moto said, "just a moment, Mr. Bolles. If this man with you should try to leave you, perhaps to shoot at me, will you call me, please?"

"With pleasure," Bob Bolles said, and Mr. Kingman began to laugh.

"By—by jingo, Mr. Moto!" Mr. Kingman said. "You really do think of everything."

Once, several years before, Bob Bolles had been piloting a training plane when the motor inexplicably had gone dead. He was losing altitude fast when, equally inexplicably, the motor had picked up again and he had been able to level off, but those few moments never wholly left him. His half-mechanical, half-pathetic efforts at the controls always came back to him, while the certainty had grown on him that it was all over. When he heard the roar of the motor again, there had been a sort of nauseous, giddy weakness which in its way had been worse than that sense that he was through, and now the same feeling was with him. When he walked across the clearing toward the beach with Oscar a pace or two behind him, Bob Bolles thought for a moment that he might be physically ill. The trees and the little bay, everything was blurred. He felt a sharp prod in the small of his back. It was Oscar poking him with the muzzle of his rifle.

"Get on, you," Oscar said, and Bob Bolles realized that he had stopped walking without knowing it. His vision cleared and Mercator Island and the bay were back, lonely, warm and beautiful. He heard the faint breeze in the palms again and the humming of insects and the chattering of birds.

"ALL right," he said, "all right, Oscar," and he began to walk again, and the sea and the air, everything had a new beauty. The Thistlewood was still anchored in the harbor. He had never thought until then of human life as a factor in an intellectual problem which could be eliminated as easily as you crossed out a mathematical symbol with a pencil. He had never associated before with individuals who considered life in just those terms.

"You today," Mr. Kingman had said, "and Mr. Moto or me tomorrow." They were spies, the secret agents he had read about, but he had never seen a spy before. He had never considered before that he had led an immature, protected life, and now life was like walking on a tight rope across a chasm. Mr. Kingman and Mr. Moto had been so trained to it that they could move as easily as gymnasts in a circus, but he had not been trained to it, and now he was out on a wire balanced somewhere over the gap of infinity. Halfway across the clearing he stopped again and faced Oscar.

"Say, Oscar," he said, "how about rowing out to the boat and getting a drink? I need a drink."

"We go out to no boat," Oscar said, "and we get no drink."

"Oh, all right," Bob said, "but don't be so gloomy, Oscar."

He would not have lasted for a single minute if he had not known how to sail the Thistlewood. If Tom took the Thistlewood away there would be no reason for him at all.

"Go on," Oscar said. "Keep walking."

"All right," Bob said. "I was just thinking about something, Oscar."

He was thinking that Tom was within earshot, watching them from somewhere. He had only to shout for Tom and Tom would come. He only had to tell Tom to forget what he had told him to do, and there was no reason why he shouldn't, for none of this business was his funeral. Yet he knew he would do no such thing. He would have to go ahead and take what was coming to him.

Mrs. Kingman was sitting on a log with her back toward them, looking at the sea. She did not move when she heard their footsteps. She did not move until he spoke.

"Hello," Bob Bolles said. Then she jumped up very quickly. She made a queer sort of picture in her gaily colored beach attire, because the color only emphasized the deadly whiteness of her face.

"It's all right," Bob said. "They haven't got me yet."

"Why—" she began, "why—"

"Because someone had to sail the Thistlewood," Bob said. "Oscar's down here to watch me so I won't get away, and Mr. Moto's having me watch Oscar so he won't get away."

She reached out her hand to him and he took it and her fingers gripped his very tight.

"Oh," she said, "I've been so—so sick! I'd have done anything, but there wasn't anything to do." When he thought of Mr. Kingman's eyes, he knew that she was right.

"Why, you did everything you could," he said. "I guess I'm in a bad way, but I'm glad you're not married to him."

"You behaved so well," she said. "I knew you would. Of course I'm not married to a man like that—or to anyone else. Are you still glad?"

"Yes," Bob said, "I am."

"If I'd been armed—" she began. "Where are they now?"

"Talking," he told her.

"Oh," she said, and she dropped his hand and turned to Oscar.

"Go and sit over by the bank," she said. "It's all right, Oscar."

"Yes, ma'am," Oscar answered, and he walked to the edge of the beach and sat down with his rifle across his knees.

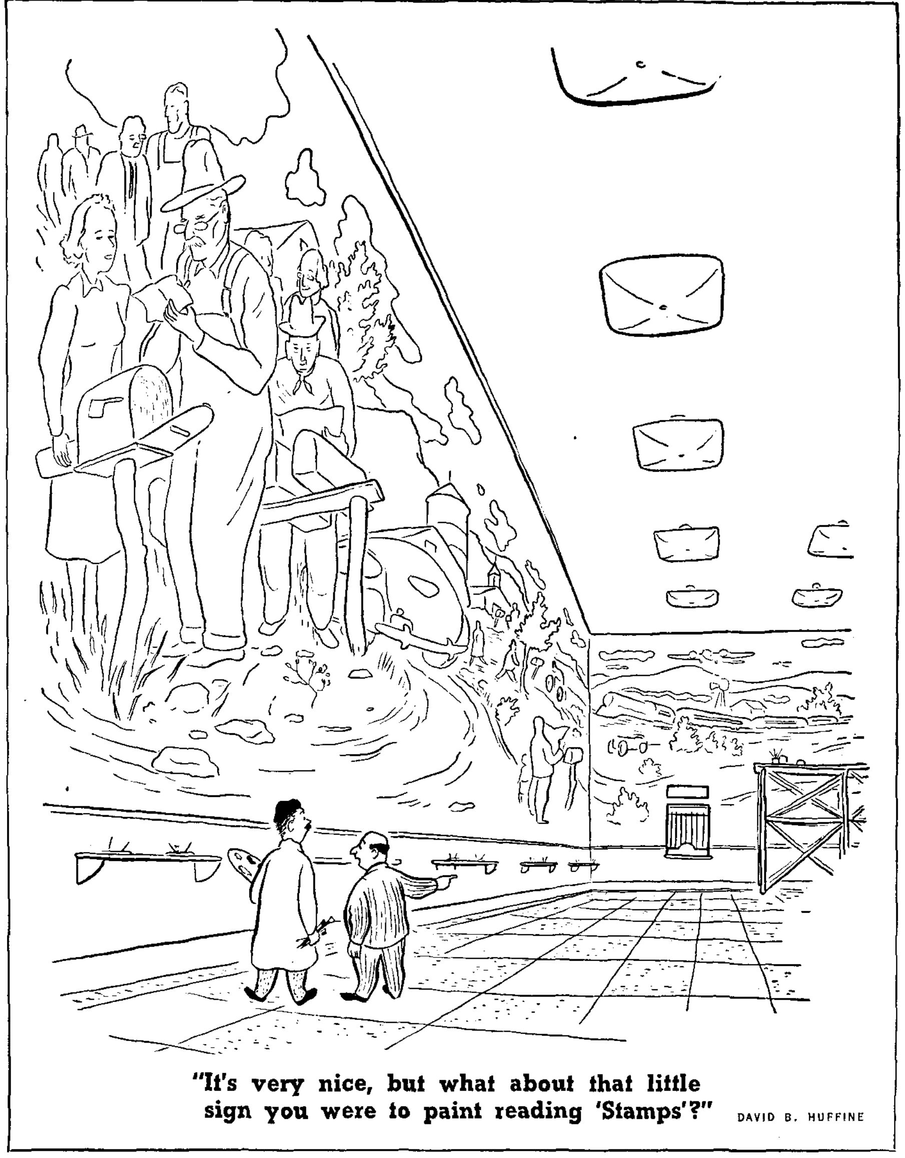
"We can talk," she said. "His English is very bad. I don't know where Mac picked him up. He's faithful and that's about all."

SHE had been shaken when he first appeared but now she was entirely different. It was as though she had cut herself away from any sentiment. She was beautiful, tranquilly beautiful, but now she had a new intensity, some purpose which he was sure had nothing to do with him. She was looking toward the ruined pier, where he had left Mr. Moto and Mr. Kingman, and her lips were twisted into an enigmatic smile.

"He'd better take care," she said. She was not speaking to him—she was speaking to herself. Bob Bolles put his thumbs in his belt. He had not yet lost that sudden sense of gratitude that he was still alive and his new appreciation of everything around him included her. Somehow her disregard of him made him more completely conscious of her than he had ever been before.

"Who are you?" he asked. His question appeared to interrupt her train of thought and first she looked almost impatient at his interruption. Then she looked straight at him, as though she wanted him to have the truth whether he liked it or not.

"That's rather stupid of you," she answered. "You must know who I am,



"It's very nice, but what about that little sign you were to paint reading 'Stamps'?"

DAVID B. HUFFINE

of course, and it doesn't hurt for you to know now. I'm a French national agent, under a special government bureau in Vichy. Now you don't like me any more, do you? Well, it doesn't make much difference."

"I don't know whether I like you or not," Bob said. "I don't know whether I've ever known a spy."

She laughed as though he had said something amusing, but her voice was kinder. "You know one now," she said. "I'm not a nice girl for you to play with, because, you see—" she stopped and her voice grew harder, "you might as well know I'm the same as the rest of them."

"How do you mean?" Bob asked her.

"I mean," she answered, "I'd kill you, just as surely as Mac would, if it would help. In case you don't, I think you ought to know."

"I don't mind that," Bob said.

"My dear," she said, "I just wanted you to understand it. It seems fairer. You said you loved your country. I love mine. My mother was American, but my father was French."

"And Mr. Kingman?" Bob asked her. "Is he French?"

"I don't know what he is. Partly English, partly Austrian, I think. He's a free lance, but he's been employed for this by our bureau. He's working with us now. At least," she hesitated, "as far as I can tell."

Bob Bolles did not answer and she went right on, confidentially, as though she were glad to speak to someone:

"There's a part of this plane which belongs to us, you know. There isn't any reason not to tell you. We need everything we can get for bargaining purposes now. We had definite word where the plane was left three weeks ago. I was sent to New York to meet someone," she hesitated, "a great friend of mine, and then word came that Mr. Kingman was to go here with me instead." She stopped and dug her toe in the white sand. She was watching him, but her dark sunglasses concealed her eyes. "I was surprised. I did not like it very much, but it was orders. I didn't like it then and I don't like it now."

"You mean, you don't trust him?" Bob asked. "You're afraid he may take it for himself?"

"Yes," she said slowly, "that's just what I mean."

"That's why you wanted me to take you here alone?" Bob asked.

"Yes," she said. "And now I'm going to ask you something." She paused and her voice had become insistent.

"Go ahead," Bob told her.

"Will you help me? Quickly. They'll be coming back."

HER words were slow, but they were perfectly distinct. Oscar was watching them, but he was nearly out of earshot.

"I guess you're right not to trust him," Bob said slowly.

"I shall get it anyway," she said. "But it would be easier if you helped."

Bob Bolles drew a deep breath. "I guess you're quite a girl," he said, "if you want to tackle Kingman. I'd like to help you, but I can't."

"Why not?" she asked.

"It isn't anything personal," Bob said. "I guess I used to be pretty selfish once, but I've learned a lot on this cruise."

"Hurry!" she said sharply. "I hear them," but he did not hurry. He was making up his own mind as much as speaking to her.

"You've been fair to me and I'll be fair to you. I don't know what this thing is, but my people want it—America wants it—and I'm going to try to get it—that's all." It was not all. It seemed strange for his mind to go back to it. He was thinking of Captain Burke on the Smedley and of his fitness report.

"I thought you'd say that," she said. "All right," he answered. "I'm glad you thought so."

"But you can't," she said. "You mustn't. You don't know—"

"You're right there," he answered. "There's a lot I don't know." But he was learning more and more. He had learned a lot in the last hour.

"Be quiet," she said. "Here they come."

Her whole attention was centered on the path near the pier and she seemed to have forgotten him entirely. Mr. Moto and Mr. Kingman were walking across the sand toward them, side by side, like old friends. Then he heard her speaking to him again:

"Don't do anything. Don't try. People like us are only alive because we think of everything. Don't try, my dear. There's no chance for you at all." Then she called to them and waved her hand and Bob Bolles could almost believe that it was a pleasant party and that everyone was having a lovely time. Mr. Kingman and Mr. Moto were both smiling.

"WELL, well," Mr. Kingman said, "here we all are again and everything is—is jake. Mr. Moto and I have been having a most constructive talk." Mr. Kingman paused and looked beyond the Thistlewood to the reef where the waves were beating and farther on out to the blank horizon. "There is this problem, my dear," he went on, "of—of possible outside intervention. Under the circumstances Mr. Moto and I have agreed to pool our resources temporarily."

"Oh," Mrs. Kingman said.

"I hope you'll rely on our judgment, my dear," Mr. Kingman went on. "We have agreed to join in accomplishing the first part of our mission here. Mr. Moto makes only one reservation."

Mr. Moto smiled, placed his hand before his mouth and drew in his breath. "Yes," he said, "yes, please."

Mrs. Kingman pursed her lips. "I don't like it, Mac," she said.

Mr. Kingman looked hurt. "My dear," he began, "there is really no reason for this personal pique, but let us—let us skip it. Now, you, Bob, it's a little different for you. You're here with us only because you have to be. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Bob said slowly, "I understand," but Mr. Kingman still seemed anxious to be plain.

"I hate to hurt people when it's unnecessary," he said. "No trying to leave us. No—no monkey business, old man. You must count yourself as lucky."

"Yes," Bob Bolles said slowly, "I know I'm lucky, Mac."

Mr. Kingman gave him a friendly pat on the shoulder. "Then we're all—all okey-dokey?" he said.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Moto, "yes."

"And there's no reason why we can't be agreeable. Now, what we are going to do is this, my dear. The plane cannot have been carried far from this landing. Mr. Moto has not been able to look far. We have decided to try the house on the hill first. If it is not there we shall have a bite of lunch and then Mr. Moto and I can prowl about the grounds. It should all be in—in the bag in a very few hours. Don't you agree, my dear?"

Mrs. Kingman looked happy again. "Why, yes," she said. "Let's not keep standing in the sun."

"No," said Mr. Kingman, "we must—must speed it up. Heigh-ho, off to work we go!"

The suitcases and the hamper and the packsack were where they had left them. Oscar shouldered the pack and Bob picked up the hamper.

"Lead the way, Bob," Mr. Kingman said. "Heigh-ho!"

(To be continued next week)

MAKE A "DATE" WITH

Clear-Eyed Morning Freshness

Try It Yourself Tonight

IF the strain of these strenuous times is tiring you out—if you wake up listless or logy—feel fatigued long before night—here is important news.

Today, throughout the world, there is a *new idea* of what to do to meet special strain. A revolutionary, *scientific idea* of how to build up increased vitality to stand physical and nervous stress. You've undoubtedly read about it in recent newspapers and magazines—know that scientists, governments of warring nations, and our own authorities all endorse it—the idea that people need special food in addition to the normal diet *to be at their best*—particularly those under special strain.

What To Do

In light of this new knowledge, thousands are taking a cup of *new, improved* Ovaltine each night and morning. For Ovaltine is a special food-concentrate designed to do two important things:

First: When taken warm at bedtime, Ovaltine fosters sound sleep, in a safe, natural way, *without* drugs. It has the power to relieve that feeling of "nervous tension," thus helping to condition the mind for rest.

Second: Ovaltine supplies a special combination of food factors designed to replenish vitality *while you sleep*—rebuild worn-out muscle, nerve and body cells. It provides significant amounts of the rarer food elements everyone must have for vigorous health—in a food specially processed for easy digestion—protecting minerals, vitamins A, B_1, D and G, all the essential amino acids, pyridoxine, pantothenic acid—elements now known to be deficient in many foods. Thus acts as an insurance against strength-sapping food deficiencies which affect more than ⅓ of all people today.

So by all means, try this "special food" idea modern science is urging. Turn to new, improved Ovaltine at night and in the morning, starting tonight. See if you don't soon begin to feel infinitely "fresher" and more alive—with abundant vitality to face these strenuous times. Get a tin of Ovaltine, now.

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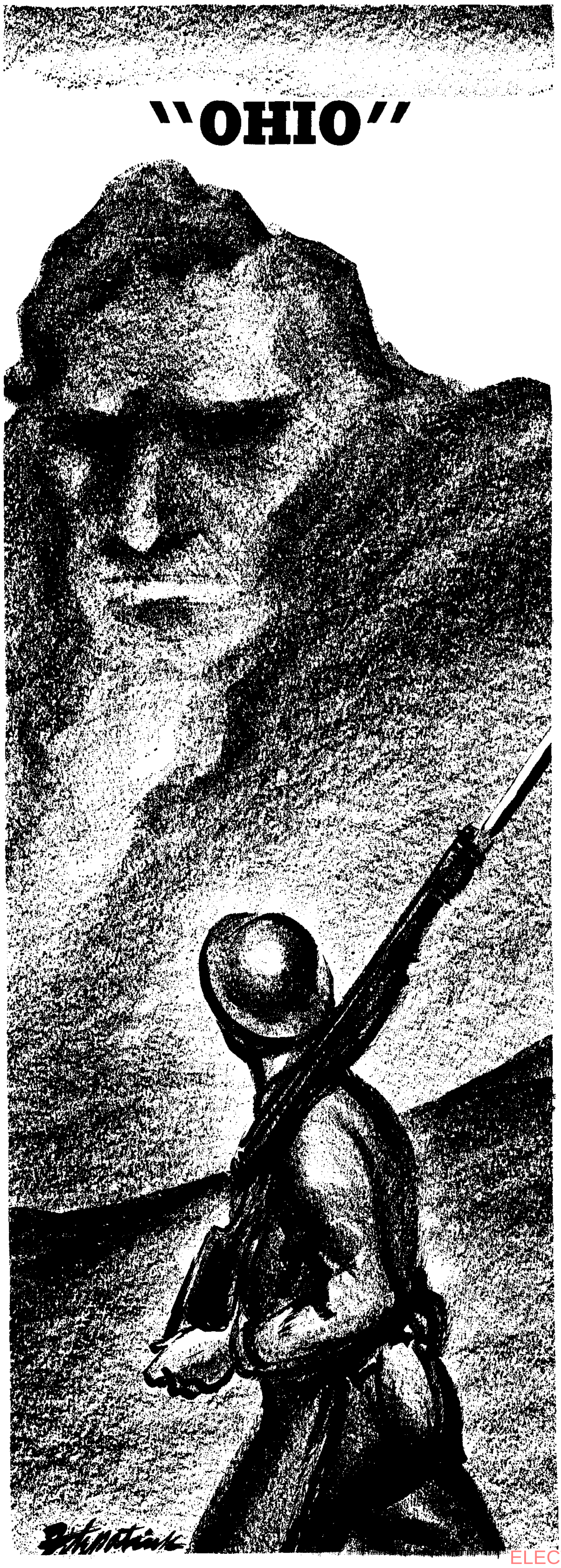
"OHIO"



SOME people are much worried about the "OHIO" (Over the Hill In October) clubs springing up in the Draft Army camps, but our best guess is that it won't come to much. We have a notion that patriotism will get the better of most of the OHIOans when their year-long hitches are up, and that fear will keep the bulk of the rest from seriously considering desertion.

Any soldiers who do desert rather than stick around to serve the extra time decreed by Congress should be collared and handed the customary penalties for desertion in peacetime, without fear, favor or attention to the squawks of their congressmen. An army can be built only on discipline; and we've got to have an army, and a big one and a good one.

Having said which, we'd like to say a word for a little more public patience with the way the new United States Army is coming along. A year ago we were getting set to better Hitler's army-building achievement practically overnight. Now, with our American love of going from one extreme to another, a lot of us have taken to believing the worst of the gossip about morale in the camps, with trimmings of their own.

There is no doubt that the morale is bad in spots. But what is to blame for that, and who?

Well, for one thing, there were long years following the previous war when the government pinched pennies on the Army and the taxpayers approved. For another, a big army training in a democracy without a war to go to is bound to have holes in its morale. For a third, the British are getting a lot of stuff which our Army would be getting but for the urgent British need of it. That's okay; but real men don't like to go on indefinitely playing at war with stovepipe guns and imaginary tanks. And for a fourth factor, we started shipping the boys to camp before we had a sufficient number of top-notch officers to train them. As a result, some of the officers are pip-squeaks who don't know as much as the noncoms—and all the men under such an officer invariably and infallibly have his number.

The point is, though, that all these shortcomings are on their way to being remedied. It is impossible to build the world's finest army in a year, or anywhere near the world's finest. But the Regulars, the National Guards, the draftees and most of the reserve officers on active duty are doing, we believe from considerable information on hand, a better job than could reasonably have been expected a year ago. How about holding the faultfinding to a minimum for at least another year?

Uncle Sam and the Unions

> THIS change in the management of the shipyard has been brought about solely because of the unwillingness of this company to accede to the demand of the union that we should agree to discharge from our employ any worker, a member of the union now or hereafter, who failed to pay his union dues or otherwise failed to maintain his membership in the union in good standing. We could not conscientiously agree to dismiss our old, faithful and tried employes on such a ground.

The above is quoted from an advertisement inserted in various newspapers the day after President Roosevelt ordered the Navy Department to take over the Federal Shipbuilding and Drydock Co.'s Kearny, N. J., shipyard. It was not a popular order; and we believe the reason why it was not popular was that it put the government in the position of endorsing the closed-shop, or checkoff, system.

The checkoff is undeniably efficient from the point of view of any union's officers. It insures payment of union dues at the source of each member's pay check. But that isn't all it can do, and does in some cases. It can put a bad strain on the integrity of the said union officers.

Instead of keeping the union a thing to which the members like to belong and from which they feel they get their money's worth, the officers of a checkoff union may, and sometimes do, take to misusing union funds, cutting down benefits, hiking up dues, tossing union money to politicians or racketeers or using it to raid other unions, and so on.

Not every labor leader is a paragon of virtue. Some of the boys are rats by birth, some of them merely never heard about common honesty—and the checkoff system is right up such boys' alleys.

Persuaded though we are that labor unions are necessary, we do think it is dangerous for the government to back labor leaders in their human efforts to take over industrial management bag and baggage. The American people are quite capable of reversing this whole process, and of taking away the legitimate as well as the illegitimate gains of labor under the New Deal. There are numerous signs that the wind even now is turning in that direction.

A Piece from Pravda

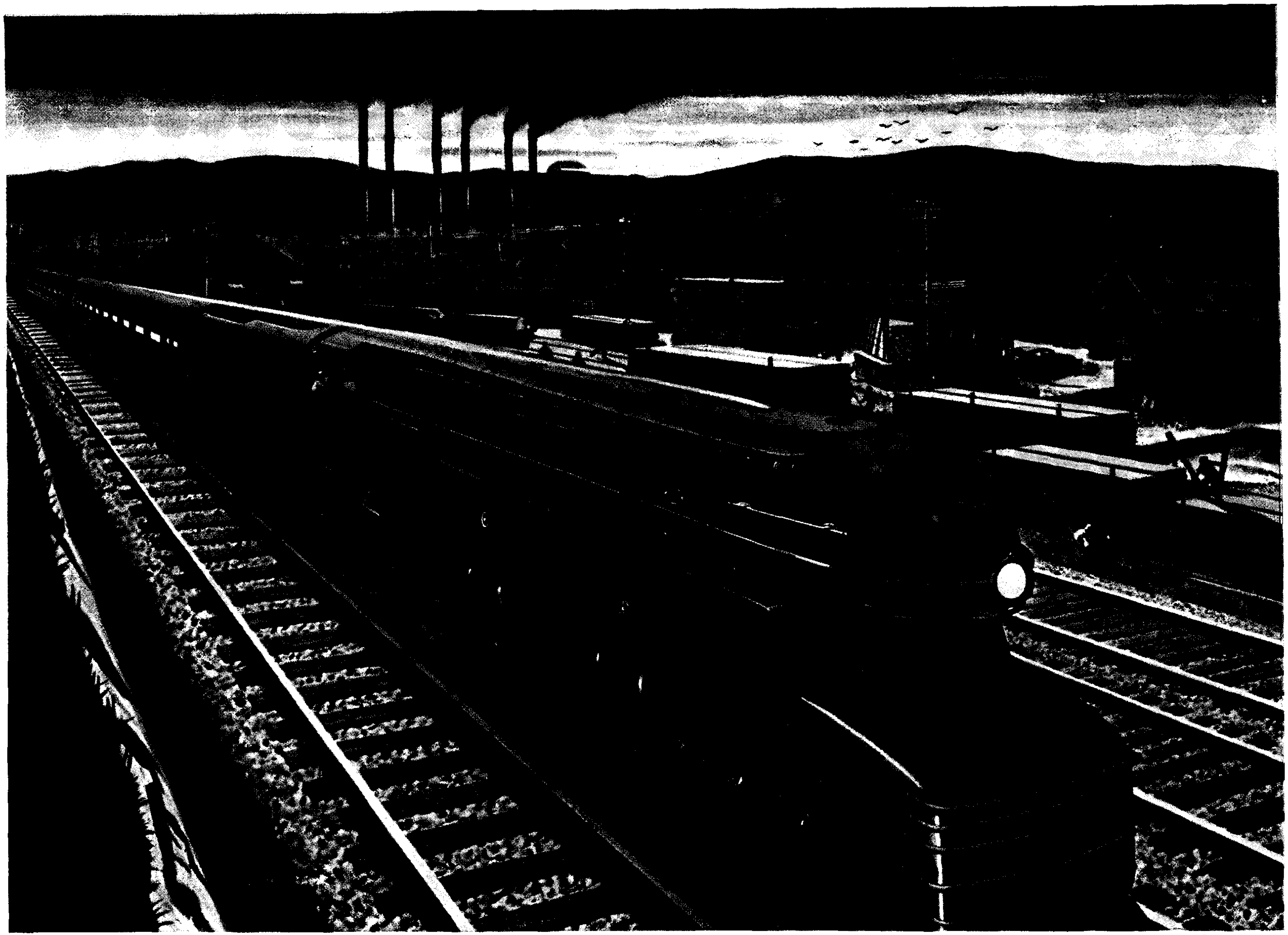
> IN THIS war of liberation we shall not be alone. In this great war we shall have loyal allies in the peoples of Europe and America, including the German people who are enslaved by the Hitlerite despots. Our war for freedom will merge with the struggle of the peoples of Europe and America for their independence, for democratic liberties.

Pravda, government-controlled newspaper of the Soviet Union, made the above remarks in its comment on the historic meeting at sea of President Roosevelt with Prime Minister Churchill.

Not wishing to sour relations with the new ally, or anything like that; but it seems to us it would be well for Americans and Englishmen to paste this remark of Pravda's in their hats, or somewhere, for exhumation when and if the Allies beat the Germans and it comes time to talk peace terms.

Will Joe Stalin be as charitable toward democracy in that great day as he is in the day when the two biggest democracies are rushing to the help of his hard-pressed regime? Or will he try to slip his Communist ideas in whole or in part into the peace treaty or treaties? Will he go on subsidizing subversive Communist groups in other countries; or will he subscribe wholeheartedly to the Roosevelt-Churchill doctrine that every country has the right to the form of government its people prefer?

Let's not forget Joe's kind words for democracy in the summer of 1941. Let's remind him of them, vigorously, when and if he shows signs of going back on them.



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For this great All-Weather Fleet is true to its name. Goes every day... gets you "there" every day... 365 days a year.

Gets you there *in luxury*, too! In modern air-conditioned Pullmans with every appointment — or in Luxury Coaches with restful reclining seats. To many points you can enjoy the newest in Pullman private rooms — Roomettes, Duplex Rooms, Bedrooms, Compartments, Drawing Rooms, Master Rooms as well as Section Sleepers. And however you go, Pullman or Coach, the cost is little — because FARES ARE LOW!

So, when you travel, select one of the trains of Pennsylvania Railroad's vast All-Weather Fleet. That's the best way to go anywhere, summer, winter — anytime!

* * * *

Every Day— a fine fleet of trains, scheduled for your convenience, between these cities:

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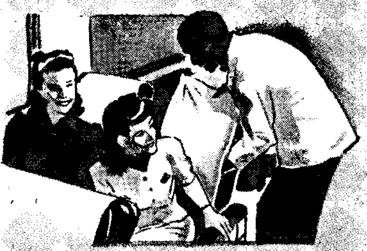

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THE JEFFERSONIAN
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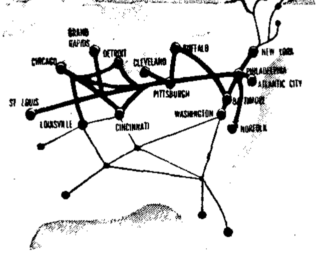

"Like you sent 'em to me —remember?"
CAMEL

THEY weren't even engaged then—when he wore the O. D. of Uncle Sam's '17 army with his sergeant's stripes on one sleeve and his heart upon the other.

And as for Junior, now a stalwart in O. D. 1941 model—just a chapter in a story that hadn't even been written.

The years "about face" and "to the rear, march" as he watches her wrap with such care these cigarettes for their son in camp. He recalls the times when he received the same gift from the same hands. The same—even to the name upon the carton.

Camel. Yes, they were first with men in the army then—and they are today. Not only in the Army but in the Navy, the Marines, the Coast Guard...with the millions of others who stand behind them...for Camel is America's favorite.

Why? The answer isn't told in words. But just let match flame and cigarette meet, and that first single puff's enough to start *your* taste telling *you!*

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

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SEND HIM A CARTON OF CAMELS. Whether he's in the Army, Navy, Marines, or Coast Guard, when you send him a carton of Camels you'll be sending the cigarette men in the service prefer. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.) Send a carton today!

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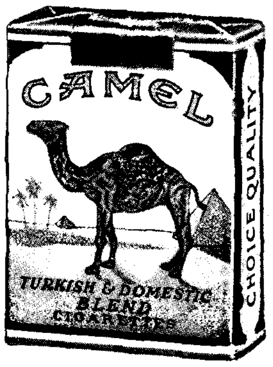

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